

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony f/ Thin C

"Rebirth"

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[Chorus 2X: Thin-C] + (Krayzie) Everybody wanna sound like, sound like, sound like Bone Bone Bone Everybody wanna rap like, rap like, rap like Bone Bone Bone As we continue to pick up the pieces they follow us kings 'til the (sundown) Deadly issues of telekinesis, better show love or (lay down) [Layzie Bone] Hold down, welcome to the showdown (showdown) I think it's 'bout time Lil' Layzie let 'em know now Take it to the streets and let the pump-pump go pow Take my style, let me show you how I go wild Now you playin with a fully grown man with a fully blown plan and a fully loaded clip I'ma go up in your shit, I don't play with little kids I'll spank that ass, boy you know who we is? (Bone Bone) My homies the greatest I roll with the best, see? Who in the fuck wanna test, these niggaz from the S-C-T, C-L-E? We got heat Y'all know what happened to the thief when the king catch him stealin, got his hands in the cookie jar Off with his hand, fuck it off with his head Make him stand front and center, let me see what the rookie got Bet a nigga ain't got nothin, they bluffin Tryin to come up on somethin, bubblin I'ma say this really really really loud Y'all wanna bubble I'll bust them, rush them Trust him never, on a whole 'nother level If God the creator then y'all niggaz devils The fight won't end 'til the war get settled And Bone gon' win cause them Bone niggaz rebels Playa, yeah, nigga!

[Chorus] [Krayzie Bone] They don't wanna see me shine Everybody wanna sound like Bone though, come back in the Bone zone If you just beginnin with the daddy you don't know They call me the granddad, Granddaddy of the Bone flow Well little lazy rappers, obviously we never figured this would be the lick and we'd be next to shine And we got everybody screamin and singin but these out-of-shape suckers need exercise So I'ma get up in their mental I'ma work 'em out over the instrumental Give 'em a criminal rhythm, the lyrical nympho Wanna see the wicked, better know what you're in fo' First the fan side could be forgiven, you didn't know Second time I got up in 'em like here we go No matter what they sayin we still the most realest, that ever did it (did it) feel me flow Everybody

want a little bit of this The lil' Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy,
Wish and Flesh A little taste so they can test and make
'em see how we the best and how we realer than the
rest, don't flex cause the pump gon' get 'em I'm like a
bullet to the chest, suffer cardiac arrest that's so hard
that I can still get their heart and leave 'em dead Give
'em all they can get Send them suckas to the lyric
cemetary or the rap hospital Never no competition!
[Chorus] [Flesh-N-Bone] C'mon, now let me take you
back to The Land You know where, the heart of it all In
1993 when we was up out the scene The fellas with hell
of a harmony with the flow hooked up with Eazy-E
Shook up the industry and y'all just in time, to get
another facelift Certainly this somethin that you
wouldn't wanna miss The drama when it hit the fan, we
got 'em trippin off the gift and split a wig up with a
pretty sick twist The Ruger like a surgeon and it's on
Exactly what I cut you with is sharper than a scalpel
Actually, it's too many Bone Thug clones and they all
malpractice Arrested and send 'em to the gallows My
Trues brought a style that's unfound and you can feel it
naturally but we ain't no magicians Really ain't no thang
to make a fraud disappear Steady givin what they love
to hear We make 'em listen up close, everybody know
we got the dough We choppin nothin but missiles, still
the nigga who the greatest Y'all lost, can't even afford
the cost This is authentic and nothin that's dealin with
the worldwide bosses We got the sauce, baby we got
the juice We keep 'em in a frenzy fiendin for mo' On the
ThugLine with F.B.G., 7th Sign and Mo Thug Once again
we about to blow, we about to blow Set it off explode,
set it off explode! [Chorus] [Wish Bone] I'ma treat it
like a race and I gotta win it Ahead of you bums with
the Bone flow Thug invented Haters wonder why them
thug niggaz still gettin in Nothin changed the game like
we did so we here, still with it Gotta tell the truth, we
changed thangs Bringin somethin new that's
everlasting I'ma keep it real, it's next to nothing Doin
the same thing is less creating Flow just borin, your
spit's just corny What happened to old bitin self? Writin
battles done face to face I miss those days, these days
Ghost writers, fake artists with nothin to say I'ma give it
where it's due, my street dudes just stay cool I know I
got you when I need to pop it you'll let loose And you
don't wanna see a Thugsta hit with a Grey Goose Or we
could buy the bar, just stay cool and we good
Recognize street thug, coulda been all hood The flow's
so love, thugs reppin in all hoods Pick up on it, never
fully get it, this Bone flow Smilin, hatin but you see me
on the low low In the game with the number one,
straight from the Cleveland slums Straight off the

block, never hustle to the flo' though Keep it or not, how
them Bone Thugs came through Yeah yeah, we took it
to another level (level) Level (level) level (level)
yeahhh! [Chorus] [Bizzy Bone] As soon as I'm receivin
the call, now give me the ball I run with the dawgs then
keep the ball Now meet me at the mall, you can check
on every shelf on the wall They makin money off the
Bone Thugs, equipped for the show With a knife in my
back, everybody rappin fast but the harmony ain't in it
and now that's too much to pass Now that's too much to
ask Let me pick up my brass ball style and change up,
c'mon My trigger finger's itchy but my carpel tunnel
was gone It was written and rippin problems like water
flowin in humbles I'm walkin with seven shovels, the
grave diggers and others Nobody understands the
man, clones now shut up I'm quicker than a boogey
wicked monster, never just like the movie We know
when to pray to God, do whatever We get the hustle on
in the spring, fall In summer and winter months we
gon' praise - Jesus! Don't even represent us like we
ain't said nothin Present the flow then grow, know
where we come from Sun gon' shine in, equinox rhymin
Layzie perfect timin, grab my gun! What's up to my
nigga young Hova, Twista Bun B, Pimp C, A.C. Killer Get
your money, get your paper Elevate like my nigga DMX,
here's a prayer, God bless playa [Chorus]

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