

# Down Foe My Thang

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Creepin' up outta the woods, gotta give love to my hood  
Smoke, and I choke, and I creep on a come up  
Niggas be tryin run up, but I bust, and they drop to their death  
Now they done up. Gun up, hunt my blunt up  
Creepin' 'til sun up, feelin' slightly shady  
Call me lightweight crazy, number one nigga little Layzie  
Nigga don't wanna fight  
runnin' deadly thugsta soldiers, droppin' them thangs  
Bone done told ya. Testin' nuts, so a nigga gonna have to show ya  
Faded a nigga that stepped up. Let's slip in some shit  
See 'em alls just stood up then put a foot up that ass  
had to blast that click-click  
Sprayed the gauge, all cocked, and ready to spray down to the pave  
Puttin' them souls up off in them graves  
dwell in Hell, they'll all lay slayed  
Amazed, must I blaze. It's insane when I take that bud to the brain  
Toke, choke, holdin' me smoke until-a me strained, feelin' no pain  
Better be packin' your weapon, 'cause my shit is kept  
And I'm ready to let loose sawed-off hangin'  
danglin' up under the trench, fin to blow that chest  
But you shoul'da wore a vest, fool, 'cause the Bone don't front  
Nigga check or get wrecked  
Got Flesh on the set, with his finger on a TEC  
Loc'd out with the khakis and high techs  
Respect them St. Clair thugs hustlin' drugs, gotta make that money, man  
Rap be the thang, and the fact remains that we owns that rap game

Bang, bang, gotta get down for my thang  
Bone be me gang

We runnin' with no hoes, and the bigger Bone that's  
known for gettin' his swerve on and kickin' it on the stage  
(Off in the rag), gettin' my serve on  
So, leave 'em alone. They come  
They need to be shown that Bone done chrome, blown  
Lay slugs up in to them domes, so go on  
You'd rather go run a ho check, if you wanna test nuts with Flesh  
I'm feelin' to lynch ya, mo murda  
You're runnin' up eye to eye with death  
Praise the Flesh, now nevertheless you're takin' a loss  
and this slug snuffed up, and dumpin' the body up off in a coffin  
Remember the vow said a preacher, me teach 'em  
(winnin'/greetin') 'em with me nine, runnin' with thugs  
And hustlas and murderin' 'em every time

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Remember the Ripsta, sinister creeper  
reapin' up that set with a street-sweeper  
Gotta take a breather from sippin' me liter  
Rippin' that flesh when I sneak with a meat cleaver  
When I'm in me smug, never the studio thugsta  
Buck 'em. Buck 'em. Motherfuck 'em  
Thug never done bluff and fuck them bustas  
So back up off me. No stack won't let me slip  
When a nigga start to step, the weapon, put 'em in the graveyard

Bitch, better buy your vest, then test Rest, the Ripsta  
Quick to pick up the hollow points and put 'em up in your brains, nigga  
My little nigga, Mo! Hart, my bigger nigga, Sin, dash fast  
Get up with the block at last blast they ass, pass cash, then stash  
Me can killa for free for homies and family  
Tell 'em to see me, that realer nigga, the Ripsta, put 'em in rivers  
It don't stop. Drop P's to the SCT's and double glock. Pop. Pop  
Here's the slug from the twelve gauge thug  
You don't want fuck with, no buck with, Rip's breakin' 'em bustas  
Blood, me fillin' 'em ? me murder. I show no mercy  
Turn your back, clack back me gat, diggin' 'em in the dirt, see

Get ready to duck, bitch, or get fucked up  
They never could fuck with me sawed-off pump  
Bitch, if I'm flippin' or load my clip in, nigga, y'all all fucked  
Gotta make my money, slippin' me pump in my trench, and then click it  
Now, nigga, it's rippin', steady clippin', not missin', thuggin' with me cli  
ck  
And now Leatherface takin' your life so ya best stay back  
Tossin' the rest in a coffin, 'cause niggas be runnin' up, talkin' trash  
Buck a guard while walkin' past. Bang, bang, gotta get down for my thangs  
And I claim and hang with Ts, niggas that make cheese for the green leaves  
Gotta give peace, 'cause they swang these. Come, nigga, meet my hood  
And fulla nothin' but thugs and hustlas: Sin never been no busta  
He'll stuff and buck-buck 'em and dump 'em, bitch  
Nigga, muthafuck 'em, Krayzie don't love 'em, put 'em to rest and run  
So the po-po don't catch up--nigga can't be arrested  
One M-11 me sendin' niggas to hell, and you're feelin' 187  
Eleven dwellin' better from the cell, and nigga that pick up Mossberg  
The quicker you to the curb. Put one to the temple, pump, to Mr. Policeman  
That's all you heard

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