Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Crossroad

[Hook x4]

And, Wally, even though you're (gone, gone, gone) you've still got love from (bone, bone, bone) My nigga, just rest your (soul, soul, soul) (and we'll see you at the Crossroad)

[Krayzie]

I'll never get over what some nigga told me:

"Did you know your nigga Wally got pap pap and put in a coffin?"

No! Why my nigga took a fall?

Saw my nigga try to swing them dums, (in the war) so we lost him

But, damn, why did ya have to kill 'um?

I never did think it'd be one of my trues to get caught up in redrum

I sit and I pray everyday: God, don't let me get smoked

Oh no, a nigga ain't scared to go, but I still got a lot to live for

But so did my nigga, my nigga-he gone

And all that he left are his memories

But when I die, you gon' see me

One, two, three, Wally rest in peace

[Wish]

Can a nigga tell me why so many my niggaz had to die, so much pain Even niggaz in the hood is no good, puttin one to your own homie's brain And a nigga gettin' high, thinkin' back, in the days when we did some fucked-up thangs Now, I gotta ask God if that's the reason my homie's gone away And I gotta give hate to you gangstas out there fakin' the funk Actin' like you got a problem, but you're just too goddamned drunk Put down your forties, pick up your fists, and handle that shit like men Cause too many punks out there pumpin', thinkin' your gat is your friend

[Hook]

[Layzie]

Come and take a good look deep into these thuggish-ruggish eyes, see the thugstas cry And I'm askin' the good Lord "Why?" and sigh, he told me we live to die Not another on the team with a dream that can deal with the struggles, like you Wally I love you to death, but I wish I could have seen through your troubles And it's hard to say good-bye to another...Bone I'm feelin' all in the dumps, and all of a sudden, I'm so alone Stay strong and hold on to a lifetime of memories You're livin' off in my prayers Gotta let the Man upstairs know that somebody cares Just wait, and I'll be there

[Bizzy]

When I heard the word at Kerm's, Shorty said, "Oh, my Lord," Layin' on the curb on a hundred and twenty-third, bled, dead to the world How bad? And what about Looney, now? Damn, she gon' act a fool Outa the blue, seemed to, she knew what happened to Wally, she lost her cool Remember my thug, when I got mo' love. Sippin' on 8-ball Used to tell him to pass the weed I wish I could tell him to smoke it allNot my dogg The mission is deep, peep, so listen up while ya sleep: To get where you're headed you must make a heaven of hell and then nigga, you'll smooth creep

[Hook]