

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony f/ Thin C**"1, 2, 3"**

Visit "[1, 2, 3](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Layzie] Chka-chka-chkahhh (one, to the two, to the two, to the three) LDT, Layzie Bone (to the 7, 7, the 7, 7, the 7 we say) [Thin C] + (Layzie) 1 for the (shine) 2 for the 3 for the (family) 4 for the, 5 for the 6-7 gotta lock-n-load, 'bout to rock-n-roll [Layzie Bone] Skull and crossbones, been Layzie when the Shop Boyz was babies I was +Partyin Like a Rock Star+ in a hot car in the 80's Can't play me, I'm crazy, I wish a nigga would Snatch a nigga by his flesh and really represent the hood Now the night is mine, I've been all around the globe Chasin this money, doin them shows, playa I carry the whole load See my family is my everythang, my money take care everythang These nuts I let 'em hang, can't nobody do it better mayne What's understood don't need to be explained, never Ask Ronny to tell ya, I'm on a whole 'nother level I do it cause I'm the shit-shit, you son of a bitch, I'm rich How many times I got to tell these niggaz to stay up off the dick? We too big types for fist-fights, wanna start shit, how you been tight My niggaz is known to up pipe, squeeze on niggaz like "Fuck life" What I shine dawg, I'ma grind dawg, I remind y'all again I don't do this to be famous, I do it for my kids [Chorus 2X: Thin C] + (Layzie) 1 for the (shine) 2 for the (money!) 3 for my family cause my babies got to know 4 for the (grind) 5 for the (rhyme) 6-7 gotta lock-n-load, 'bout to rock-n-roll [Bizzy Bone] Wheels spinnin dippin, all runaway slaves in white linen Flourescent blue, that's for the Titans, nigga we get in Christ-like, crisis, isis; we are the righteous I'm fightin for the breath of our lightnin, aw yeah Sweat that, technique, never that, ready set go Gangsta you know I shed tears as my shotguns steadily go blow As we lift up off the flo' I smoke squares on the holy ground, hold it now, whoa Forty more days to flip yo' mind, nigga you'll seek and you'll find We in the circumference in an abundance, my ambulances is warning, I'm Straight out no mushy pussy, way off to eat a tushy We monster mash it, no cookies, fuck it homie we rookies Understand it, don't get caught up in my looky-looky Cocky niggaz get shot, so nigga don't try to push me Burn that, nigga you

earned that, now learn that Christ will fill you in the
buildin, little Layzie turn that [Chorus] [Layzie Bone]
Talkin shit but I can back it up, these niggaz ain't no
match for us I been doin this shit so long man these
niggaz ain't got no chance with us A breath of fresh air,
like I'm new in the league LeBron James on these
niggaz; too much power, too much steam Smoke good
weed and cigarettes, like Young Nob' I'm still a threat
I'm gone off that ol' shit, really y'all ain't seen nothin
yet Listen to my battle cry, "Art of War" will never die
Roll with me you better ride, sucka shit'll never slide
One for the shine, two for the money Give it back to my
Heavenly Father, he the only one can take it from me
Three for my family, four for they future The only
reason I give a fuck, otherwise I'd shoot ya Five to stay
alive, and six to keep grinding Seven to get to heaven
dawg, it's all about perfect timing What's on my
motherfuckin mind is this These playa haters got me
twisted, rewind it if ya missed it [Chorus] - repeat 2X
[Outro: Thin C] Hey, yeah, said I'm 'bout to rock-n-roll
Yeah, hey, said I'm 'bout to rock-n-roll Hey, yeah, said
I'm 'bout to rock-n-roll Yeah, hey, said I'm 'bout to rock-
n-roll

Visit [Bone Thugs-N-Harmony f/ Thin C](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.