

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony f/ Keith G, Thin C

"Tear the Roof Off"

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[Intro: Thin C] Let it burn (burn, haters, burn) Uh, uh, let it burn (let that fire burn) Uhh, uhh.. let it burn (burn, haters, burn) Uhh, uhh [Thin C] Rest is for the restless, sleep is for the dead Thin C in this bitch, puttin lame niggaz to bed You catchin hot ones to your dome for the stupid shit you said The game goes wrong when you're snitchin, to the Feds "Kill all rats" - that's how Pistol Pete say it The roof's on fire? Let the motherfucker burn Mo Thug, ThugLine, Bone Thug, it's your turn Slap these niggaz with a pistol grip and lay 'em on the curb [Krayzie Bone] I keep niggaz charisma left blurry, bitches is lookin at me leary Feelin weary as we sink 'em, to the bottom of Lake Erie, hear me One lyrical genius man, I mean I'm the meanest See how they swing on my penis, watch how they sing and try to be us Yeah, we them niggaz that like to fuck up the party Already drunk off Bacardi and start shit with everybody-body You wanna battle me nigga? You better come check my fuckin status my nigga You hoes ain't got lyrics to handle me nigga Man I got styles, styles, and many styles to make you get down, get down, get down When you see that black Caddy better respect (respect) It's the Granddaddy of the Midwest [Keith G] What, what, Keith G They paid to say that snappy shit, nigga that nappy shit Gone off a fifth, it's your boy, Keith Griff' In the alley with that Bum shit, fuck a job shit Bone scoop me up, give me the pill, watch me run this Dippin like I'm Reggie Bush, through your neighborhood Five on the wood make it all go good On stage where a nigga stood I'm a +Layzie+ +Krayzie+ nigga, so I +Wish+ you would Ride the 'Line motherfucker, try and stop mine, stick to your crime I'm from that West Coast sunshine, born to rhyme Still I struggle in these hard times, who got a dime or a nickel to help yo' nigga get up out of this pickle; you see? [Layzie Bone] They call him Da Bum cause he from the slums Straight from the gutter, gettin his paper while you lookin for him He wants some beef with thirty skinny niggaz strapped up I steamroll 'em like a Mack truck, man I'm leavin these niggaz stacked up And they home, it's not hard to find 'em Put that pistol

to yo' head and leave you absent-minded I'm a hustler
grindin, all about perfect timin I'm complicated nigga,
simple like Simon Bone boys shinin, test the skill Look a
nigga up and down like, "Is you for real?" Better chill or
catch a reflex Have a nigga on the ground screamin,
"Respect!" [Thin C] Nigga you bound to get a hot one
popped at ya Froze from your head to toe like the
Rocky statue Too late to say that you ain't know that you
was high-cappin Runnin off at the lip - here's a tip bitch!
Backhands and combinations, they don't miss I don't
discriminate, I eliminate; do you like Bush did Saddam
Crush your whole world, catastrophic like a bomb
That's how the roof got tore off this motherfucker man
[Outro: Thin C] Burn, haters, burn (uh, uh.. let it burn)
Let that fire burn (uhh, uhh.. let it burn) Burn, haters,
burn (uhh, uhh) Let that fire burn (uh, uh)

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