

Intro (Layzie Dedication)

Bizzy Bone

Through the weather the storms, my nigga will always be my nigg
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There was a thug I knew in Cleveland, strugglin hard to survive
He wanted the finer things in life, whatever the streets could
provide
Hooked up with the killers slash dealers started to grind and r
eside
Slept on the streets and stayed on the block with a bottle of r
ocks and a nine
Gathered his homies, started a crew, stood on the corners in sl
oo
Way back in 1989 when they wore flats in they shoes
Before there was (?) in they dudes, no metal detectors in schoo
ls
Had him a gun in the bag with his books and took it to class an
d he'd shoot
Whoo, suddenly he was the man, everyone knew he was gettin that
money
Brand new jewelry, bought him a car at 14, and everything lovel
y
Had him a stash, dreams of upper class, cash in his pocket to s
pend
Had it so good, had it so hood, man I wish I'da been there
And one day, the po'-po' was on him, he couldn't escape even th
ough he was quick
They offered a deal, but just like a thug, he was what he was,
he wasn't no snitch
He went to jail, did all of his time, back in the Cleveland, th
is time with a dream
He started a group called Bone Thugs and wanted all of us on hi
s team
That's my nigga