

# Wildin'

## Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

You need some reefer we smokin that bombay (bombay)  
You need some liquor we pourin it all day (all day)  
Lookin for drama my niggaz be wildin  
Hey (BUCK) hey (BUCK) hey (BUCK) hey (BUCK) hey  
(2x)

Awww shit, guess who just stepped in the club  
Them niggaz that don't give a Thuggish Ruggish motherfuck  
We come to party, some of my partners come to fuck it up  
Scuff 'em, turn the fuckin music up  
Get it crunk, nigga what, fill up on my niggaz cup  
Watch out for security cause we 'bout to blaze the dub up  
Let's (Smoke & Burn), choke the herb  
So come on ride the train, you should ride it  
Make sure you bring your Mary Jane, and personal lighter  
We keep that fire fire baby, baby  
Krayzie faded, them blaze shit all day  
When we rumble (uh-oh) we just like animals out the jungle  
Make 'em fall, collapse, stumble and fumble just like drunk hoes

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Biz' got the extra green and nicotine and Krayzie off that Syn  
Me and Wish just got to the club, and man they better let us in  
Cause we got cheese to spend, and I know they really don't want no trouble  
My heat get double double, or we cop it on a hustle  
And it ain't no party like a Bone Thug party  
cause a Bone Thug party get wild  
Get foul in the crowd like do that what? Do that shit right now  
We the same damn niggaz sellin llello, sippin 40's  
Wearin khakis, with the Timbs on, motherfuckers know the story  
We can't leave rap alone, the game need us  
Think you can handle us to beat us? "Now c'mon Cleatus!"  
Mess up that drank you drankin, puff on that weed you smokin  
My niggaz ain't never jokin, and I came to get you open  
off this weed  
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Coke and Henny and I'm feelin irate  
Wanna try me, pussy nigga die, we  
slide up in the club, ready collide, wanna get wildin  
Highly intoxicated, fucked up that firey (nigga)  
Dirty rotten, glock in the pocket, please believe it  
Watchin you niggaz hold Jesus, what is the secret?  
What is the reason? Clutchin my metal trinkets  
Wish bring the pain for these niggaz, please believe it

I'ma drink, I'ma smoke, when I hit the club I'm in the back do'  
Bringin no problems, but if you want 'em we can dance hoe  
Higher, higher, put a little Henn' in that Cris'  
It'll make you righter, nicer, drunk as fuck but don't get it twisted

I will light ya, fight ya, in the middle of the party  
With a hundred thugs right by me, and you don't wanna try me  
What I got to lose? And I'm mad as fuck comin out they shoes, move  
Bring your own smoke, and your own drink, that's Thug's rules fool!

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