

Down '71 (The Getaway)

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Playa hatin' ass muthafuckas man fuck dat
Man put that shit out man
You ain't 'posed to be smokin' no muthafuckin' weed in court
(Man fuck dat man they got my nigga)
Man that shit ain't cool man
(Okay order in the court)

The people versus Bone Thugs N Harmony
Case number C601999
Will The defendant please stand,
Is there anything you wish to say on this matter
before sentencing Bizzy Bone?
No man
(You know the muthafucka did it)

Well the court sentences you to death by electric chair

We had to get 'em up wid two thugs
Runnin' side by side wid number one
Murda mo drop my guage on 'em
When the po-po chase,
If they catch me barehanded I'm done
Rip's gripping the six shot pump, so spill it
Copper lettin' the lead off
Copper thought that he had me caught
Little Layzie blew his head off (AAwwwwwww)
Get him up, and get up,
The bullets they start to get lit up,
Number one best start duckin' wid ah gun already buckin'
Bust me lead on the double glock 'n
Where the fiends roll up for rocks 'n,
This perfect getaway,
From the pigs when I peel and I hit the fences,
Rippin' up the trench and,
I'm bailing while they trailing
Better in hell than in the cell
And it ain't no telling where the coppers be dwelling,
One had spotted me, pick up ah piece and shot a me
But I practice what I preach
And see that these slugs up in his body got him,
Run, wid smoke coming from the barrel ah me gun
Hit the bend, oh what the dum dum I got yum yummed on the dead end
They set in, then they lead in,
They wanting me off in the coffin
Cops from everywhere was yellin and wailin' I went unconcious,
From the stompin' taking ah loss, and waking up in the coffin,
And without no stallin'
Cell I was tossed in to be arreigned at dawning,
Looking in the eyes of a judge,
He knew right where to put that thug
Made to be so, wid no parole
In the hole but I won't budge
Sent me to deathrow,
Watchin' the time by fly past
But Rip'll be sittin' mindless never spineless, in silence
Hoping I die fast, but chill,
Never do, sleepa, gotta get put that on all me reefer

Somehow must beat ya, so peep out the creep or the reaper will meet ya

Bailin' on ah mission, flippin' the script
Betta check what the wind just blew in
Betta think again, it's a preacher wid ah grin
On ah mission for revenge, wid that Mack-10
Little nigga Rip, had to empty the clip
Gotta pump them slugs up in them cops
Steady made 'em drop glock went pop pop
Goin' out like a thug on the double glock,
Back from hell and ready to bail,
Time to hit they trail cause they wanted my nigga fried
Holdin' the Bible when I got a grenade I'ma go inside the squad,
Gettin' ready for the rumble
When I heard them mumbles, pullin' me guage in laughter
Keep buckin 'em faster all I was thinkin'
When I see them bustas scatter
Betta watch out for them buckshots
Cause them can't fade me guage,
Gotta bust them souls in the grave,
So I'm buckin' them straight to the pave, can't be saved,
I'm bucking, little Ripster reinforcements comin' in faster
Blast give my nigga double Zs the Mack-10
Lettin' the gun gun blaze on they ass,
Gotta rip in them chests through vests
Mack-10s, sawed off eruptions, got plenty ammunition
No missing listen destruction I'm bustin'
Cause I'm making that getaway, bound to getaway,
Niggas got to escape and it's never to late
When you dash and tryna' break
Nigga just can't test the Bone fate
We steadily runnin' duckin'
Comin' up to the front door barri-caded,
And I pulled ah grenade, tossed to the door, let it explode
And we made it, creepin' in the courtyard
So Krayzie feelin' safety coming
Hittin' the fence and jump in it quick
From Krayzie's tech-9 bullets humming.

Well it seems as if them two boys Bizzy and Layzie
Done got theyselves into another jam
(Well I'd love to see them boys get theyself outta this one)

Soon as I went in the smoke, rollin' real fast like a dog
And began wid a rage and the guage can't let go
They done labelled my nigga psychotic
Bitches is got him sittin' on deathrow,
Scoping out the tower peeping the scene
So when my niggas trail,
Screaming out one eighty seven and bail,
Gotta get my nigga Rip out that cell, it's all over now,
How my nigga number one disguised as the preacher,
Won't be pullin' ah Bible mission for survival nigga so I creep the
Tech millimetre, somebody done pull the alarm now it's on,
Slaughterin' Bone, sprayed off the tech
Gotta let 'em know which way was on,
We got gone but them police was pullin' up quick nigga what's up
Quick bust in first when he hit that fence niggas got cut the fuck up,
We steady bucking, steady duckin' buckin' while I was jumpin'
All we was thinking is don't get caught
Nigga like me get the gun running
Gunning fronting wid thugs gotta get to the smug
Turn around and we pump slugs, put 'em in the mud,

And all across my face was the red that lay in blood,
Dodging the who, make the gun flip wid ah swoo,
Bailing back on wid my troops,
I'm runnin' wid 4 crazy niggas
That's down wid they niggas they ain't scared to shoot,
Now I'm rolling, no more than ah half ah mile we get stopped
Cops surround Bone, we load glocks
And squeeze say fuck all these road blocks
Busted ah U, then put that bitch in reverse
And I get the swish and I push the button
That boy came out the trunk and,
Put it in drive see that Souljah boy bucking,
Back in the other direction,
Po-po came quick then heat up,
Niggas blast at each other,
Open up they doors and they get they feet up,
I jumped outta the car, had to jump over the hood,
Cause I'm headin' straight for the woods
So the niggas they follow behind me
We getaway smooth, ah nigga made good
Came up quick to the hideout
Wait until midnight till we ride out,
Hit ah car so we can drive out,
While we waited we all got fried out, fool
If youse a thuggish ruggish thug nigga scream mo,
Took one ah my niggas off deathrow now we got one mo to go

(St.Claire, St.Claire)
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