

Social Studies

Bizzy Bone

By: bizzy bone

From: heaven'z movie I don't spread no strong message of violence nobody silence me quiet gun shots start riots
so do children fry them little boys don't try it kill'em don't put it on crossroads put it on your lost
S and fuck the world those little girls in jonesboro died all alone down in arkansas woods little mitchell strapped
up with ammo do they know really what he's thinkin and the plan is plotted out
And morbid be gang bangers hang on corners smokin perfectos and I often search for profit but I ain't killed
nobody stop it put it on petro 7th sign voted for deathrow and the death note read b
E baby debbie tell me did he die crazy baby let's go to the parents to the preacher to the pastor and I ain't no
marilyn manson I'm a rapper thugologist in the rapture I wouldn't chance it I got
Dren myself and I watch their well being demons seep under me breathin see me help me and I ain't dreamin
and I ain't dreamin and I ain't dreamin.[chorus] I stand in front of the congress with these runaway slaves of
justice blame it on bone thug music and abusive fo' fathers don't touch it when I was twelve I slept in buckets
reminisce juvy back
Lumbus in cleveland I'm poppin these niggas at 14 and I loved it adrenaline rush for the get back gang war 99th
niggas fred ward americas most wanted I'm haunted by sinister niggas that paid for
Mr. mitchell johnson you's a grown man with no soul fry him at 15 years old and heaven will rain down and
unload fold with the murder mo murder mo the devil will hear you moan heard him go heard
Go little mitchell dead and gone from the mob boss bb gambini nina ross in the crossroads die off little demon
off those and assistant distant fry but they was kids right nigga these boyz is kil
Hat'll split you wig and of course they should die as if they were muthafuckin big you dig.[chorus] I don't blame
the babies it's the lawyers but I'm royal legally unfoil little mitchell listenin to this serpent uncoil pay attention
boy 'member and eye for an eye go on and kill and you soon wi
E give up the ghost give up the ghost fry fry these are the signs of the times passin us by suspected of felony
keep tellin me they wanted me dead or alive heaven will move me right fo sho movin
Eaven'z movie literal ku ku kids in the burbs shootin for the youth for the world is so absurd blurry o critical
thoughts of my fury with tongues of double edge swords surely have faith in God b
M worried lookin at the lions in the crossroads hit 'em up with my crossbow glory to jesus I love my mob break
'em off dawg lethally injected he's just a kid aw he should die like he's muthafuck
G can you dig.....[chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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