

# Clog Up Yo Mind

**Bone Thugs-N-Harmony**

Sit back, and let this thugshit,  
Clog Up Yo' Mind (3x)

Now, I'm ah nigga ta keep ta myself, and don't fuck wit' nobody  
I'm quiet, I'm thuggin'. Why are y'all so fast?  
Ain't time ta take ta quicken put to derail my thugs  
Well I might be Krayzie, civilized, I cruize in my Mercedes  
as ah bye-bye, nigga feel tha Bone, now spray, hey  
especialy foe tha police, man. I'm ah nigga wit' thugshit  
cause I'm runnin' wit' tha niggaz in tha hood and that's how we play  
Wanna feel ah my spray-pump hit yo' chest, and finally realize  
who you're fuck with, fuckin with them niggaz in Cleveland  
ya do whateva like he say  
Then flip again, in the Land, got tha upperhand  
cause I got tha gripping good delay  
If you niggaz can dash, wit' tha lethal mass  
and then pass wit' tha very blast  
It ain't innocent, you should never been there  
in tha first place, fall, you got yo' curse today, hah  
Willin' die-hard nigga, wanna give up fakin  
nut devotion just do what you want  
So bitch, Krayzie Bone, real it now, and when did they lose?  
You'll feel the vibe, nigga  
Killin cause I'm Krayzie, nigga, cause I got to get the money  
get the platinum fund to pay  
But I'm ah be ah thinkin bout my niggaz  
when I got ta do sum flippin', if ah nigga ain't got my back

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Foe tha love of tha money, I keep spenidin' yo  
Just sum pap low shit, gotta let 'em hang low  
Swangin' lead from my 44 magnum though  
Wit' ah nuttin' indo smoke, when my thugs be sure, sure  
Hope ya know, I rip heartz, it's on, jackin' move  
then ya betta figure again, and quit plottin  
Takin' over this everyday, stoppin' to tha tough  
Double Glock and it's not forgotten  
Bitchez drop in Tha Clair  
It's tha Bone Thugs, in this shit wit' Eazy E and we made it  
and ah nigga wanna hate me 'cause I'm famous  
I'd still leave 'em in tha streetz, you can't blame us (lady luv)  
cause when they catch me without my heat, and I'm thuggin  
in tha streetz and I'm rollin  
Thuggin by the deadliest G's, you can't fuck wit us  
to the pressure out of pressure, I'm loadin, blow you up  
Y'all know we don't worship sin, it's tha heartz of men  
and we'd tested stress, wanna be blessed consists of tha sin  
in tha wayz of tha sin, to be dead.

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And I promised, that all tha soulz would last  
til the dayz of tha livez of tomorrow  
and if you'd follow, tha end of the world

should ah come ah so soon, so I just follow, I know  
I know, hey, how ta get down foe my thang  
enemies fold ya, lettin' me soulz, gonna catch ya  
flossin' all tha way  
Welcome to Tha Land, where all my chemicalz unfold  
it goez, around up in slow-mo  
Been tickin', and I land down to Newport  
I'm alone, yes, but I may not rest  
Police will see me silenced stressin  
Nigga was steppin' up in ah, when I caught them thievin  
and I got 'em and there, gotta learn their lesson  
Blastin', no more, no I'm not havin' it  
Breakin' apart foe neva my daddy  
Lil' Ripsta defeat go pathless, so I get crazy  
and I face now's nasty blastin  
For tha Bone, For tha Bone, hit 'em up, and lesson up tha violence  
Screamin' on ah my murda mo, bullets get niggaz, let's begin  
ah new riot, hittin, and buckin them down to tha pave  
Cause I'm in tha new sense of me grave  
Couldn't you hataz, wouldn't be saved, hate 'em  
Hate ta shook, and put ah pen up in dem  
Foe tha love of money makin' go crazy  
and Benjamin Franklin please come save me  
Hit tha weed, and y'all in, rollin yo finga but spot ya  
Bam em, yam em, fiend foe tha greenm see everybody sweatin  
foe tha scenez, still in ah myst wit' tha clich  
an unpropable way of ah trial 'cause it's tha funk, sing

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(Now give it to 'em)  
Ya, gotta sit back, smoke and choke, meditate, mental state  
wit' tha Bone, B-ONE. We steadily grieve on, givin' you what  
you need man, clone Bone, shock 'em, drop 'em, pop 'em  
let 'em know Bone in tha fukkin' war (no, no)  
you hataz make feellike, you wanna feel my motherfuckin 44  
But I gotta stay clean, it's cool, then unless he freein  
I'm mean sum cheeze, me and my niggaz, and this Mo' Thug, Mo' Thug  
cavalry, on tha streetz  
Ready ta ride, when it's time ta ride, ready ta kill  
when it's time ta kill, you gon' die, you' gon' die  
I've been tryin if you really wanna ride on down wit' Bone  
then come on, come on. If ya really wanna ride, get down  
but get stuff, but ya come on, come on

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