

Da Introduction

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Welcome to the dark side.....

It's the Thuggish Ruggish Bone..

Gotta give it on up to the glock glock
Pop pop, better drop when them buckshot blow
The bone in me never no ho,
so no creepin up outta the ziplock
So sin, sip gin, and lil' mo heart run up, nut up
And flipped in, than slipped the clip in,
mistakin' the bloody victims
Ever if ya test nuts, to the chest and ...
Buck buck buck blow
Ha ha ha hah ha ha ha haa
Right back at your motherfucking ass
Comes those real true thugs
Straight out the double glock,
Puttin' it down for the motherfuckin' land
Taking no shorts no losses
Puttin' it on you jealous bitch made playa hating-ass niggas,
You betta tell 'em what's real bitch
Takin' ova the shit in the '9-5
I bring to you the one and only...
Bone Thugs N Harmony

Nigga this St. Claire...
Execution double nine style
Steadily sendin them bodies undaground

It'll be all about that llelo bank roll
Betta make that money man, dead wrong
Put it on the low betta beat them hoes
Gotta get them demons off me
Creepin' up softly seepin' up through my soul
And sleepin' ain't good to go now
When I'm wll rollin' off those
'N betta watch the do'
Bet I won't be slippin' sleepin'
None ah them thugs I bails wid
Put ah trail ah twelve guage shells
Bloody be smell 1-8-7 and the 2-11
12-guage and the AK-47 spray
Let the Ripster kill 'em now
Put 'em off in the grave daily
When the slugs start crawl up in ya
Well I roll wid realer niggas
Pop pop drop to the sound and to ground
Lit 'em up to kill ya

Them St. Claire thugs we love
When they pumpin' them slugs now what,
See them duck from the scum
When I dug them enemies deep in the muddy drug
Don't run wid them
Choose snooze you lose
And left in the alley fa fucked up
What's up wid them shoes ooh they knew

So we runnin' offa my dog's truck
Bust ah left at the block and what'da ya know
All ah the po-po they follow
Cuff ah guy and see him layin' behind the store
But nigga remember my motto
No surrender, gotta get away hit the fence wid the quickness
Hit the other side and I swing to the right
Running through the gutta hit '95,
Peel, bending for safety we make it and chill
Gotta make ah mil but ah nine kick off for real
Nigga drop that bill or I pop my steel
Ain't no competition don't fuck wid my clik
And so listen you bitches stay trippin' it's okay
When we stickin' and lickin' them pockets
So droppa that dolla man glocka holla bang
Thuggin' wid ah thug nigga smoking blunts
Nigga don't stiff on no weed smoke it off
Cause nigga you know when the pockets get ride
I'ma run and get ah sack and come choke wid ch'all

Now you fuckin' wid these thuggish killas
Creepin' up outta the land and they ready to ride
Gettin' high of thai
My niggs in the land got glocks fa days on the 9-9
Betta kill 'em all dog
Bed make as they fall wid the 12-guage you bustin' on niggas
So what now, come nigga get buck pow
And not only that get shut ta fuck down
And I'm talkin' bout niggas that wanna contend wid the thugstas
Some nigga done fucked up
Neva no playa hataz in the clik touch loud and we neva no bustaz
Neva catch ah nigga sleep
Hear the buck shots rain where the thugs in Cleveland dwell
Daily collectin' me mail
And I meet you in hell if all else fails
Oh well

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