

# Enigma

Bizzy Bone

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha  
Oh, shit  
Be verwee, verwee, verwee quiet, I'm huntin' wabbits

I'ma let my nuts hang, nigga  
In these tight pants until the buck spray  
Or with a 12 gauge, I don't give a fuck  
Nigga, fuck them  
Anybody, everybody with a bottle  
No lie, without my army, I ain't sorry  
Little nigga, this Bone Thugs-N-Harmony  
Set it off, say shorty got that Mossberg  
Man the gun so big it'll blow a nigga brain into crosswords  
Little niggy had to run swerve  
It's that's soft shores 'cause the God damn Converse  
Chicken dippin' like it's tossed served  
But those lost words be the same but I saw worse  
I had the sauce first  
I let it thaw thristin' at y'al'  
Never get an egotistical without a flaw  
Standing there with no one beside ya like Guards  
Drippin', I ain't trippin', got a couple of 'em, dawg

Listen to me, pimpin', this is Cleveland, nigga  
We get even, nigga, don't be afraid of Steven  
I'll let big boy hit you with a cig, boy  
I'm like Siegfried with that vulture breathin'  
An enigma  
And that culture need 'em  
And I'm all the reason  
I'ma load my nina 'cause it looks like a nigga gonna often need 'em  
When I all see 'em runnin' like a mile a millimeter

But I am a good leader  
I give you another banger  
I give you another heater  
Remember me, mother fucker  
The gun on the album cover  
I'm one of the tower brothers  
The 50 in Power brother  
The Michael of our brother  
The cyclical nature that circles all around the brothers  
It wouldn't touch a nigga money, got the salary, brother  
Micky and Mallory, brother  
I got that cal on me, brother  
With out no title you mother fuckers  
I'm about to pull the musket out  
And let it off in this mother fucker  
Watch your mouth, you niggas soft in this mother fucker  
Bet the industry just tossed you out  
You all slaves on the label, little God damn cock suckers  
Y'all livin' off show money  
Get paid every first of the month, now that's mo' money  
It'll be from the grave at the crossroads  
When I look at my sons say, "That's your money"  
Murda, murda, murda, I am general  
You little niggas sure ain't sweet

These niggas think we never runnin', I'm on TMZ  
And I'm a free emcee  
I got love for the young boulds  
But that's me  
Little Lay in the building chasin' around little children  
My niggas son  
I can't front but I'm chillin'  
My artillery is steady, get heavy mother fuckin' place that I'ma go so I be  
ready

Po-po been already here  
Run out the back with the peer  
Hopefully they will not follow me or I will pull out my pistol and pew-pew

PM is all in my DM  
Bitch, I'ma call when I see 'em  
Soon as they over eighteen and your money is gone, I'ma see how you bein'  
Niggas is stealing my cams, Rippy to yams, yeah  
Rippy to yams  
And all of my people that roll with the Bone  
When I'm comin' to give what we stand, uh

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I let big boy hit you with a sig boy  
I'm like Siegfried with that vulture breathin'  
An enigma  
And that culture need 'em  
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