

# Handle the Vibe

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

This track is tight you should be clapping your hands  
(clapping your hands) (4x)

As we ride by the end of the night  
You will envision how thugstas play  
Can you handle the vibe

Pedal to the medal we see blue light

They wanted to get RIP fuckin wit my sawed-off  
Polish it all down till it replenish  
Soon As I'm finished my pistol get jealous especially 357 me punish you  
Buck at me bangin wit your magnum for  
You crept and you came and shit changed  
M-11's grenades and them AK-47's bang  
Nigga what you sayin you came and you went  
Now bet on the real it's all the way to the bank and you think  
Fin to get that gangster getting a demon you can conjure up and see  
If we get angels pinnin my ankles bloody murder fuck wit Jesus  
He done creeping deep puttin those to sleep till I raise up on my enemies  
Let's get pumped for the peeps in Egypt and 400 years of oppression  
Spread the message I ain't finished diminished you so called critics  
And fuck them billboard and the billboard status me kick it  
You fucked up for a while up outta the town but that was a trial  
Man and I don't know how style through with them crowds and now  
I got to kick it breakin new ground wantin my people to gather around  
Remember the sound of the rounds came from my town  
That only a bitch would bite that we can't allow  
And they won't claim my style ready to beat you down  
Hittin them tombstones (sellin volumes) getting in costumes now  
I'm rolling with Makaveli pinnin my pistol steady ready  
Buck them flames aim for the pressure point  
And a point where I break your hand in nigga yeah

I beg your pardon my nigga but how do you know me  
I roll in your city and people be pinnin me yo but some nigga just told me  
He put in your record and you was disrepectin off the T-O-P  
Should've put him in his coffin now go seek 'em and found pow pow  
Put him in the river now nigga who wild wild  
What incredible style that's what you was thinkin  
when you tried to get it down  
We see that you fuck with a daily crowd so nigga just turn your ass out  
Whenever you ready to rumble my nigga just meet us outside of the club  
Ready to slang slugs nigga done got to drunk and forgot that we claim MO'  
Nigga this shit is ridiculous  
just dismiss the thought that you could get rid of us  
Buck you to hell it was nigga you down with us  
Nigga you scared when a St. Clair nigga bust  
Aw Fuck left his guts in my trunk nigga tried a 211 fucked around got 187  
Niggas wit heat who could it be nobody but them T-H-U-G's with artillery  
We come in peace nigga please freeze  
Put 'em on they knees nigga don't even breathe and these  
Are the warriors killas destroyin ya you're gonna die

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The hatin season ceasing agree nigga let this be the reason  
Niggas from Cleveland fin to get even  
steven stoppin you bitches from breathing  
Time is up you know you can't cop that thugs who rap fin to put down payment  
s  
Criminal mind state of lyricist wanna test us nigga hear this  
My niggas are down with the murder mo  
Real thuggas and killas that claim  
I'm ready to win it my nigga  
now bet it be ripped to the finish everyday be the same  
But artillery shop stackin Bone got heat for Armageddon  
Ready for the war all day want action Playa hation steadily spray 'em  
Hit 'em with the buck buck bang my nigga this shit don't stop  
The government all on my dick wanna see little Lay Bone drop  
You see the policeman they give me no break  
Fin to rest in peace when they try to send me up state no thanks  
I got mo money up outta the bank these niggas are stackin our rocks  
Refuse the peace and nevertheless then you can roll with the bone so come on

When all goes down when all goes down you can count on me  
Cause I got Mo thugs Bone thugs N Harmony and that's my calvary  
If you ride with Bone you ain't alone nigga trust us  
Follow me down these wicked streets I grew up on  
Wanna sound like us  
Ain't nothing to do we come for you kiss mommy bye-bye you gone die  
And I got heat for every heat you bring you shoot we shoot  
Better watch out watch out for them thugsta thugsta niggas sneakin up on you

I told you it's comin Armageddon (It's comin Armageddon)  
New world order (new world order) If we get our shit together  
Bitches ain't nothin we none  
Make this shit on the streets for you to know to know  
we gettin our shit together  
Better get your shit together cause when you go you go you go

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