

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 upChorus: Bizzy BoneThis 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 cryVerse One: Bizzy BoneNigga 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 cry

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