

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony F/ Souljah Boy**

### **"Wasteland Warriors"**

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Krayzie:

Yeah, got my niggas from St. Clair up in this  
muthafucka, nigga.

P.O.D.'d, my nigga, Sin, fin to put this shit down like  
this,  
nigga.

[We off to the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto . . .]

What if we slowed it down? Then, nigga, you would  
hear me. I know

niggas would fuck around and say we tried to steal  
your

style. Come on to funky town, that's where we gets the  
rawest,

thuggish ruggish Bone, so sho' nuff, that's what they  
call us.

My niggas is older, now, so they know when to unload.  
So, when them

funky, funky jump me, gon' be ready to roll [ready to  
roll]. It's part of no static, see, we just out to get paid,  
but, oh

no, niggas heard the flow and wanted a piece of the  
cake. It

kinda pissed me off that (?) figured they could get  
skills, but when

kept on disrespectin', make 'em think we shit's real,  
nigga. I

'm from the Land where every niggas plan and  
schemin' for the money,

man, so we packin', and they don't understand them  
niggas rappin' but still they actin' like criminals. (?)  
reciprocal,

they don't know it, even though. Oh, no, no, can't let  
you go.

When I pop pop pop [pop, pop], that funk'll gon' blow  
you away. Playa

hation strikes a nerve everyday.

Oh, gotta say fuck all y'all, all y'all. Wasteland warriors,  
we

stressed, we stressed, we stressed.

Warriors ride.

[bloody murder, bloody mo' murder murder, murder,  
murder, play, play]

Wasteland warriors ride.

[bloody murder, bloody mo' murder murder, murder,  
murder, play, play]

War corruptin' my mind.

Souljah Boy:

You know it is, what it's gotta be, ain't no stoppin' me  
when I be

droppin', and these Mo Thug roll the sword from the  
front and

back, don't stop, but the Double Glock they don't look  
out for these

where your troops is down to get loose, bitch, sue  
these

stupid muthafuckas, don't make me huff and puff and  
start some ruckus,

'cause the niggas be down for the count, and the first  
nigga step up, get shut down. You shouldna been takin'  
my fuckin'

style that's how we still gon' do it in the C-Town, arrest  
me

on the rebound. It's the P to the O to the D from the T to  
the H to

the U to the G. You hoes ain't got mo' killas than me, so  
muthafuck what you's thinkin', brothas don't hit, they're  
weak and

wrapped up in my sheet, while your bullethole still be  
bleedin', but here's the reason for the season's on my  
muthafuckin'

bank. Why you lame, be actin' strange? Boom to bangs,  
nigga insanes, out to rearrange this muthafuckin'  
figure, knowin' damn

well, I'm a muthafuckin' killa. Nigga, bow down, and I'm  
outta your picture. Just might killa, got a cap peela, nine  
rounds

spiller, we done muthafuck you and you don't wanna  
see fade

'em all with the blood heater, streetsweeper get your  
ass deceased.

Warriors ride.

[bloody murder, bloody mo' murder murder, murder,  
murder, play, play]

Wasteland warriors ride.

[bloody murder, bloody mo' murder murder, murder,  
murder, play, play]

War corruptin' my mind.

Bizzy:

Rip quick to kill ya, fill ya, and I hits that quick, nigga,  
what you

saw, we (.....?.....) somebody (...?...) with a pistol runnin'

through (?) and they call war, ready for the cause,  
clones get the  
thug, end up gettin' them (...?... ) gotta break, your face  
be on  
that table, ready for more, y'all clone him, and what if I  
got my  
peeps to flip in and vote and go ahead and smoke 'em,  
open 'em  
up, and your luck get fucked-up, ready me buck buck  
buck, I'm still  
runnin' from feds, (?) all the disrespect but I won't get  
cut  
and love. Uh-uh. What it makes you want my (?) yes,  
some are (?),  
thinkin' me bloody get with the (?) and roll but I had  
gun  
before you knows, don't roll, and I gotta go and face it,  
so picture  
me nearly dearly get in judge, roll.

Layzie:

Aw, shit! Nowhere to run; here come judgement day.

Let's make these

jealous bitches pay, uh-huh. I'm off in the midst, and  
runnin' and chasin' and casin' your (?), feelin' it might  
save me,

baby, gotta be goin' through this life, I snatch your life  
just like

it's

a day which type'll it be? Come and roll with this #I  
nigga in my 500

Benz, you know I got ends to spend, top ten (?), count  
dividends, and I'm rollin' still real. Attitude like, "Nigga,  
what?"

And me Mo Thug Souljah Boy like all of 'em niggas Mo  
Thug

employ in my city, destroy y'all, how wicked is this? It  
may be, nigga

just gotta keep real, baby, lately. Little Lay been  
dodgin'

hits, try to keep all my people safe and outta the way.

And you know I

get greater later, so I continue windin'. It's all about  
perfect timin', feel me, it's about perfect timin', hear  
me. What's on

my muthafuckin' mind in this: these playa haters got  
me

pissed, bitch. But let me get my gauge. Leatherface,  
go get your mask.

We gon' blast and roll on these muthafuckin' niggas,  
everlastin', everlastin', everlastin', everlastin'--the #I  
Assassin.

Warriors ride.  
[bloody murder, bloody mo' murder murder, murder,  
murder, play, play]  
Wasteland warriors ride.  
[bloody murder, bloody mo' murder murder, murder,  
murder, play, play]  
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