

# Rebirth

## Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Everybody wanna sound like, sound like, sound like Bone, Bone, Bone!  
Everybody wanna rap like, rap like, rap like Bone, Bone, Bone!  
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Hold down! Welcome to the showdown! (Showdown!)  
I think it's 'bout time little Layzie let 'em know now.  
Take it to the streets and let the pump, pump go pow!  
Take my style, let me show you how I go wild.  
Now you playin' with a fully-grown man, with a fully-blown plan, with a fully-loaded clip.  
I'ma go up in your shit.  
I don't play with little kids, I spank that ass, boy you know who we is!  
(Bone, Bone, Bone!) My homies the greatest!  
I roll with the best, see?  
Who in the fuck wanna test these niggas from the S-C-T, C-L-E?  
We got heat!  
Y'all know what happened to the thief when the king catch him stealin',  
Got his hands in the cookie jar.  
Off with his hand!  
Fuck it, off with his head!  
Make him stand front and center, let me see what the rookie got?  
Bet a nigga ain't got nothin', they bluffin'!  
Tryin' to come up on somethin', bubblin'!  
I'ma say this really, really, really loud!  
Y'all wanna rumble, I'll bust them, rush them!  
Trust him, never!  
On a whole 'nother level.  
If God The Creator, then y'all niggas' devils.  
The fight won't end 'til the war get settled.  
And Bone gonna win 'cause them Bone niggas' rebels.  
Playa! Yeah! Nigga!

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They don't wanna see me shine!  
Everybody wanna sound like Bone though come back in the Bone zone!  
But you just beginnin' with the daddy you don't know.  
They call me The Granddad ' Granddaddy of the Bone flow!  
Well little lazy rappers, obviously we never figured this would be the lick  
and we'd be next to shine.  
And we got everybody screamin' and singin' but these out-of-  
shape suckas need exercise!  
So I'ma get up in their mental.  
I'ma work 'em out over the instrumental!  
Give 'em a criminal rhythm, the lyrical nympho!  
Wanna see the wicked?  
Better know what you're in for!  
First, the fan side could be forgiven ' you didn't know!  
Second time, I got up in 'em like "here we go!"

No matter what, they sayin' we still the most realest that ever did it, feel me flow!

And everybody want a little bit against a little Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Wish, and Flesh!

A little taste so they can test and make 'em see how we the best

And I'll be realest than the rest don't flex 'cause the pump gonna get 'em.

I'm like a bullet to the chest, suffer a cardiac arrest that's so hard

And I can still get their heart and leave 'em dead and give 'em all they can get!

Send them suckas to the lyric cemetery, or the rap hospital.

Never no competition!

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Come 'on, now let me take you back to The Land, you know where the heart of it all.

In 1993, when we was up out the scene.

The fellas with hell of a harmony with the flow hooked up with Eazy-

E and shook up the industry and y'all just in time to get another phase.

This certainly is somethin' that you wouldn't wanna miss!

The drama when it hit the fan, we got 'em trippin' off the gift, and split a wig up with a pretty sick twist.

The Ruger like a surgeon and it's on, exactly what I cut you with is sharper than a scalpel. Actually, it's too many Bone Thug clones and they all malpractice, arrested, and send 'em to the gallows!

My trues brought a style that's unfound and you can feel it naturally.

But we ain't no magicians.

Really ain't no thing to make a fraud disappear.

Steady givin' what they love to hear, make 'em listen up close.

Everybody know we got the dough.

We choppin' nothin' but missiles, still the nigga who the greatest!

Y'all lost!

Can't even afford the cost, this is authentic and nothin' that's dealin' with them world-wide bosses!

We got the sauce, baby, we got the juice!

We keep 'em in a frenzy fiendin' for more!

On the ThugLine with F.B.G., 7th Sign, and Mo' Thug once again we about to blow!

We about to blow! Set it off, explode!

Set it off, explode!

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I'ma treat it like a race and I gotta win it!

Ahead of you bums with the Bone flow.

Thug invented.

Haters wanna wonder why them thug niggas still gettin' in.

Nothin' changed the game like we did so we here, still with it.

Gotta tell the truth.

We changed things.

Bringin' somethin' new that's everlasting.

I'ma keep it real.

It's next to nothin'!

Doin' the same thing 'cause less creating.  
Flow just borin', the spit just corny.  
What happened to old bitin' 'self?  
Writin' battles done face to face.  
I miss those days.  
These days, ghost writers, fake artists with nothin' to say.  
I'ma give it Wish due my street dues.  
Just stay cool.  
I know I got you when I need to pop you'll let loose.  
And you don't wanna see a thugsta hit with a Grey Goose.  
Or we could buy the bar.  
Just stay cool and we good.  
Recognize we thug, could of been all hood.  
The flow's all love, thugs could of been all hood.  
Pick up on it, never fully get it - this Bone flow!  
Smilin', hatin' but you'll see me on the low! (low)  
In the game with the number one!  
Straight from the Cleveland slums.  
Straight off the block, never hustle to the floor though.  
Kickin' 'em down how them Bone Thugs came through.  
Yeah, yeah.  
We took it to another level (level), level (level), level (level)  
Yeeaahh!

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(Down, down...)  
As soon as I'm receivin' the call, now give me the ball, I run with the dogs  
, then keep the b'all. Now meet me at the mall, you can check on every shelf  
on the wall, they makin' money off the Bone Thugs!  
Equipped with a saw, with a knife in my back.  
Everybody rappin' fast, but the harmony ain't in it, and now that's too much  
to pass.  
Now that's too much to ask when you pick up a crash course style to change-u  
p, come on! (I swear!) My trigger-finger's itchy, but my carpal tunnel was  
was written and rippin' problems like water flowin' in humbles.  
I'm workin' with seven shovels, the grave-diggers and others!  
Nobody understand The Man.  
Clones - now shut-up!  
I'm quicker than a boogey-wicked-monster, never just like the movie.  
We know when we pray to God.  
we get the hustle on in the Spring, Fall!  
In Summers and the Winter months, we gonna praise Jesus!  
Don't even represent us, like we ain't said nothin'!  
Present the flow then grown know where we come from.  
Sun come shine in, Equinox rhymin', Layzie (Layzie!) perfect timin', grab my  
gun! (gun, gun)  
Much love to my nigga young Hova, Twista, Bun B, Pimp C, A.C. Killer!  
Get your money, get your paper.  
Elevate like my nigga DMX. Here's a prayer, God bless playa!

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