

Land of tha Heartless

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Don't niggas don't wanna start shit,
Buck, buck to the bang,
Sendin' bullets to the brain, nigga, yeah
A nigga that always at my city with me,
now, who was that nigga they put in the plastic?
Nigga that thought he could bang.
That nigga's stuck.
That nigga's blasted.
They got my man from the Land.
Never ran, I step with deadly men.
If ya come a little bit closer,
I can turn you into sand.
Now follow me, now roll, stroll down to Cleveland.
We thuggin', we theivin', we put it in deep,
and the blood is seepin'.
Got niggas in alleys,
fuck niggas in badges.
We say bang.
Eighty-eight through the ten-five (and Clair)
St. Clair ain't shit to fuck with.
Pumpin', Krayzie be bumpin', dumpin' the bloody body.
Me never knew one that could flow with the tongue.
We comin' to shoot up your posse.
My niggas—they comin' up out the woods,
to get the goods.
Krayzie be thug, and (want to) die—that's from comin' up in my hood.
We killas. Get a gat, pap, pap, clack back me gun,
bust one, they done.
Cleveland is where we from.
Hearts-thugs have none.

High techs and khakis when jackin', sawed-off,
there's really no place to run.
Niggas get vicious with my click,
'cause even the bitches carry guns.
(2x)

Soon as I hit the scene,
feelin' for a pistol,
but I didn't have no gun.
Come with original thugsta shit.
I be flippin' it with me tongue.
Nigga, Cleveland is the city where we come from,
and I show them hoes up outta the Clair that thugs don't run from none.
Follow rip one, now, on and on,
them definitely got me back.
And I'm throwin' up St. Clair thugsta niggas,
with or without my gat.
Forever be ready to pull out me murder tools East 99 style, fools.
Me put it in mind on murderin' you,
followin' whenever me murderous trues.
Niggas that claim to bang bang,
when it comes to slang thangs, they do.
They know they cannot buck me,
one of 'em sure to slug me,
but they hope the thug I be, Bizzy.
Better let 'em him be or they'll see.

Nigga, hangin', swangin', never to miss. The Biz is me.

High techs and khakis when jackin', sawed-off,
there's really no place to run.
Niggas get vicious with my click,
'cause even the bitches carry guns.
(2x)

Livin' in the Land of the Heartless,
with a sawed-off pump, shootin' craps.
Hand on my strap, roll thick, 'cause they jack.
Runnin' up on the Bone, you needin' to be pap pap.
Soldier thugs be pumpin' them slugs,
defendin' they drugs.
When they roll up,
niggas be creepin' up slow,
heavy packed with they gats,
and try to pull a hold up,
but nigga, now hold on.
Wanna test the Bone?
The gauge is shown.
Any is mind blown,
lookin' down the barrel of this mausberg chrome to the dome.
Bone, clack back me gauge in a rage,
copper take these here rocks.
Double glock,
my pistols be pumpin' and buckin' out shots whenever
the trouble knocks.
Steadily hittin', me clean up,
get lit up for ready your soul to burn,
and I blow your shit up, get 'em on the get up,
cause niggas must learn.
Yearnin' to earn cheese.
Ready to die, so niggas can't take these.
Wantin' to clock G's, want to move keys,
not takin' a loss on my green leaves, please.
East nine nine, crime finds mine,
strayin' on this road to hell,
and prison walls, testin' balls,
for the cause, gotta get that sale,
and bailin', kickin' up mud, rollin',
I get with my thugs.
Rippin' apart shit, so nigga, don't start shit,
cause we kill in the Land of the Heartless, Die.

High techs and khakis when jackin', sawed-off,
there's really no place to run.
Niggas get vicious with my click,
'cause even the bitches carry guns.
(4x)