

Thugz Cry

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

When the thugs cry
This is what it sounds like
This is what it sounds like
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When the thugs cry (when the thugs cry, when the thugs cry)

Nigga, we represent the planet.
Get schizophrenic and panic.
Maybe the past would understand if they get off they ass and mash.
How do you manage? Paranoid, don't even trust my boys.
Watch for them plots and deploys, envoys, scopin
Like a dope fiend, when I'm smoked in the alleys with these ghetto
Guns and erased my funds Watts niggas in Cali take
Bullets to the brains, still rowdy.
Jesus really never died for you crucified mutual suicide.
Who am I? Loco with vocals, goin' coast to coast.
Heaven'll move me, right, for sure.
Deception whether my brethren, but sunny days when I parlay.
Get killed when I get to steppin'.
Remember the weapon (come) and the doctor said
I need time to myself where ocean those frivolous
Thoughts, thug for the Bone, up puttin' this independent stardom.
Seven relentless evil intentions, nobody knows 'em, I'm even a henchman, war
rior,
Poet, never to mention I love my lady rebel?
And we can get the stroke on.
And we can get the stroke on.
And we can get the stroke on.
And we can get this stroke on, when the thugs cry.

This is what it sounds like (this is what it sounds like)
When the thugs cry
(When the thugs cry, when the thugs cry)
Are you ready, ready?

We keepin' the lights on at Ruthless and I ain't fuckin' the boss, lookin' a
t me sexy.
Take your clothes off, and my dick'll go soft.
Never mix business with your sickness.
Enemy see me flippin' in the picnic with your little divide and conquer,
My sister was ready to bomb her! Get off the dizznik, and up off my voice
Me and my boyz give us a choice how could you ever

Tell Sony that I was the only one was making noise ain't it a breech of
Trust look in the gutter, unh, never judge yo book by its cover
Word to the muthafucka I, I didn't studder but what if I
Lost it and came in the office and nobody noticed with liquid explosives on
top of
Versace clothes give up the ghost Krayzie's Picasso,
Lil' Layzie like Caesar, Stack's like lil' Pesci N
Casino and Wish don't give a fuck!
O I'm Gambino 'n the walkin dead wake up on the wrong side of the bed.
Bible of survival triple six rivals, triple six rival
Member you said I read but I roll with killas, Niggaz
That'll bust in the club you don't feel us strapped in the bed,
Strapped pickin up the kids in the realest, the realest, the realest.

This is what it sounds like [this is
What it sounds like, this is what it sounds like
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Come on, come on, come on
When the thugs cry
When the thugs cry, when the thugs cry
Are you ready, ready, ready? Oh no!

It'll make your body shake when it's too late soon
As you flipped off the safety baby this we all day
Don't tell me you crazy, will they sell me?
Hell, naw! For reason this weepin' widow be the demon so cheap
And at least she peepin' go peep deep dead in yo pockets no sleep.
Rollin' with my crucifix Lucifer usually uses the rule of these
Wicked tricks in the school of these ghetto games
And the fool of this bitch's mist I say shame, shame, shame.
Enemies attacking me actually I'm in the grain ask Mr. Majesty these
Casualties well they're passin me by but I hear death
Callin' when it's so cold in a room who's stallin'
Better come after me, we say fuck y'all all in the
Battle we, battle we, battle we

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