

# Schizophrenic

## Bizzy Bone

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, daddy's the crackhead  
Mama's just lookin' for love  
Marijuana, weedman, little thug  
We don't call him Steven

Breathin' in the Garden of EdenEve was corrupted body combusted from the flames  
Cleveland ain't give me nothin' but game  
Goin' insane and it's rainin' bloody murder, murder

Chillin' in the gun range servin' on the corner, corner, chop, chopWatch for the po po, drop top switches on the  
lo lo

Your skinny nigga with the fo fo  
Make more hot tips like off in Dodge City

Elevation say they ain't gonna dodge Bizzy like my kin folkIn the lock down love I don't even budge  
'Cause I don't know you

And I'm sure to get my thug on, ho

Who that baby's daddy, daddy is beatin' your niggaWhere his caddy is?

He probably mad in fact don't panic  
Profanity I'm schitzophrenic

How do we manage so frantic and calm

With the bombay sneakin' on me, babyIn the battle zone, battle zone

Y'all near the end, y'all near the end, y'all near the end

In the battle zone, battle zone

Y'all near the end, y'all near the end

When I bust 'em on downIn the battle zone, battle zone

When I bust 'em on down

When I bust 'em on down

In the battle zone, battle zone

Y'all near the end, y'all near the end

When I bust 'em on downLittle Layzie feelin' the Quija shit it ain't easy

Niggas beneath me tryin' to deceive me

Wanna defeat me please not even these could keep me

All on the wave length buck to the bangWhy they gotta stay and make me faint?

War paint, walk the plank

Fuck the bass smokin' hay  
Me, I ain't no joke  
And then some more dope then you'd ever knowE I L O, hello  
When I'm all by myself let it go, let it go, let it go  
Rollin' with my posse your way, hell no  
Draped in Versace got me on lockDid they rock the bells and play  
Straight from the glock, glock love block later tears away  
And consequences got me drinkin' free, yes I'll pay  
And that's a pain cause I was stuck in a rutt, you'd sayHow do we stay in the war zone  
Bizzy Bone, gotta phone  
And then lay on the floor gone, goin' on  
Probably know we readIt's hard to be in bone, here we are  
In and out your car, and calm  
Call me in the 7th song  
Regime, you can't get in the battle zoneIn the battle zone, battle zone  
Y'all near the end, y'all near the end, y'all near the end  
In the battle zone, battle zone  
Y'all near the end, y'all near the end  
When I bust 'em on downIn the battle zone, battle zone  
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In the battle zone, battle zone  
Y'all near the end, y'all near the end  
When I bust 'em on downI see no black queen, nigga searched it  
Then your other boys cursed the term  
Run up your weave with one hand  
I don't show no mercy of courseWho the fuck is a six, six, six, seven make the mayhem  
Start blastin' on you, bitch  
I come relentless where your killas at?  
Posted up both of my henchmen  
Remember then, Twista when you wasn't aluminum foilStrive to strike gold  
And it might go slightly less dissin' the loyal  
Money say I'm the royalty  
Helta Skelta on Speedknots  
Oh, you got lots of shit to sayYou better respect me, mothafucka  
Seance and they knock me off with the valium  
Buy your bitch from my madallions  
While my posse scopin' you ho'sSlide my Mazarati to that slick bitch  
Yeah that trick bitch  
I'm ruthless, Bone Thugs, Bone Thugs, sign who?  
Get at 'em, niggaIn the battle zone, battle zone  
Y'all near the end, y'all near the end, y'all near the end  
In the battle zone, battle zone  
Y'all near the end, y'all near the end  
When I bust 'em on downIn the battle zone, battle zone

When I bust 'em on down  
When I bust 'em on down  
In the battle zone, battle zone  
Y'all near the end, y'all near the end  
When I bust 'em on down We got it jumpin' like peanuts  
Get up and see us  
Fuck with the words to the song all night long  
Baby, believe us damn my man keep bumpin' my back Get you some rhythm, musta just got outta prison  
Skippin' the kid but you with him  
Do the walk say, fuck the cops  
Give it up some hardtimes gettin' in Welcome to the bar, baby  
We thuggin', huggin' this broad  
And she rubbin' on me squeezin' my ass  
Better check your pockets  
Better not steal my cash Ask Cube, we be clubbin', clubbin', clubbin'  
I'm your nigga in a bucket, like fuck it  
He think he ballin' in a Mercedes 600  
But he wasn't, wasn't, wasn't, wasn't, wasn't  
But he wasn't, wasn't, wasn't, wasn't, wasn't In the battle zone, battle zone  
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When I bust 'em on down

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