Thugz Cry

Bizzy Bone

For the ghetto media
Don't let the light skin fool y'all
I will fuck you upChorusThis is what it sounds like, when thugz cry (3X)
This is what it sounds like
when thugz cry, when thugz cry
This is what it sounds like, when thugz cry (4X)
This is what it sounds like
when thugz cry, when thugz cryVerse One
Nigga we represent the planet get schizophrenic n panic
Maybe the past would understand
If they'd get off there ass and mannage
How do you manage?
Paranoid, don't even trust my boyz
Watch for the plot and deploy envoys
Scopin like a dope fiend
But I'm smokin in the alleyz
With these ghetto guns and erase my funds
Watts niggas in Cali take bullets to the brain
Still rowdy, Jesus really never died
You crucified mutual suicide, who am I?
Local with vocals going coast to coast
Heaven'll move me right fo sho
Deception weather my brethren
but sunny days when they parlay
Get killed when they get to steppin
Member the weapon's close
and the doctor said
I need time to myself on the ocean
Those frivolous thoughts
But I'm brought up of this independent
Caught up sever relentless
Evil intentions nobody knows him
Even the henchmen, warrior, poet,
never did mention
I love my lady rebel
We can get this stroke on, we can get this stroke on,
and we can get this stroke on, and we can get this stroke on.
ChorusVerse TwoWe keepin the light on at Ruthless and
I ain't fuckin the boss
lookin at me sexy
Take your clothes off
but my dick'll go soft!

Never mix business with your sickness
Enemy see me flipin in the picnic
with your lil' divide and conquer
but my sister was ready to bomb her!
Get off the dizznik and off my voice
Me and my boyz
Give us a choice
How could you ever tell Sony that i was the
only one making noise
Ain't it a breech of trust
Look in the gutter, unh, never judge yo book
by it's cover word to the motherfucka
I... I didn't stutter but what if I lost it and
came in the office and nobody noticed
with liquid explosive on top of Versace
clothes give up the ghost
Krayzie's Picasso, lil' Layzie like Caesar,
Stacks like lil' Pesi N Casino and
Wish don't give a fuck! O
I'm Gambino -n- the walkin dead
Woke up on the wrong side of the bed
Bible of survival, Triple six rivals, triple six rivals
Member you said I read but rode with
Killas, Niggas that'll bust in tha club you don't
feels us strapped in the bed
Strapped pickin up the kids in the realist,
the realist, the realist, the realist.ChorusVerse ThreeIt'll make your body shake when it's too late
soon as
you flipped off the saftey baby this we all day
Don't tell me you crazy
Will they sell me? Hell Naw!
For the reason this weepin widow be the demon
so cheap and at least she go peepin go peep deep
dead in yo pockets no sleep
Rollin with my crucifix Lucifer usually uses
the rule of these wicked tricks in the school
of these ghetto games and the fool of this bitch mist
I say shame, shame, shame.
Enemies attacking me
Actually I'm in the grain ask Mr. Majesty
These casualties well they're passin me by
but I hear death callin when it's so cold in the room
who's stalling better come after me
We say fuck y'all
all in the battle we, battle we, battle we.ChorusWhen thugz
When thugz
When thugz
When thugz
When thugz

When thugz
When thugz
When thugz
When the thugz cry
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