

Bone Thugs N Harmony F/ 2Pac

"Thug Luv"

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2Pac:

Nigga, we doin' this shit from Cleveland to L.A., nigga,
whatever you
niggas want. We bringin' it! Thug luv, nigga. Bitch!
What time is it? Yo, I don't give a fuck where you lay at,
nigga, it's
time to slay these bitch-made niggas.

[Bizzy: Pac Pac run with us, run with us, run with us. Pac
Pac run

with us. Pac and Rip with thug luv.]

They ain't even knowin' what type of niggas we is.

Where my thugs at?

[Cocking of a gun, followed by gunshot repeated
throughout.]

Bone thugs-n-harmony. I know you niggas been waitin'
for this for a

long time. Well, here it is, nigga. Here it is. What you
gonna do with it?

Bizzy:

Well it must be close to the Armageddon, Lord. No,
then I won't fly by

that lesson, you taught me to pull out my Wesson, you
brought me, and I'm not stressin' it softly. Get 'em up
off me, 'cause

all we wanted was harmony, been bombin' 'em, yell up
outta my ghetto, I won't settle, get on my level. They
can't stop me

and pop me. Nigga, they got me? Fuck no. Little Pac
gets schizophrenic, let's manage to damage all y'all. I'll
talk about

'em, and you don't really want it, 'cause they're
cornered and

I'm wantin' (...?...). I'm gonna say that we came to shut
'em all

down. So quick to test, bullet, yes, I say war, roll, flow
when I

get the gun for the murda mo' horror, for what they did
it all, pause

for the cause, and I fin to pull a nine or pistol, a little
nigga

with mine. Fuck them niggas, it's on. All y'all fall. Bizzy
gettin'
bitches to test me, bless the floor, and any attempt to
arrest me,
stress me. Lord, lookin' at death, with the last of my
breath. Follow,
follow my kids, so they don't sin in my steps. Yet the
weapon is kept with the best of my secrets, deep in the
(leaves), I'm
alone, nigga believe that I can see it, if needed, and if
you
really want me in, well then let it be, get the greens and
we runnin'
up over Cleveland [Cleveland].

2Pac:

Ha, ha! What's poppin', nigga? Put your muthafuckin'
hands on your
strap, nigga. Thug luv, nigga. Yeah, we can do this like
gangstas and slug it out, or do this like punks and punk
it out. Pull
your strap on me, nigga, you better kill me. Thug luv,
nigga.
Thug lfe, baby. Thug luv.
I probably be punished for hard livin', blind to the facts
thugs is
convicts in God's prison, hands on the strap. Prayin', so
Father
please forgive me. Police be rushin' when they see me,
I flaunt it
Americas Most Wanted live on T.V. Life: pleasure and
pain,
stuck in this game, holler my name. We all gon' die. We
bleed through
similar veins. Yous explain to me now. Don't panic
when my guns burst. Heard the last jam, nigga? This
one's worse. My
nigga, Bone held the chrome 'til I came home. Thug
luv playas, tell these bitch niggas bring it on. I caught a
plane out
to Cleveland late last evenin' to help my niggas clean
up; some
niggas no longer breathin'. Now, who do you believe
in? Hit the weed
and grieve. It's a cold ass world, niggas. Kill you in
your sleep, watch me until they stop me, bury, murder
me or drop me. I
got thug luv for my nationwide posse, feel me.
Layzie:
Little thug from the Land, nigga never ran.
Muthafuckas out to get me.
They don't understand it's the #1 nigga out with a

nation of niggas down to put it some work and do some
dirt, fuckin'
around with the band Bone thugs-n-harmony, follow
down
the road, we stroll to meet karma. Everything I do, it
seem to cause
drama. Ready for the war like a knight in my armor,
bomb ya. So quick to test us, nigga wanna crash me,
eat dust. For the
love of the lust, niggas bustin' on us. Hit 'em up with
the buck 12 gauge eruptions. It's the art of war. Puttin'
niggas on
the floor when I'm comin' through the door, bringin'
nothin'
but terror, causin' much pain to the nigga that dared
us, tried to put
a twist in this thugsta era. Paired up with a nigga like
Pac,
and a nigga like me, gotta stay high. Thug luv 'till I die,
keep my
prayer to the sky, but I'm still in the hood, smoke and
fry, so I
beg the Lord save us all escapers of misery, bless my
niggas in
penetentary, soldiers of the century, yeah.
Krayzie:
Here to get it, told my niggas they need get the hell
down with the
dirt, and we don't fuck around. Buck a couple a rounds,
and
if your passin' through, then hit the ground, and don't
get caught up
in the crossfire, nigga. Artillery thick, and you don't
wanna
get to fuckin' with this, I'm straight devil, not a punk
and pretend.
I reload, buck a little mo'. Flee the scene 'fore the po-po
even know. "So, who ya lookin' for?" They don't know. A
mothafucka
with a leather face. Hey, man, she said I ran this way,
said I ran that a way. Ya'll hoes'll never know because I
got away,
yeah yeah. A criminal mind to keep a nigga on the
level.
Sometimes I get high, and analyze your crime.
Correctly organized and
with results, you'll be surprised.
Wish:
Oh, nigga, can you feel the vibe? We can ride. Playa
hatin' niggas,
you gotsta die, it's only right. It's over with, Bone,

better
leave it alone, Mo Thug come crack they fuckin' domes.
Still in the
hood, where the thugs play, fuckin' with nothin' but
thugs,
man, ain't takin' no shorts, or no losses. We crackin'
them domes
around my way. Give it to 'em on another level, nigga,
get a
shovel, you can dig a hole. Bitches is dead. Infrared to
your head.
You can beg, you go fled, but still gon' bleed bloody
red.
Fuck with mine, we'll be seen in the moonlight, 'cause
we out ridin',
lookin' for you [for you]. Better run for cover, nigga,
duck. We about to bust. Strate got the infrared, put it on
his
forehead. Makes a move, send [flowers] straight to his
home.
Put a card in the muthafucka, send it to his mama. Tell
her he was
dead wrong, dead wrong. Gone, now we long gone,
long,
gone.
Bizzy:
Pac Pac run with us, run with us, run with us. Pac Pac run
with us.
Pac and Rip with thug luv.

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