

T-bone

"Let That Thang Go"

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Verse 1

I'm trying to change this music, my nizzle, It's official,
I'm tired of hearing heaters that whistle and sizzle
when gangstas pull out they pistols I'm like money
trying to get in the middle and settle the difference,
cuz to many rappers is tripping, don't nobody wanna
listen, plus I'm tired of all the cussing and cursing so I
started rehearsing working on converting a better
version, for every person that's hurting lurking
searching for life's purpose, feeling suicidal and
worthless but you aint certain, if you ready to die and
leave this earths surface then cross over and see
what's on the side of this life's curtain, call me the
mosses of rap, taking it back to tha days when this
artifact wasn't bout the woman and gats, I'm sick of
this rap, matter a fact, how many more woman you fin
to pimp, and gangstas we gonna cap, we murdered
them all, Pac and Biggie there aint here anymore,
better do something, sound the trumpet, cuz' I'm goin
to war.

Hook

To all the playas popping off at the lip, oh, fronting the
street game like you a pimp, no, ya coming up but
going down wit tha ship, bro, Ya better let that thang
go, and all tha ladies that be shaking they hips, oh, up
in tha strip clubs stacking em chips, no, top of tha
world, but you down in tha pits, ma, Ya better let that
thang go.

Verse 2

It's the Nicaraguan son of Big Pun, who flip tongs, on
kick drums, and leave rappers like victims from big
guns, better panic, cuz I'm charismatic and automatic,
when it comes to this phonographic magic, I gotta have
it, like an addict, I'm the magnet pulling these Asiatic
and Hispanics bandits to make em put down tha
cannons, I'm standing for unity in rural communities
filled with darkness and cruelty, where men get woman
paid off of nudity, it's soon to be all over, I crossover
barriers of hate and racism plus I bring the Cross over,
I'm out to change all the images in our villages, and all

the religious criticisms from church citizens, always pointing, judging, shrugging ya shoulders at the adulterers, fornicators, and cobras but never question our culture, Biggie prophesied ready to die, 50 took 5 and got rich and Pac's mamma still crying.

Verse 3

Suckahs surfing the internet trying to find kids for sex, and placing bets, credit card fraud is next, they write them checks for chicks on em porno flicks, when they shake they hips sick wit them chain and whips it gets, even worse, truth hurts, don't be mad at me, I aint the one getting paid enhancing they anatomy, and gradually, they rotten out like bad cavities, then periodically prostituting and armed robberies, this how we raise the little children of America to grow up and be criminal, rapist, and bomb terrorist, from the second there born, innocent but torn, between these 2 worlds fighting for souls, like tug a war, who's keeping score got juveniles in the morgue, while killas winning awards, and steady and praising the Lord, they cheer and roar, ego tripping has gotta stop, gotta shine and rhyme in his name instead of hip-hop.

How many more of our people got die, before we decide, genocide isn't only in war, It's also in the words that we write, we got tha power

No Verse

I keep it gully like a Cali general running the streets, ya freeze when I speak, memorized my style is unique, we bringing the heat like the Bahamas talking the word from Nicaragua to communist countries like China, Iraq and Havana, canta lo, Godson levanta lo, They lace the beats then I rock the flow, she hit them notes, collab then we rock the show, think we blessed, no doubt, count the dough, we make about oh 25-30 a show, people flying from other countries just to hear tha Bone flow, sick wit the skills to the point that they wanna honor me, but I'm not honoree I'm on the Rock like Sean Connery, and yall fond of me, the rest is just wanna be's

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