

2 Glock

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Give it to em, bring your gun
Give it to em, bring your gun

Get cha gun, get cha gun, did you kill 'em all?
... to death, death, death
Fuck with the niggas with the guns and you might get shot, get shot
Get cha gun, get cha gun, did you kill 'em all?
... to death, death death
You could be the first to feel the heat
to see how much we got, we got

I still be the thuggish ruggish nigga
Dressed in all black khakis, fatigues, and boots
Still don't give a fuck about the law
Still run with a pump in my car
And fuck who you are
You're fucking with a couple of niggas that's really insane
I'm talking loco, crazy as hell
It ain't just a name
It's the game
And we done loosened up a couple strings
And shook a couple of screws loose in my brain
Besides that, ain't nothin' changed
Look at me now I'm still a thug
Nigga I still smoke bud
You know I still represent St. Clair wig split shit, nigga what?
This is Bone Thugs niggas
Thinkin I told you but we put it down like that
And whoever we got to fuck up to prove that we do it
And keep on movin, guess who's back up in the house?
Original Cleveland Criminals
Niggas just send em subliminal messages like "murda, mo murder murder"
Never forgot where we come from
Watch how you move your tongue
Cause I got niggas that's ready to jump off in your ass
And smash and crash
Protect my niggas for combat
Leathaface at ya and on your ass like I was a heat seeker
Quickly the reaper peep you
Sweep you off your feet in Cleveland

I be the smoothest little nigga you can meet me
But nigga you fuck with me then I'm a fuck with you
Introduce you to this heat
I sweep the street
When I draw down, let me hear you say "fuck the law now"
Rawest niggas in the town
Ready to thug and go down
Go pound for pound, nigga that's the motto
Let me see you throw them things and if it's real
Nigga keep it real
Show me your game
I'm sure gonna claim
What the fuck is mine
My nigga I'll take it
Grab a player hater by the neck, choke him out and try to break it
Gimme your money, drop them keys

It's a jack move bitch
And since you haters ain't got no business
that's how we attack your shit
Nigga we'll smack your bitch in the middle of the Grammy
And the media might ban me
Nigga this Mo Thug Family is for real

Pull it up, sit up, get up and count up your money
Before it all gets spent up
And you wanna get rid of
A hood bitch with game
And every bitch said I'm a good bitch
Fuckin with the wood grain
Everybody still playin that hood game quiet
Especially when it's tired
My environment ain't nothin but niggas dieing
In them chemical fed injections in Jasper Texas
Split up these niggas off in different sections
Don't hate my message
Destiny led to mimic
Chastity for my daughter
Wad up a niggas sherm
And come listen to the sermon
Swervin in my Surburban, lick it up with the bottle
But everybody know I got some problems
Had dreams of the Apollo
The fiends had faith in me, suckas wouldn't run
A nigga not insane
Niggas still with me
Bone, somehow they turn up
Run up and get your sign
Run blindly, elevate through time
Nowhere to hide

Our dawgs finna haul off lead
Sawed-off head
Nigga you drippin soakin with bloody body be beggin me
You know what you should've capped like 2 pac with a glock
They're deadly, better not upset my thug mentality sucker
You know you done fucked up
Don't you niggas?
Runnin up blastin gas craters
What the fuck you thought you saw with your head in the sky?
Could it be a bird or maybe it's even a plane
For the untamed
Insane human only the Fifth Dawg
Fuck you thought mutherfuck fame
For the fact the shit is a phat game
Going remain number one in the Land
Flesh, strangle the gang
Bang bang!
Bang!
I dropped five guards in the name of the Lord I say
Now how many times will I have to slay today?
Will I raise my guage?
Oh God!
How will I teach yaa, but it's these tactics that he daily practice
They gonna let you
Don't have it?
Have it, runnin up you sons of bastards
Blast it, we sons of assassins
Match it, collecting more cash
That's true, you're feeling that

Niggas said all my babies get a million
Struggle with a villian
Hit 'em
With a venomous blow!
I call on my mighty archang-el
Gonna surround my soul but go with the calico yo'
We the tightest you know Mo, the Mighty
Yes trues humbly united
My family never divided
Desperado, Thug Line, Mo Thug, Millennium, Seventh Sign
For the FBI you wanna come test my enterprise?
Bitch you better go think twice
And open up your mutherfucking eyes
These niggas can't fuck with the fifth dawg finna parlay
Everyday stormin your way
You better lay low
So you might just duck when I buck guage
Can't you see my niggas having a ball all day
Since we having a ball all day
Motherfuckers player hate