

Enigma

Bizzy Bone

Ha-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 bouls
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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