

# Wind Blow

**Bone Thugs-N-Harmony**

Bone Thugs n Harmony  
A yo we ain't always been accepted like this till (listen to the wind blow)  
A nigga got that Grammy  
Open the door nigga,

Bone Thugs got a story that's similar to Mike Jones  
You can ask my homies  
I'm member back in the days they didn't want me  
Now I blew up they all on me  
They smiles phony  
It's hard to determine who really is rich or which of these niggas is fake  
They tryna eat out of your plate  
And you can't get a break  
Now how much can you take  
For heaven's sake  
I can't wait they gone be  
(listening to the wind blow)

Sitting back blowing on indo  
Waving with my middle finger hanging out the window lets roll  
Get your motherfucking hand out my pocket  
Now they wanna be with a nigga  
Feel like we partners  
Nigga we was looking for a deal and you dodged us  
Never did call us  
Where was your promise?  
But now we riding by  
(listening to the wind blow)

Nigga to the real to the sets  
When it comes to the streets  
Living peace so it can beat like a drum from the ghetto  
Give all peace won't let is go  
Say we wouldn't make it  
Now we some of the greatest  
Bumping through the trunk and yo ra yo radioooo

You don't love me now  
And you'll never love me again  
(You can't) you can't say it  
You would never break the chain  
Never break the chain  
(2x)

For true thugs from the double glock  
A nigga ready to rumble  
When trouble nocks  
To one way tickets straight off the block  
We gonna this pay  
You all niggas just watch  
"All eyes on me"  
Like my name is Pac  
Fucking hip hop clock  
Gotta pass the glock  
Taking drastic shots  
Till these bastards stop  
When the casket drop

I be mashing out  
In brand new drop top flying nigga  
(listening to wind blow)

Killing them niggas with an automatic weapon  
When they step up  
they get hit up wit the AK-47  
Anybody tryna git the motherfucking blessing  
They better not mess with mine 'cause I'm telling  
Any you niggas run up again  
That it ain't no pretending go for sin you're gonna git in  
Boy you better listen listen listen  
(listening to wind blow)

If you get a change of foot  
Inch for inch  
You better do it do it  
Grab the game  
Do it to it  
Chase to chase  
But still hood  
Live it or love it  
Dummies of the rocks  
Duck up out of my hood hood hood

You don't love me now  
And you'll never love me again  
(You can't) you can't say it  
You would never break the chain  
Never break the chain  
(2x)

(Murder) mo murder them all (4x)

? The wind blow  
Never see me 'cause I get ghost  
So a nigga never get close  
I go fast or slow  
No matter the tempo  
Murder the instrumental  
Murder the rhythm  
I ride to the rhythm of murder  
It's murder  
This lyrical venom I serve a  
Gone kill 'um at minimal murder  
Nigga burn some some  
Stick wit rans that's that cash  
Nigga you better learn some (some some)  
We got the hood hot lock  
Even got the burbs bumping bumping  
They probably tryna get in  
Don't nobody wanna be left in the wind

Uh-oh  
Niggas that's not tryna listen to Bone  
The early bird get the worm  
Take the game by the throat and squeeze  
Till the motherfucker broke believe  
It's murder we wrote  
It's dope that we serve on the curb to the booth  
These niggas don't feel it 'cause we spit the truth  
Ain't never no fake and they got me to prove  
Haters just hate and we do what we do

Let 'um talk to you in the face  
Only because we blew up in they face  
If was Bone hurting  
If that was the case  
I'll probably go loco and catch me a case  
Nigga just move and give me some space  
When I let the wind blow in my face  
Nigga don't quit till I finish the race  
Number one is the place

You don't love me now  
And you'll never love me again  
(You can't) you can't say it  
You would never break the chain  
Never break the chain  
(2x)

Now we riding by (4x)