

# Mind On Our Money

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

People ask me how do you maintain  
You got to keep your mind on money (T-H-U-G)  
Don't let the snakes ever short you for ya change  
Nigga, let 'em know how much you want it  
(2x)

Nigga 1993, hooked up with Eazy-E  
1994, rushin through the door with the Bone flow  
Nigga was creepin on a come up, doin it for the love of money  
1995 we really let 'em know, Cleveland is the city where we come from  
Brought styles muthafuckas never heard before  
But we never got our props  
'til we dropped that said song, see you at the crossroad  
But the man know, Eazy runnin with the lost souls, rest in peace  
That was 1996, we back in the mix  
I guess they thought that we'd gon' quit but we got love for this shit  
But everything started changin, business rearangin  
Then the time when Bone and Ruthless wasn't vibin  
Tried to keep my mind together through that industry shit  
Somehow I'm feelin like what I deserve I didn't get  
But I'ma stick it out, believe I'ma keep my head up  
And show my loyalty for Eazy E, even though I'm fed up  
1997 hey, everybody grab ya weapon, its the art of war  
It don't stop, it won't stop until we drop, body rott  
Not to mention when we venture through the family scriptures  
1999 nigga, still strugglin  
Tryna get some money with this mastermind I'm jugglin  
Sharpen up ya thug mentality  
And by the year 2000 I'll be thuggin, but so immaculate  
I gotta get some money, blast if I get hungry  
So if you read that I done flipped, then you know the story, about me

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Take a good look into my eyes, and all over my face your bloody death  
With a bloody bloody, mess, I'm servin you none the less  
that crazy muthafucka from the world's most dangerous group  
Mo Thugs Nation, on your life  
That's absolutley what I'm gon' do  
Blast at them niggas who thought they knew me  
Now I'm that muthafucka that be, the nigga that bust all y'all  
My mission in life to be the coldest nigga that ever spit shit on the mic  
I'm comin in smooth, rockin this hip-hop music just the way you like  
Tellin all biters to please stop tryin  
Let it go fry fool, when I make my move all y'all gonna die  
Split up and fry, open his eyes pop,  
shot one through his head  
Oh my, oh my, now look what you made me do, this nigga dead  
It ain't my fault, you niggas too soft, ain't got no skill  
Now look through the, stop steel  
Y'all some fake-thug livin tryna get notice by hangin with stars  
No need to say no names, niggas know who the fuck you are  
We all true sound, nigga united gatherin souls, how we roll  
And that's love for the paper, foldin, I saw these hoes

But I had my, nah nigga that's my nuts don't touch that  
And then he won't hesitate to buck for the love  
You can't dust on these bustas, so they die  
They only got love for those who love me  
In the meanwhile I main to keepin my mind on my money  
And no, this shit that we spit ain't funny  
Especially when you hungry, nigga  
With no hustle, nigga, to get them funds

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In '91 I'm runnin from the fuckin cops, don't ya know it  
That bitch was tryna' find a hidin spot, he show it  
Know niggas that'd had no pussy  
Said that would never read or get to L.A.  
And niggas went cannibal on 'em, either  
Smokin that reefer, niggas know how I'm livin  
'Cause I was havin children when y'all was lookin for women  
But mine aside, so why you tellin your same  
When niggas ain't have shit, tell me who's the one that ride  
We gon' ride ride though, you can call me Mr. Murda-mo  
Get, burn the whole store down all by myself  
for fuckin with the Bone flow  
Heaven and Earth, God and my loved one, and ya gotta roll  
And what you want my people to hear, that I'm a fuckin sell-out?  
But who's the one on solo shit, and who want me the hell out?  
I'll bail out with a that pussy makes me change  
Or expansion on the mansion or acres in the shooting range  
Shootin thangs (shootin thangs), it don't make you a villain  
The villain is chillin with his children  
Bitch, I keeps it real!

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I keep my mind on my money, my money on my mind  
A straight up soldier in the field out here pushin my line  
Nigga designed a gold crime as I'm racin through this obstacle  
007, Layzie Bone, knew it was possible  
Got shot, got out the hospital, started on my mission  
Listen, nigga pay attention  
Oh, and did I mention, had a tape before I crept on a come up, Faces of Deat  
h  
Blessin 40 o-z's, Lay and Leatherface and double z's

Niggas often wonder why my mind on my money  
Nigga these bitches all up on me, and half the industry phoney  
It's like this nigga, I don't even fuck around  
If a nigga ain't got no money for Lay, I'll come around  
Ain't it funny how niggas turn funny-style  
When they think they fall in trinkets, ain't even ran a mile  
See my niggas doin a damn thing, Flesh  
Trues Humbly United Gatherin Souls, just to let you know  
Heaven'z Movie, yours trueely, Mr. Gambini  
(Kraaaaayzie) It's the mentality, and next to the baddest, little Stevie  
And when you ask me how I maintain  
I watch my niggas rule, act a fool, and ace the game  
Mo Thug one, witness the Family Scriptures

Mo Thug two, Family Reunion comin to get ya  
Mo Thug three, presentation of the mothership  
Niggas on some other shit, by smoke and maintain

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