

Not Afraid

Bizzy Bone

-Intro-Bizzy-

{Wrestling with papers.} Yeah. Studio Rat Productions. (And this is how we ride...) Uh. You know I come from
Bone Thugs N Harmony.Bizzy Bone

My 7th Sign niggas steal anything that ain't nailed down/ Come around my way, that's how we monster mash/
Sip that Crown all day every day, hey, hey/ In and out we play, fresh out of them caucuss mountains/ Fountain
of youth, I am the future and truth/ The revolution, a runaway slave, don't stop till the execution/ I'm rappin'
workin' for my paper, won't beg for no restitution/ Bizzy be khaki'd up, baby does it in mink/ Gotta love me
cause I'm ghetto fabulous, what do you think? Half breed, rock the mic/ Sellin' the rock, no pink/ Givin' the
people what they like, I've heard of murder, murder but I don't know what they like, Colonel Klink, think/ I
ain't had a drink in four motherfuckin' weeks, I'm finna go split my dome, what do you think? You better
believe it-Chorus-Bizzy-

And I'm not afraid to die, and I'm not afraid to fight/ And we can bang, bang! All day, all day, all night, all
night, all night/ This is how we ride, this is how we ride/ And I'm not afraid to die, and I'm not afraid to fight/
So we can bang, bang! All day, all day, all night, all night, all night/ This is how we ride, this is how we ride,
this is how we ride, this is how rideBizzy Bone

Puertoricans call me Poppie Chulo/ Stop! Drop! Poppin' the pump/ Black Mafioso, bullets be riddlin' through
you fucks/ Got a cop coppin' the co-co, the block is hotter than liable/ This is devotion, holler/ Run up, get
broke off proper/ Your hatred is gasoline, my words are vitamin mena/ You need to shut your mouth and mind
your manners/ Gettin' high since I was nine/ Dead homies, I can still smell pine/ And whether I twist my tongue
or not, Lil' Bizzy still gon' shine/ So we latch your mind and let your conscious be free, and get down to
murderous music from me, check out my new thang/ Please, don't let 'em rap they wack, don't let know how to
move thangs, packed/ I've played in stadiums, third mark and I do thang phat/ Fact, that I'm the rebel that made
it rappin' about crack/ Read many books to elevate my levels so the words will match/ Fresh batch, bakery/
Seasons veteran catch, now let me ride/ Got to thank God just for saving a wretch, so ya'll come on-Chorus-
Bizzy-Bizzy Bone

Bizzy ain't never made no honor roll, dope dealin' and dropped out/ Got addicted to money, can't stop it, this is
what it's all about/ Drop Dillinger, and I don't know/ 7 is jumpin' with me/ Black limo, window tinted/ Roll it
down, let 'em smell that sticky/ This' Bizzy The Kid, let the pressense come grace your city/ I refuse to go back
to funerals, niggas be dyin' too quickly, cause the knuckleheads get buckled/ I know they comin' to get me, live
my life like I'm blackened up, only the lights been with me/ Here we go, enter The King, elected by the people/
And I gotta grip on things, I'm watchin' evil/ You know my stees, best believe that I'm gon' rip it from dust to
dawn/ You can ask the matridee, Bizzy got that filet mignon/ I don't need no input D, play the track as I control
the symphony/ Gotta get my monopoly; Property of that nigga Bizzy/ Though he was hard and got his jaw
rocked, bitch/ I could pass out, get up, start rappin' and have it all out-Chorus-Bizzy-

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