

Bone Thugs N Harmony F/ Maje\$ty**"7 Sign"**

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b

Bizzy:

Yeah, this for all you non-believers, especially out in
the C-O. Man,
fuck y'all niggas.

Yeah, I'm (tatted) so when I die, you can see what's
deep in my eye
[my eye].

Maje\$ty:

7 Sign . . .

Bizzy:

I put who got you, too, who shot you, who got you,
glock you and stop
you [stop you, stop you].

Look who got you, too, who shot you, who got you, pop
you and stop you
[stop you, stop you].

Nigga, this Mo Thug and we can get fucked-up even if
I'm under

surveillance, I watch out, wanna win, and fuck 'em up
daily,

throwin' up 7, what am I yellin'? Murderer. Nigga, once
you come must

be like crazy if you [Muthafucka, don't play me] play
me. Nigga, not today. I see you but you can't see me. I
know with all

of government and, yes, this will get crazy and blow
[bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb].

Maje\$ty:

Got your mind blown, vocal tones keep it sewn, blastin'
out your

steroes or your headphones. The roots exploited
clones;

therefore, it's my job to describe the loudness, the
habitat of rap

survival kit. Artistic skin abrasion, so when 'em fadin'
my

worldly reflections, it's magnified to new levels of
elevation.

Bizzy:

Seven sign, seven, seven sign, seven, seventh sign

seal.

Yeah, now y'all know, yeah.

Yeah, I'm (tatted) so when I die, you can see what's
deep in my eye

[my eyes, my eyes].

Now, look who got you, then, who shot you, who pop
you, glock you and

stop you [stop you, stop you].

Look who got you, too, who shot you, who pop you,
glock you and stop

you [stop you, stop you].

Bizzy:

The Rip here to run in the street, and flippin' on police,
yeah they

know me, I'm not lonely, only, show me when the
smoke

clears, and at least I had my homie and a nigga, K,
homie. All

bitches, look into it as you want the real killa? Well, pull
out

your pistol, bitch, and shoot it, shoot it. And you knew
it, too,

when, when you looked in my eyes, I'm ready to die.

And I

hope my mama really loves me, 'cause daddy's bye-
bye. Inner pride with

the Ripsta, let 'em hit ya with the scripture, picture
me loc'd out and smoked out with a half of fifth of (?).

Maje\$ty:

Three sixty-five out of all the round trees, they'll be
Japanese,

Maje\$ty's corruptin' record companies. Nigga, jump for
cheese,

catch sub-zero freeze and crack once the atmosphere
brings the

temperature back, slacks only in dress pants, have you
ever

danced with the devil in pale moonlight? I have.

Hollywood niggas make

me laugh. Sell a dream to 'em. Cash, no royalty,

grab they royal keys and dash. My overhead projects
how ends meet to

foul or ejected, lyrics was selected beyond my
control, last door on the totem pole, pockets swoll from
tape residue,

last interview and went in daytime, it's made a promise
to

let down smooth criminals gently and (?) grab your
earlobe and

billion, this is big business, buy tapes, don't lend,
niggas (?)

while I scrap change for phillies, why grill me? Got
bigger balls to
chase waterfalls with Chili, explore on four wheels or
foot, I
bring it to that ass over the hook so when you slip, got
it. I ride
up on it. I had to maintain my mental frame, and now
I'm
Boneless, word sound 'til I'm foamin'. Cybergenics
wanted my genes for
clonin'. Disownin' heads like Romans fight rebel
Trojans. More than civil suits make my longevity boost,
articles and
promotions make me more potent. Deadly to the mind,
'causin' somethin' to be blind, redefine lines
entertwined with all
mankind. Would that rain outshine divine Maje\$ty,
shame, the
boogie down Bronx is where the heart still remain.
Bizzy:
I'm a let a nigga know, you know what I'm sayin', just
right off the
bat. I gives a fuck about no nigga. Don't be no (corvie)-
ass
nigga. I'm tryin' to tell niggas that off the rip, off the
rippa,
baby.
[I must be losin' my mind . . .] I must be.
Where's the mob? Find your specialty, let's give this
nigga a job. Is
you ready for jail? Yes and no, but somebody's gonna
try
to rob. We can spar, but you gon' drop [drop], I'm a
bomb, ready for
war, will I p-pop pop, better look out for miles, been
doomed since the womb. Will he put me in my tomb?
I've been thuggin'
so assume when I enter your room, boom. Stomped
through Compton and cities y'all ain't never heard of,
and listen, I
bet there's thousand people screamin' out "murder,
murderin'
ya." Hypnotized, took off my shirt, I got a (?). I'm tatted
so when I
die you can see what's deep my eyes. Trues ride but
trues
die, my nigga, don't cry, I shedded my last tear when I
found out love
was a lie. So I try, but it ain't nothin' for my mental. So
piss off my pencil, and I blast, dash in a rental. One
nigga got (?)

and off he in a trap with sawed-off they took a chance
and
lost, let's spray A-K and make gangsta gone, don't
finish the wars
when they ain't over, I love you thugs, but all them
skeletons
got so close and they got so (?) if it ain't (?), this family
that
don't give a fuck who you are. It ain't nothin' like some
trouble.
How close? How far [how far, how far]?

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