

# Better Run, Better Hide

## Bizzy Bone

-Bizzy Bone-Intro-

Yea, Bizzy The Kid, the midwest cowboy, galloping to a hood near you. Imagine me bein signed to B2K (What?!) What you (Cenz.) think you can pay me in Monopoly money? Man I will smack one of you (Cenz.) in the head with a baseball bat, I don't (Cenz.) around.

-Bizzy Bone-Chorus-

You run, and you hide (Tell them (Cenz.) you better run, c'mon now)/ And you run, and you and hide (Tell them (Cenz.) you better run, c'mon now).....

-Bizzy Bone-

Son of a (Cenz.) they never threw a grenade, I'd never sell out to B2K/ Gotta love the way the industry be holdin me back/ I'm the rebellious leader of the only brigade, ain't a (Cenz.) that could bite my style, because it always change/ You hold me down, I'm still gon' reign, got popped in the back of the dome, went home came back put in a bullet and blow out they (Cenz.) brains/ Murder my little brother, and how much do you think I'm payin to chop up his body to dead remains/ Got kidnapped too, threw the tape like Kane/ Jump out of the window, you know I'm gettin away/ They murder my general now its time to take this (Cenz.) to another level/ The Babylonians against the Rebels, it'd be seven of us comin with the Bone Thugs up against the wall/ Come out the corners doin the devils, put the peddle to the metal wit me and my Seven animals/ Ride around the corner, reload and holdin the handle got a three-fifty-seven that everybody call Cannibal, russian roulette, who's next?/ Ready to gamble, I'm a ramblin man/ Keep guns on the mantle and a candle for my little brother Capo- Confuscious, you know what it is, it's how we do it/ Throw a brick in the building, scatter and (Cenz.) it's ruthless/ I never tolerated a Judist, the passion of christ, give me the money you'll never (Cenz.) me twice (Boy)/ Shut for the apostles given the gospel with the wing, spread em open, takin flight/ (Cenz.) Shut it, Bizzy the kid trained for combat, bring it on napalm, bomb back, runnin with machine guns/ And I run around dumb, look similar, sinister, Ripsta with the napalm

-Chorus-

-Bizzy Bone-

I couldn't (Cenz.) in the kitchen, watch the Fed's kickin/ I carry (Cenz.) away and then they start snitchen/ (Cenz.) got me mystified, I'm (Cenz.) money on here to say "Get the sticken for the (Cenz.)"/ My (Cenz.) in the pen, turned rats into women, and give em pony tails, make em wear ribbons/ Through the visitin room he's kissin his kids and bout to do my (Cenz.) dishes/ In the crib c'mon, you wanna feel it? I'm the realest, high off Spindidy before I get sentenced/ But hey, what about the apprentice? I'll never tell/ I already told you what the 7th'll do to the snitches/ Split personality, sorta like Fight Club, never get rest I got to smoke (Cenz.)/ The blood on my little brother, what you really wanna do? I don't think you really want none/ Roll down the window like "What up 'cause?" (Cenz.) the cops, (Cenz.) the fuzz/ Look in my eyes, you could see the buzz, see the thug/ Hardships (Cenz.) that I just had to break with the tongue, and I'm horse like hung, ask my baby mom/ You rap like dung, can anybody tell me where you got this (Cenz.) from? Cause I'm the (Cenz.) with the gun, and the dum dums/ And I smack em up (Cenz.) suckin bum bums/ Chris Stokes, better get em for I get one and put your money where your mouth is, or be ready for war/ Get kicked with the hot ones/ And it's one last thing for I knock you out, it ain't nothin like money in a Ziplock bag and you could get smacked up

-Bizzy Bone-Outro-  
Hey everybody, B2K is (Cenz.). Better watch your mouth boy.

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