

# Shoot 'Em Up

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

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Twelve gauges bust up in ya, playa haters we be quick to pin ya  
You know we know, you don't wanna roll  
Cause when we give it to ya, we're gonna bring it to ya, oh yeah

Right off the jump, ooh, now I gots to let you know  
When you see me runnin' rollin' with them big shotguns,  
And we deep when we creep, never sleepin'  
And we droppin' them whamies on fools who wanna get dumb and numb  
Now, that you know like that  
These niggas come around, they don't know how to act  
In fact, I'm at the track in the back  
With a couple of my cats in the hood, smokin' weed and up to no good  
Red Dog in the trunk, and we rollin' that  
Bang or slang, now bail on over to your thugs  
So me and the rest of these thugs can marinade, marinade  
We straight, get high, so high,  
That's how my mental, that's how my mental state is like parlay, parlay  
Like everyday, don't think I don't pin playa hation  
But ya better pinnin' yourself, or contend with the M-11,  
.357 Automatic weapons from my shelf  
These niggas wanna take my health and wealth  
Check yourself, tryin' to contend, but they couldn't win  
You took it to the head with a fifth of Hen  
Now we in a red 500 Benz-o, we roll, roll  
Drop the top, and lock the locks, cock the glock  
Bout to hit this corner, livin' like a thug on the real  
Who's stronger when I put it on ya, on ya, all playa haters goners

Murder, mo murder, mo murder, mo murder them all  
They fall, they fall buck buck, oh yeah  
Niggas they get it then pissed off  
And ah, and ah to fuck with the wrong motherfuckers  
They fall (quick) when we buck, bitch, ooh  
We got something to put you back into your truck quick  
Hey, that four-four magnum, gon' handle em'  
Ain't no nigga badder, .357 put that ass on the mat  
Execution, I'll be shootin' while you runnin' off at your mouth  
You plot me cause you watch me, watch me, watch me  
My nigga, we know what ya thinkin'  
Bout, but bitch, if you run up and try me  
I'm comin' up outta my shit with some shit  
That be keepin' you runnin' and wonderin'  
What have I got to make sure they lit him up good  
And you can still find me, where (You know we no bullshit)  
East 99, drug dealers and po-po, yeah that's St. Clair  
Bone runnin' back to Mo', and that's Cleveland, Cleveland  
You know we thuggin' and theivin', theivin'  
If somebody got beef, we got millions done made  
I rollin' thug records for ya, see my nigga  
We comin' with nothin' to lose and bitch, if ya try me  
(Any bodies) All those bloody bodies, tryin' to get outta the room  
If I could just look up and see haters dyin', I'n I'n,  
And flip up my mind and whenever you think I'm quiet

I get plots on the riot riot bang  
That's way ya get em' man, get 'em, man, get 'em, man  
Sneak up on em' and you kill em' and they won't fuck with ya no more  
You havin' a party, and the weed goin' up in your body  
Smokers chill, my niggas done got get me sloppy high, oh so so high.

Come on, come on, don't be shy  
Let's get high

We got that herb

If you want some, want some  
We got weed indeed, you need some, need some  
Ah, yeah I know this just might sound crazy  
But lately gotta roll with my gun  
Cause the haters they hate me  
Wanna hurt that nigga, Bone, niggas somehow, someway get paid  
And quit playa hatin'  
That buck to the bang, everything I got, I got 'cause we rhyme  
Tight rhyme, Had to thug it out, but it came in time, just in time  
And if you give it to me, my thugs gon' give it you  
So either way we go about this goes, somebody's head gon' get blown  
Bone gon' on with your bad self, now hey, hey, hey  
Blowin' up your face with your pistols  
And get with that buck to the bang, bang, bang  
Nigga wanna roll with Bone, it's on, cause nigga, we cool, we cool  
Don't forget, playa haters get that buck to the bang  
All up in that body, got him, got him  
We won't be slippin', we just might be peepin' you all the time  
I'm comin', I'm gunnin' and I put that on the double nine

Shoot em' up always, hate when I break you off and you loss  
And make it look to floss  
Let there be coffins for all of your offspring  
Now let there be coffins for all of your offspring  
For the police on the corner, creepin' up  
Here come them soldiers pullin' up  
Better watch one of them St. Clair niggas  
Put it in a gutter, better off and doze ya  
Really know ya shouldn't have let me jumpin' up out your shit  
You runnin' with a gang of bitches for you  
Ready when I'm ready to do it you  
It in my thang but a buck, buck is small change  
It's off in ten to say that they niggas was bullshittin'  
And the Bizzy maintain, nigga this the North Coast homie  
That city where the St. Clair niggas sell dope  
I hear police roll deep in the set, see none of us scared  
And we show that it's on, bitch, bang  
You feel the pitch of my trigger finger's a bitch  
I done put it down with my click, and stood on my own,  
And kill flesh and I rest on the nine  
I'll be fuckin' with y'all, slangin' my dogs  
And em' all niggas been anxious lil' Bizzy, but it's all good  
I still ball, and I know when ya roll  
I'm snatchin' your souls with the Bone  
We can show it, and since I'm a flow, and it's all of y'all realer  
My niggas, I figured I'd let 'em all know it  
Playas takin' up off the style, well, if you think I'm scared  
You, dead wrong, did you think when I break you down.