

Bone Thugs N Harmony F/ Big B

"Desperados"

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Chorus: My desperados, we call 'em gambinos!
niggas like Melchior, Reginelli, and Pheno! (x2)

[Pheno]

This life I lead, homicides in the street
So much a misery, labeled a breeder
So I'm a threat to society
Real with killing, worldwide mafia figures
Thug niggas who keep there fucking fingers on
triggers
To the day that I'm leaving, till they stop me from
breeding
I bet all this motherfucker did was make up the reason
For caskets, till I (?) find him dead up then blasted
The get away call, we left him stinking up in traffic
It might be drastic, fucking with these desperados
Niggas like Melachior, Reggenilli, and Pheno!

Chorus (x2)

[Reginelli]

17 shots, coming straight to your soul
Reginelli, i'm down to ride with my desperados
Me and my Gambinos, we strap tight and all black
Bout to hit the fucking streets, bring the bullet combat
You know the gambinos, we call them desperados
We train to kill, and fill a bitch nigga body with holes
My trigger fanger is burning, silver bullets you earning
You cockaroaches wanna fuck with me, let's go on a
journey
Gambino Family, my click, label me a thug breeder
If I die, bury me with my heater
They wanna kill me and make me number one eighty
seven
Any nigga run up wrong, nigga I bust em dome
Cause I refuse to let a bitch nigga bury me
I stay strapped and I take this war shit deep
I swore to die for my motherfucking gambinos
And not to worry, I'm down to ride with my desperados

Chorus (x1)

[Melchoir]

Me and my desperados, busting at you bitches through
stormy weather

Nine milli berrettas leave you haters with bloody
sweaters

Popping these bitches thats coming for our failing
riches and snitches

Going to pay the cost, trying to fuck over these mob
figures

My art of war is unknown, busting you bitches dome
Pistol packing that chrome, look at them niggas
running home

I make moves with Reginelli, Pheno, and Gotti

You getting rowdy, feel the blast from my twelve gauge
shotty

You punk bitches gonna respect this nigga

I'm the craziest motherfucker, always token a trick

Got my hands on four fives, nigga feel my fury

I'm busting slugs until I'm buried nigga, behind my
desperados

[Gotti]

I take these motherfuckers across my ties

And I swear on my life, these motherfuckers gonna die

Give me the four fives and a vest, and they marked for
death

Picture me and my desperados snatching your breath

It's time they call the don, representing on track

Where my family in this bitch? nigga, how you love
that?

See the money in my eyes, so i'm chasing for stacks

Fuck around if you wanna get your bitch ass wacked

The many macs with this rapping and jacking i'm
staying strapped

For these bitch made niggas who wanna leave me back

But fuck that, i'd rather grant an SKS

And put these coward ass, bitch ass niggas to rest

And you can put that on my motherfucking tatted arm

A hundred strong desperados busting your dome

And it's on, gambinos burn the spot like Saddam

And I tell a motherfucker, dont cross me wrong

Chorus (x4)

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