

Died 4 U

Bizzy Bone

chorus)

bone aint feelin my vibe they say bizzy he think he pac passin out on stage rollin stones with shock bizzy the kid rippin these babie makers tell em the whole story runnin from cops bustin shots smack the top of the 40 i never gone pop i never go back to ruthless stick to the plot u better believin and im sorry to the fans of bone when im bently outy fives n drop tops blueberry swisher sweet and thats the way that we monster mash homies wont respect my game well watch the way we count the cash bang the game 7th sign 27-7 kids lookin young feelin fit and i dont have to impress the crips i dont need no make-up neither i dont want u to touch my hair i just wanna heal flowin sickness makin money everywhere i dont wanna half pop a pill only wanna work with the real- - feel---- rappin with only ill----

7th sign crack the seal fakers wanna kill me
crack the steal pedal to the metal mash the gas

(v2)

i am the general feelin incredible better than ten year veteran off in the cut with a cup of essence still the presence spread the message never no weapons and taint no best friends shut up n handle ur buisness this the new thing the true thing 7th sign is how we doin things gangsta party smokin n drinkin puttin on my dancin shoes let me get this money right well pay me and il come dance for u stay the night n bang ur broad while i talkin in tongues let me swallow that taste like peaches must have been the name of a blunt follow that i am the future evolution of elovation knowledge is the power we shall over come the hatred with double barrels n rugars inscripted like an egyption incrypted like biblical lusifer 7th sign what 7th sign boy u can put that on jo-ann and im up from st.croy sucka dippin out like ice cube skippin out like dr, dre follow the footsteps of wish-----and im on my way

(v3)

these r my truest feelins niggas is fake as hell
women gone turn me down feelin like the fillin real id rather b david ruffin i dont wanna b otis williams i dont wanna b broon niether smokin chronic drinkin chillin chillin u aint berry gordy we were the perfect group huh promiss u broke us up god bizzy knows his sales is to high aint u a liar aint u u r the venomous snake huh to bad none of the homies got bitten hell yeah i wrote this for all them fake huh any rapper who wants to battle wanna see who flows the fastest i dont have to study or nuthin ima leave that up to u actors i dont read the source or the vibe when im up in barns n noble bone thugs n harmony 7th sign soldiers stinkin in my gangsta bowls sharp as a cobra look in the mind of a mad man medicated with doja im percalatin this loca no metaphore and this rappin is real let it b the hook or the gimmic if i die would u kill

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