

Flow Motion

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow
I flow (flow) when I go (go) in flow mo

Layzie Bone is in the house
I'm gettin it starrrrted up
And it's my parrrrt of the cut to let you know
That the (harrrrder not to haul), you're stuck
I get the gauge, and let it blast
And get you shot, and then you drop
You're popped, so now I got to free the block
I'm breakin' 'em, takin' 'em, makin' 'em
Fakin' 'em, shakin' 'em off
To a new height, I rocks the mic, yes I'm hype
I love to write, so don't you bite
Yeah, I'm the Bone, that nigga
That's on the microphone
You shoulda known, you're fuckin with me
Yeah, it's on
'Cause I got Krayzie and Bizzy Bone without a doubt
Wish Bone, and my bigger brother Stan Howse
So call your posse
You gonna need 'em when the Bone's approachin'
'Cause I be doin a flow motion

We never get caught whenever we run
Because we throw bolo
I'm hypin' 'em up, and strikin' 'em up
To keep 'em in flow mo
You step and you're stuck
Now, what in the fuck
Is up with this dumb shit?
I'm packin' a nine most all of the time
now back up bitch
I'm locked down all the time because
I might go psycho, for drinkin' that Cisco
and poppin' my pistol, you're claimin you're rough
I'm callin' your bluff
So, what's up, sucka?
I'm callin' my niggas, pullin' them
Triggas quick in the mutha fucka

I flow (flow) when I go (go) in flow mo

A 187, A lesson for niggas who think they get with the Bone
The weapon is kept in a trench and, so gimme the gat
At once you're shown there's nothing flow like flow mo
I roll with the Bone, no never go solo
Time and time again, think I'm gonna need for smoke 'em
So, so, no, no, 'cause I don't think that
Biz will ever back down, you cross our ways
So you sing, then you chill in the background
I'm psycho and like no (?) on my level
Let's meet in the cemetery
And no, don't forget the shovels (I'm diggin a ditch)
for the sucka who thought that they could fade me
Chillin with my nigga Wish, Layzie and Krayzie
The gauge be pointed at your temple in our land

My F-L-O-M-O-T-I-O-N can

Flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow...

Well it's the nigga the nigga the nigga the once again
And niggas they pick up the pen and they try to contend
'Cause so when there's a MAC-10
It's blastin', pick up my gun
And now you're running now from the assassin
Pumpin' the clip and you askin'
"Who in the fuck was that masked man?"
The nigga that pulled the trigga
'Cause I'm slimmer they figured they bigger
But when you can see the real killer is peelin' your cap
Nigga that's runnin' the pack
They step so pack the gat, tossin' ya life
I proceed with the murders, servin' off in a coffin
You're fucked, because your niggas
They heard that I buck
So don't think you'll win when I got my steel
And I'm feelin it, when you feelin' a pain
well, like I'm insane
And know I can throw the gauge if you complain
There's never another to go with a brother
While smutherin' suckers been goin' undercover
We leave 'em in gutters, ain't going to get caught
But who was the sucka that's squealed on a murder?
Well, 187 The weapon is kept and ya step and get learned a lesson
I grab my Smith & Wesson
For punks that run to test
And so punks get ready to drop
'Cause I'm on a roll and you'll get smoked
And I'm kickin a gangsta twist
Let's keep 'em moving in flow motion