

## Body Rott

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

I say the war shouldn't stop  
Until these playa-hatin niggas body rott (body rott)  
Nigga the war shouldn't stop  
Until these motherfuckin cops body rott (body rott)  
(2x)

We paper chasers, smokin blunts  
You'll never find a thuggish bunch of niggas like us (like us)  
Don't be so quick to test us  
I'll be annoyed and might bust  
I'ma have to talk to Eazy through the Ouija  
So I can see  
If maybe he can tell me  
Why you're hatin on me, bitin on me  
Why you want me  
To show a nigga Leather Face, and he  
Don't fuck around nigga  
He's a real buck 'em down nigga  
Motherfuck rappin', how 'bout fuckin wit me now nigga  
Nigga get ya checks from ya broads, get high  
Then your broads sneak ya keys from ya niggas and ride  
Everybody wanna party, even the niggas with a problem  
Made-nigga, we done solve 'em  
Cause, bitch we'll squash 'em  
Don't know me, fuck you when you got beef  
But you also got to clone styles, and no motif  
See me rappin' on yo TV actin  
And it's a fact that when you see us in person  
Think we gon flex, or show you no action  
Down for mine, got to show a nigga time to time  
So I figure I'll slow down the rhyme  
So they can understand I'm filled with so much anger and pain  
And if I drop, then I'll explode like a fuckin grenade nigga  
Fuck calm, time to ring the alarm  
Breakin' niggas out of prison killin all the guards (Woo!)  
Power to the people, givin people the power  
To put it down in your city  
And fuck them hillbillies  
Nigga, I can't stand no  
Motherfuckin po-po  
When will we start killin these bitches and takin no mo'?  
Yeah, Mo Thug, the only clique that I claim  
Although we all beyond the bangin  
You can say I roll wit-a-gang  
And dissin chin checkers in the making  
So nigga continue with the rotatation (rotation, rotation, rotation)

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I heard. I murdered.  
I heard. I murdered. I heard (heard)  
Yeah nigga, we holler about all of the murders  
Look what they did to Tyrone  
Flippin the flow and let it burn

Without pistols, the police ain't strong  
Finna bomb, bitch, you fuckin wit all the black gat peeps  
And in the 1999 when ya meet up in the end  
Be it be no peace for the police  
The (Biz!) here to rip the (streets!)  
And get 'em all (pissed!)  
Get  
We dont take (defeat!)  
Me steppin (retreat!)  
You can lose yo arms, better use yo feet  
Jus pick up my cannon, nigga, yeah yeah  
Hear the pump, it erupt  
We're corrupt as the four, down to buck  
Come and get fucked up  
And get up outta the county, nigga get rowdy  
(duck into battle)  
Disappear-pear, in a ally  
Reappear-pear, off in Cali  
Can you feel me, daddy?  
Proudly handle stuff like a man  
And went through shit in Cleveland  
With the band  
Now look at me platinum  
Fuck the rap, and corner bitch made hation nation  
Nowadays an occupation  
So why you hate me? Still can't fade me away  
Go on, be gone  
The point of view was made with the song  
And while they pop, I'm ready to bomb (bomb bomb bomb)

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How do you see me when you see me?  
Drinkin' on Hennessy and Remy  
Look into my eyes, my shit is dreamy  
Beggin to Scotty, "Won't you beam me up?"  
I buck, 12 gauge erupt, disrupt your order, infantry  
Ya'll better expect annihalation fuckin' around with the SCT  
And I better be a souljah organizer, but they're lovin just us  
Army see, full of harmony, and nigga 'In Thugs We Trust'  
So nigga I bust, so back up off me  
Givin' no mercy, shit is critical  
Killin' you individual with a Ouija type ritual  
I'm diggin a ditch for all you po-po who felt you could come & raid me  
Ain't no way to be safe  
Nigga, this the army brigade  
So listen up and hear what's spoken  
As I start this locomotion  
Retaliate because we chosen  
Open showin the Lord his devotion

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Now when you're fuckin' with me  
Make sure you know what you're doin  
Got niggas knowin, rollin with me  
Infra red to yo head, don't beg, you dead, we fled

Gotta get away  
Gotta make sure I'm free so when you need me I can buck another day  
It's a Bone thing, better ride ride  
Cause when you fuckin wit  
You gon' die die  
Don't be surprised, Bone want yo presidents, wanna run it all  
Run all of it (all of it)  
Fuck that dog, fuck that dog  
Cause niggas is superstitious  
Nigga don't pull no gun if you ain't gon spit  
Click clack clack be the sound  
These police and haters is wrong, oh  
We buckin em down  
Trust in me, in harmony, I try peace  
Eternally bless my soul, Lord  
And everybody that rides with me:  
It's from me to you.  
It's from me to you (me to you)  
It's just my point of view  
It's just our point of view (point of view, point of view)  
Yeah, and that's why I stay high  
So high, so high like ladi-da-da-da  
Ladi-da-da-da, so high, so high

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