

# 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 Eden Eve 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, chop Watch 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 folk In 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 nigga Where 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, baby In 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 down In 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 down Little 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 bang Why 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 know E 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 lock Did 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 say How do we stay in the war zone  
Bizzy Bone, gotta phone  
And then lay on the floor gone, goin' on  
Probably know we read It'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 zone In the battle zone, battle zone  
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Y'all near the end, y'all near the end  
When I bust 'em on down I 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 course Who 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 foil Strive 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 say You 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's Slide my Mazarati to that slick bitch  
Yeah that trick bitch  
I'm ruthless, Bone Thugs, Bone Thugs, sign who?  
Get at 'em, nigga In 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 down In 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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