

# Don't Waste My Time

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Stay on the grind and rise on up, give it all you got  
(5x)

Shit, we done come up a long way  
We crept and we came, we did our thing, just like the song say  
Nigga's been talkin about us like it's Bone Day  
They say "them nigga's my nigga's ain't kickin it no more."  
They say we all went solo, "nigga's ain't even speakin no more"...You sure?  
Nigga don't they know y'all been my dogs since back in the day. (Yep)  
We been through some rough times, but never enough to make us break up  
Besides, Bone is a business. Even if we didn't kick it, nigga this is busines  
ss  
So quit all that beef and come get this cheese  
Nobody really been knowin the drama we done seen  
Like my nigga Flesh in jail, stressin in that cell  
And we been strugglin nigga, so we might spot ya with some bling bling, and  
pull a glock  
Thuggish, ruggish nigga's, probably heard about us runnin up, checkin these  
busta's  
Actin like they ain't gonna respect the Thugs, muthafuckas  
We ain't givin a fuck no more, we get smashed and play with the dough  
Kickin ass just so that you know, for the money we goin for broke

I don't waste my time without no dollar sign  
If you ain't talkin 'bout no paper would you stay outta mine  
And don't be tryin to test my patience cuz I do pack a nine  
But y'all ain't really tryin to go to war

See these mind's was handed the raw. And nigga's, they fuckin us, make the l  
aw  
And sick and tired of seein nigga's flossin, put it down real 'til I'm in my  
coffin  
Scrape a lape, can't get me bent. Nigga this tank don't run on fumes  
And if I ain't got it you can assume, about to go get it and nigga's is doom  
ed. (Caboom)  
Cash is closure, this bank is run up before. Nigga better picture me when I'  
m rollin  
Homie this nine is what I'm loadin, tryin to take me for the easy stick up  
You better be pickin up your place or get a taste of this one eight seven mu  
rder case  
It's dun-datta, no longer "see you tomorrow."  
I'll be screamin "not a shotty," he shouldn't have had no problems  
Top to bottom, in's and out's, and if you don't know then close your mouth  
Guessin games can lead to droughts. When they fall over, your ass out. Blast  
em out  
Number one; my family, number two; don't touch my money  
Number three, just respectin everything that really sincerely love me  
I'm a real thug strong and weak, the rich was in the poor  
But you gotta get on your feet even if they blistered up and sore

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Choke like nigga's choke when they get that corner on 100 and 44  
Smoke and think platinum, gun in my coat

Stick to my grill, lane switchin fixin a scrill  
Look at the perfect one, show you right, please be still  
Bought a new chest, honey coat cover the vest  
Black and beautiful, oceanary quiverin lips  
I've been to funerals, seen 'em in the casket dead  
Across the wall, the shit is hurtin my head  
Fed's talkin, they watchin me in the bed tearin my broad up  
"That dick is kinda small, my bitch is too much."  
C'mon, creep on ah come up and fuck it go to the club, thugs love it  
Haters holdin a motherfuckin gun  
Bitch you can't be a judge, be real. Enough is enough  
Signs are soon delivered, the rivers are filled  
Praise Jesis in this ghetto thesis  
Only Jehova keep my foster brother breathin, give me the reason. (Cuz I'm a  
soldier)

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