

Fa Sho

Bizzy Bone

Ya, lets have some fun with him. Who's song is that? (Yall know what your tlaking about?) (Ya,uh) Mob Life. Little Bizzy Bone, Bone Thugs n Harmony. Yes, 7th Sign (I'm out). In full effect b aby. (Count off)

One for the money/ Two for the show, Oh no! (Do you wanna ride for sho'?) / And thanks to the rhythm you know I'm gangsta ghett o (Ghetto), do you fo sho? (Do you wanna ride for sho') / One fo r the money/ Two for the show, Oh no! (Do you wanna ride for sh o'?) / And thanks to the rhythm you know I'm gangsta ghetto(Ghet to), do you fo sho? (Do you wanna ride for sho')

Havin a party god damn/ Its another ghetto bash, its fast comin to bring em right at ya/ Lives to the grapevines/ Business typ e, nobody can break us/ Got a little Italian in me, but I'm not paper chasin/ Gimme money like basketball players, and richer than Casey Layons with the heat, seeks the street damn my dead friends/ I hope that he said his prayers before he met his end, broke bread/ Make a mends with your maker, I love my creator/ I never been a hater, my baby momma stole all my Gators/ My fac e keep craters, but dog for real we still down/ You know that b lock keeps me still/ You got the scrilla, I got the scrilla/ Yo u know the deal, if its on than its on/ Flip the blunt, we go p eel/ To the family, polish up the Grammy and chill/ What do you know, Papi Chullo got a record deal (Record deal)

Midwest representers, write that down, never go home/ We gettin ' the money, I'm makin' the bids, we lay 'em down, so ruff so t uff/ We hittin' them corners and hittin them blocks and buy me some 25's/ None of you haters in case you ain't know its Court Dogg with 7th Sign/ 7th Sign soldiers, you hatin? It ain't kosh er/ You roll or get rolled over/ Layin' in that black trunk wit h a chaffer/ We criminals tryna be rapper, smash em (Yes we is) / So the question we gotta be askin' 'So would you wanna be hol din your pants? Get my parlayed, thug passion' We leave the lad ies grinnin from ear to ear/ With the back stretched from here to here/ Heres some playas, its pretty its pretty/ Its pretty c lear, you dig?/ We leave them clearances/ You really wanna comp are (?) / What you think this is? The D Boy, 7th Sign choppin' t rees, timber! And Court Dog, the long lost Bone, nigga/ Braids blowin' in the wind/ Got nothin' but money to spend, sippin' He nn/ Runnin' it and let this free wheel spin

Its Court Dogg and Mob Life/ And Bizzy Bone and 7th Sign (Gotta get up)/ Its Court Dogg and Mob Life/ And Bizzy Bone and 7th S ign (Gotta get up)

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party, Court Dog' buyin' drinks for

everybody/ I only kick with realist, guerillas, and dealers, c
an't fade the wannabe haters and squealers/ I'm breakin' the fig
ures and givin' it in, and time to deliver these heavy hitters;
Bone Thugs N Harmony, you with us/ 2 Sic you D Boy, you know t
hey feel us/ The haters, they want me to stop but see, I can't/
When saw all my game, I told 'em me name and I'm laughin' all
the way to the bank (Ha ha) and you know it's fa' sho'