

# Thugz Cry

Bizzy Bone

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

For the ghetto media  
Don't let the light skin fool y'all  
I will fuck you up  
Chorus: Bizzy Bone  
This is what it sounds like, when thugz cry (3X)  
This is what it sounds like  
when thugz cry, when thugz cry  
This is what it sounds like, when thugz cry (4X)  
This is what it sounds like  
when thugz cry, when thugz cry  
Verse One: Bizzy Bone  
Nigga we represent the planet get schizophrenic n panic  
Maybe the past would understand  
If they'd get off there ass and mash  
How do you manage?  
Paranoid, don't even trust my boyz  
Watch for the plot and delays envoys  
Scopin like a dope fiend  
But I'm smokin in the alleyz  
With these ghetto guns and erase my funds  
Watts niggas in Cali take bullets to the brain  
Still rowdy, Jesus really never died  
You crucified mutual suicide, who am I?  
Local with vocals going coast to coast  
Heaven'll move me right fo sho  
Deception weather my brethren  
but sunny days when they parlay  
Get killed when they get to steppin  
Member the wepon's close  
and the doctor said  
I need time to myself on the ocean  
Those frivolous thoughts  
But I'm brought up of this independent  
Caught up sever relentless  
Evil intentions nobody knows him  
Even the henchmen warrior, poet,

never did mention  
 I love my lady rebel  
 We can get this stroke on, we can get this stroke on,  
 and we can get this stroke on, and we can get this stroke on. Chorus Verse Two: Bizzy Bone We keepin the light  
 on at Ruthless and  
 I ain't fuckin the boss  
 lookin at me sexy  
 Take your clothes off  
 but my dick'll go soft!  
 Never mix bussiness with your sickness  
 Enemy see me flipin in the picnic  
 with your lil' divide and conquer  
 but my sister was ready to bomb her!  
 Get off the dizznik and off my voice  
 Me and my boyz  
 Give us a choice  
 How could you tell Sony that i was the  
 only one making noise  
 Ain't it a breech of trust  
 Look in the gutter, unh, never judge yo book  
 by it's cover word to the motherfucka  
 I...I didn't stutter but what if I lost it and  
 came in the office and nobody noticed  
 with liquid explosive on top of Versace  
 clothes give up the ghost  
 Krayzie's Picasso, lil' Layzie like Caesar,  
 Stacks like lil' Pesi N Casino and  
 Wish don't give a fuck! O  
 I'm Gambino -n- the walkin dead  
 Woke up on the wrong side of the bed  
 Bible of survival Triple six rivals, triple six rivals  
 Member you said I read but rode with  
 Killas, Niggas that'll bust in tha club you don't  
 feels us strapped in the bed  
 Strapped pickin up the kids in the realist,  
 the realist, the realist, the realist. Chorus Verse Three: Bizzy Bone It'll make your body shake when it's too late  
 soon as  
 you flipped off the saftey baby this we all day  
 Don't tell me you crazy  
 Will they sell me? Hell Naw!  
 For the reason this weepin widow be the demon  
 so cheap and at least she go 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 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 the room  
who's stalling better come after me  
We say fuck y'all  
all in the battle we, battle we, battle we. Chorus  
When thugz  
When thugz  
When thugz  
When thugz  
When thugz  
When thugz  
When thugz  
When thugz cry

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