

Shoot 'Em Up

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

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Twelve gauges bust up in ya, playa haters we be quick to pin ya
You know we know, you don't wanna roll
Cause when we give it to ya, we're gonna bring it to ya, oh yeah

Right off the jump, ooh, now I gots to let you know
When you see me runnin' rollin' with them big shotguns,
And we deep when we creep, never sleepin'
And we droppin' them whamies on fools who wanna get dumb and numb
Now, that you know like that
These niggas come around, they don't know how to act
In fact, I'm at the track in the back
With a couple of my cats in the hood, smokin' weed and up to no good
Red Dog in the trunk, and we rollin' that
Bang or slang, now bail on over to your thugs
So me and the rest of these thugs can marinade, marinade
We straight, get high, so high,
That's how my mental, that's how my mental state is like parlay, parlay
Like everyday, don't think I don't pin playa hation
But ya better pinnin' yourself, or contend with the M-11,
.357 Automatic weapons from my shelf
These niggas wanna take my health and wealth
Check yourself, tryin' to contend, but they couldn't win
You took it to the head with a fifth of Hen
Now we in a red 500 Benz-o, we roll, roll
Drop the top, and lock the locks, cock the glock
Bout to hit this corner, livin' like a thug on the real
Who's stronger when I put it on ya, on ya, all playa haters goners

Murder, mo murder, mo murder, mo murder them all
They fall, they fall buck buck, oh yeah
Niggas they get it then pissed off
And ah, and ah to fuck with the wrong motherfuckers
They fall (quick) when we buck, bitch, ooh
We got something to put you back into your truck quick
Hey, that four-four magnum, gon' handle em'
Ain't no nigga badder, .357 put that ass on the mat
Execution, I'll be shootin' while you runnin' off at your mouth
You plot me cause you watch me, watch me, watch me
My nigga, we know what ya thinkin'
Bout, but bitch, if you run up and try me
I'm comin' up outta my shit with some shit
That be keepin' you runnin' and wonderin'
What have I got to make sure they lit him up good
And you can still find me, where (You know we no bullshit)
East 99, drug dealers and po-po, yeah that's St. Clair
Bone runnin' back to Mo', and that's Cleveland, Cleveland
You know we thuggin' and theivin', theivin'
If somebody got beef, we got millions done made
I rollin' thug records for ya, see my nigga
We comin' with nothin' to lose and bitch, if ya try me
(Any bodies) All those bloody bodies, tryin' to get outta the room
If I could just look up and see haters dyin', I'n I'n,
And flip up my mind and whenever you think I'm quiet

I get plots on the riot riot bang
That's way ya get em' man, get 'em, man, get 'em, man
Sneak up on em' and you kill em' and they won't fuck with ya no more
You havin' a party, and the weed goin' up in your body
Smokers chill, my niggas done got get me sloppy high, oh so so high.

Come on, come on, don't be shy
Let's get high

We got that herb

If you want some, want some
We got weed indeed, you need some, need some
Ah, yeah I know this just might sound crazy
But lately gotta roll with my gun
Cause the haters they hate me
Wanna hurt that nigga, Bone, niggas somehow, someway get paid
And quit playa hatin'
That buck to the bang, everything I got, I got 'cause we rhyme
Tight rhyme, Had to thug it out, but it came in time, just in time
And if you give it to me, my thugs gon' give it you
So either way we go about this goes, somebody's head gon' get blown
Bone gon' on with your bad self, now hey, hey, hey
Blowin' up your face with your pistols
And get with that buck to the bang, bang, bang
Nigga wanna roll with Bone, it's on, cause nigga, we cool, we cool
Don't forget, playa haters get that buck to the bang
All up in that body, got him, got him
We won't be slippin', we just might be peepin' you all the time
I'm comin', I'm gunnin' and I put that on the double nine

Shoot em' up always, hate when I break you off and you loss
And make it look to floss
Let there be coffins for all of your offspring
Now let there be coffins for all of your offspring
For the police on the corner, creepin' up
Here come them soldiers pullin' up
Better watch one of them St. Clair niggas
Put it in a gutter, better off and doze ya
Really know ya shouldn't have let me jumpin' up out your shit
You runnin' with a gang of bitches for you
Ready when I'm ready to do it you
It in my thang but a buck, buck is small change
It's off in ten to say that they niggas was bullshittin'
And the Bizzy maintain, nigga this the North Coast homie
That city where the St. Clair niggas sell dope
I hear police roll deep in the set, see none of us scared
And we show that it's on, bitch, bang
You feel the pitch of my trigger finger's a bitch
I done put it down with my click, and stood on my own,
And kill flesh and I rest on the nine
I'll be fuckin' with y'all, slangin' my dogs
And em' all niggas been anxious lil' Bizzy, but it's all good
I still ball, and I know when ya roll
I'm snatchin' your souls with the Bone
We can show it, and since I'm a flow, and it's all of y'all realer
My niggas, I figured I'd let 'em all know it
Playas takin' up off the style, well, if you think I'm scared
You, dead wrong, did you think when I break you down.