

# Bone Thugs n Harmony, East 1999

[Layzie Bone]

East nineteen ninety nine my niggas....  
Thinkin' bout back in the days when the year was '89  
Little nigga on da grind  
Gotta get mine doing my crime,  
Wid two in here,  
Steady stackin' my ends  
Puttin' my serve down on the Claire 9-9,  
Hittin' up the Graveyard Shift wid real  
Little Will Big Wally and Wish Bone  
Little Wally high rollerz and he wonda why niggas so strong  
Krayzie Bone, stack right check much love  
Kept ah nigga on his toes in the game  
It's an everyday thang when you let ya nuts hang,  
Gotta make ya grandas each daily man  
Them Cleveland hustlaz neva no bustaz thug to the heart  
We niggas from the land fool, and the old school,  
Just serve out ya sentence and be cool  
Fuckin' wid Trues rest in peace  
My little nigga Ripster stress that Bone luv  
Smokin' on bud, cause ah nigga Mo Thug  
Callin' up my niggas when it's time to nut up  
In the 9-9 niggas gon' drop to the number 1 wid ya gun so run run  
Cleveland is the city where ah nigga come from  
Slangin' them dum dum dum dums

[Verse 2: Krayzie Bone]

Niggas it's going down, up in the C-Town  
Get 'em up wid the thug and the nigga wid the bud, got the fifth rose,  
For the niggas that close hit 'em up wid the forty reasons  
Nigga roll up the buddah,  
Smoke it all up nigga don't stiff on the reefer  
Mo runnin' up outta the club wid this  
Plus I got hydro and this shit is creeper creeper  
Strip as you hear the double glock glock  
Widda me rocks cocked sweatin' me bad,  
Coppers betta drop when the gunshots pop glock top  
Hit the body and the bullshit stop  
Wheneva them troublin' us,  
Where the po-po niggas roll solo split up and swerve  
Krayzie take caution,  
Take out my llelo and tossed it  
Send 'em in the road to the curb  
Running, ducking, jumping,  
Up in the land my niggas is craazy,  
Me slangin' wid nuff 'n me bang on the block  
And nigga this daaaily,  
Who the nigga wid the 12-guage (Pump)  
Mr.Sawed-Off Leatherface so you betta pray  
Eternally thugsta,  
East nine-teen nine-ty nine

[Verse 3: Bizzy Bone]

Gotta give peace to the SCTs  
And the one big thug on the glock,  
Pump blast fa the cash  
Then I mashin wid gas gotta dash away from the cops  
Not lettin' no pause  
Steadily flippin' up rows  
Rippin' up flesh wid six dogs  
That's that thugsta yes I pump slugs  
And I be dripping 'em off in thugstas  
Fuck them po-po, all ah dem bodies we burn, burn  
And I guess that hood'll neva learn  
Got it dipped both in hoes and sherm  
When I'm on ah mission for my set-ty

Pick up my niggas be peelin' out wid me  
Roll up me window me wind blow fuck up my indo  
I'm an enemy, even up the barrels of me 12-guage  
I empty, me scan-dalous niggas are pon de loose  
But it's no fuckin' wid the family  
Now feel it nigga understand me  
Much love much bud for them St.Claire thugs  
East nineteen ninety nine is where ya find me  
Slangin' them mutha-fuckin' drugs.  
[Verse 4: Flesh N Bone]  
Dun dun leavin' the niggas to cock it pop widda me gun  
They know that me noddin' they head off  
And I gots to have me fun  
Leaving 'em hung, breakin' fakin'  
You studio gangsta bitch trick  
Niggas'll get beat  
I'm handlin' the shit  
And I split in the midst of the darkness,  
Consider me heartless, oh yes Flesh be runnin' a hoe check  
Betta check ya Rolex,  
Ya timed now fa givin' up respect  
Ta them S-C-Ts from C-L-E the scandalous niggas that dwell  
Hell offa the forscythe and bail,  
Leavin' ah trail ah the boody victims  
The fifth dog maulin' and maulin' neva them catch me slippin'  
As if and if and they find  
They may give me time instead ah me trippin'  
We flippin' the scripts on ova  
See the Bone ah be neva sober  
Niggas told ya triggas showed ya  
East nine nine nine five soldiers

[Verse 5: Wish Bone]  
Wanna run red rum try to run and get away  
But it's just to laaaate,  
Watch out buckshots when I come buck buck  
Betta guard that fuckin' face  
Dumpin' them slugs on you fools  
Rollin' wid me Trues, drinkin' brews,  
Don't start no shit we come equipped  
So niggas stay cool, one eighty seven,  
You think that you going to heaven,  
Put slugs all up in that chest dunn,  
To hell is where you be dwellin'  
Popping ah clip in them bodies me dumpin'  
Watchin' you fall to the pave  
Wid me nine milli pumpin'  
Puttin' dem bodies all off in dem graves  
[Bone Thugs]

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