

# Resurrection

## Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Where the fiends at?

(Laughs)

Nigga

Bone Thugs

Harmony

Money ain't a thang, I'ma get me some  
My nigga I'ma get me some  
Say my nigga yall, better get your paper  
paper, paper, paper, paper, paper....

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Money aint a thang,

Bizzy Bone, Krayzie Bone  
My my babys bangin,  
beefin with me,  
squashed it ordained it,  
Better yet sustained the flurry  
Hide in the fury,  
but the ways of a broad  
don't mean you've died out of my life,  
I'm hurt, burn me baby,  
tie down.  
And child hood scars,  
crackhead cause niggas I dont know  
that who'd ya think you are.  
And here we are, steady we roll out over you.  
When it's over it's over,  
for the soldiers who hear me, that'll  
get me in trouble.  
Can I be closer, stay right near me.  
Here we are, aint no stars, uh huh.....  
Can I get drunk off in some bar,  
without some haters sayin  
"Who do you think you are?!"  
When I'm sober, start jumpin in it to win itttt.....

Shit I bet they thought we fell off.  
Bone Thugs~n~Harmony Resurrection,  
Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Wish,  
we in the Flesh.  
Rememeber them thuggish ruggish niggas,

gotta get down fo my thang in here.  
You already know when we came in here we raw,  
fuck what u heard and you read about us,  
just believe what you saw.  
Till I die, Im down to ride in the war  
when you niggas get serious, let a nigga know,  
maybe then we can roll.  
Nigga bad to the Bone,  
But I sure dont click with hoes  
and no bustas, hatas, or hoes when  
they poppin up at my door  
I get excited, all uptight, and violent.  
Bitches was not invited!  
PutDem in a coffin before they get me man.  
Krayzie, loco, insane, bang bang.  
Runnin with the pump pump, no bluffin  
We buck!  
Nigga better realize still claim  
Nineteen nine nine the nine nine  
Muthafucka, fuckDem to the end,  
and when I run out,  
I reloadin and buckin again, some mo!  
Nigga puttin it down, worldwide.  
Them wicked bad-ass thugs.  
You punk niggas hate us,  
but we don't trip,  
we still get madd ass love.  
I show you the rapper that's sick of this song  
We'll straight up toss his ass  
And if he flossin cash and jewelry,  
rip it off his ass,  
keep walkin fast.  
Thuggish ruggish till the day that I die,  
fuck it that's all I been all of my life.  
It's just T-H-U-G we be.  
And it aint no thang,  
keep buckin buckin,  
dumpin, fuckinDem bustas up with my gauge.  
We poppin all yall,  
Im watchin all yall.

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Time after time,  
everywhere I look,  
everywhere I turn,  
niggas talkin bout death.  
Like a nigga can't dream of nuthin else,  
but a lil bit of wealth.  
Tryin to help they self,  
and I really can't blame you,  
cause I do the same too.  
Man do what you gotta do.

But what Imma do is keep protectin my cheddar fool.  
Aint none of yall niggas do it betta, ohhh.  
And Im ahead of you and yall hate it,  
only the real thugs keepin it raw.  
Grippin that heat tight,  
livin that street life.  
Nigga Imma let it fool round and get war.  
Niggas is plottin that 2-11,  
thats why I got heat for armageddon.  
Picture Lay on his knees and I'm beggin,  
nigga betta shoot me and send me to heaven.  
Fuck all the drama, Imma just blast,  
hollow point tips off in that ass.  
Tha slicka the nigga  
thats pullin the trigga  
is the nigga thats standin up last.  
Countin this cash,  
still doin this mash.  
Blowin much weed  
as we watch you bleed.  
nigga got killed fo the love of the cheese.  
Now you cant do shit cause your 6 feet deep.  
Fuckin with Lay  
is a game you shouldnt play,  
even myself I could die today.  
I could lie, but hey it aint worth it,  
shit, aint none of us here to stay.  
Imma hold my ground,  
and Imma lace my boots.  
So when its time to shoot, then thats it.  
Screamin out Mo Thug in this bitch,  
and Bone Thugs in this bitch, nigga.

It's all about money, yeah.  
Imma get me some.  
Cant be fuckin with niggas that aint got none.  
Cause lately yall been actin funny,  
I guess you smell some money.  
Get out my pockets,  
betta count your shit  
It's still St. Clair wig-split.  
Four other niggas that I run with,  
you dont wanna fuck with.

Remember back in the days when we was fucked up  
but not anymore (uh uh, no, no)  
And aint a damn thang come easy,  
alot of plannin, bus rides, and  
Fo cheese,  
believe me,  
believe me,  
and it aint gone stop at the end of my time  
with my Bone Thug love  
I'ma always get mine.  
And I mean that,  
gotta have that,  
paper paper,  
money money,  
money, money.

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You better believe we five of the last  
true soldiers standin' in command  
You thought of me closin the book.  
On this bitch on ya'll, flip on yall,  
I am what I am the Fifth Dawg!  
It's all good,  
paper paper for the whole hood.  
Tell'em I got dibs on this and kids in this  
(you real as, real as shit)  
Remiscin on my thug ass nigga Eazy-E (Eazy-E).  
Six deep in a six-double-o Benzo  
fo the love of money.  
I gotta get the paper.  
I told yall aint a damn thang changed  
bout the nigga they bang.  
My niggas, they're down,  
and we'll bang your brain,  
muthafucka for thinkin he famous!

We in the flesh flesh,  
We in the flesh,

We in the flesh flesh,  
We in the flesh

And if I can go bite the bullet  
so Eazy in my cadillac,  
bend a couple of corners,  
smoke out with some hoes,  
now where yall at?  
21st century heroes,  
two-triple-zero,  
righteous ones,  
And wish the Howse  
then can roll with one hundred and forty four thousand