

No Surrender

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

My nigga just entered your business,
so can I get a witness?
Can you duck? Fuck the po-po, pow
Startin' to kick this, gonna get my shit, and then you fucked up
Me buck. Me bang. Niggas ain't talkin' 'bout them thangs.
Thugs remain, hang, swang with a click tight claim.
come again, now.
They drop down,
when I'm off the block,
Fuck them cops.
Me and Krayzie
runnin' through the Boneyard, daily.
Gotta give 'em up to the glock-glock,
so I can serve me thugs and maintain.
to the brain, and thugs remain to slang thangs
Long live the dope game, and it won't end ya,
as long as my niggas remember: no pretender
Get right up off the Clair, nigga, Fuck it. No surrender.

No Surrender (2x)

Not wantin' the copper to hit me a lick up,
found me a victim to stick up, pick up,
rollin' the nine-ball, slippin'
that's why me trippin'
bloody victim,
get him when the time calls, dog
Take two-eleven, bailin', thuggin', knowin' these niggas well,
then Bone's fuckin' with the hoes,
here comes them po-pos.
Nigga, that pig done peeped me, me gots to flees and get my creep on,
Bone get gone, hit a wrong turn, mash the gas, and dash on.
Jump outta the hottie, move me body,
hittin' them cuts and trails, runnin' like we lunatics,
gotta make it back to Hazel daily
Escape and eludin' the chase.
buckin' me gauge, so nigga, remember:
me killa, me no surrender.
Me killa, me killa, me killa...

No Surrender (2x)

Puttin' me on my knees, tellin' me move and I'm dead,
'cause I'm killin' all your bitches, turnin' them blue suits red.
And then I'm comin' to that funeral to shoot that bitch up,
because I know that's where y'all bitches is bound to meet up.
Cop killas, all up in they chest, and
I know what to do with that vest, man
Twenty-two shots. I killa.
You don't wanna fuck with Bone, nigga.
And it really ain't shit to pull a trigger on a copper,
'cause if I go down, some of y'all goin' down,
'cause I'm goin' down poppin, so motherfuck all coppers,
Let me catch you slippin', nigga, bet I pop ya.

Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop.
Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop.

Ya better believe it's judgement day.
So, nigga, just throw your pumps up in the air.
Now kill 'em, kill 'em copper, like ya just don't care.
When they come, they come creepin'
Me peepin'
Gotta watch them po-pos sleepin'
put 'em in deep in gutters. Me keepin'
'til a me rich and gotta get mine, everytime
This'll be over in nine nine.
so, nigga, get down for the crime,
gonna be more coppers dyin' in the line
fuckin' with thugs
when I be slangin' my drugs,
tryin' to cuff me and my nigga boy, gotta rip them guts,
and lay your head in blood.
Better check yourself next time you test and try to smoke a nigga.
Bitch, remember: me killa. Me no surrender.
Me no surrender. Nigga, me no surrender.
Me no surrender. Don't make me put one in ya.
Me no surrender. Don't make me put one in ya.
Me no surrender.

No Surrender (2x)