

Eazy

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

New group I got out of Cleveland called Bone
Called Thugs-N-Harmony
They 'bout to drop something soon

And the winner is... straight outta Cleveland
Please welcome Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Forever, eternal – my mentor, that nigga named E was a game changer
So thuggish and ruggish, he put on my city – he knew how to put out the bang
ers
He knew that my niggas had talent, he knew how to keep us in balance
Remember, we smoked in the Benz with him, remember, we smoked in a mansion
Nigga was built like a tank, nigga was really hard to hit
They knew that my nigga was running the West, that godfather of the gangster
shit
Thuggsta Thuggsta! – that's what they be yelling
And where would the Bone be without him? Ain't no telling

Now, what would the game be like if it wasn't for Eazy and the rest of N.W.A
.?

You wouldn't have Dre, you wouldn't have Chronic, or gangsta music to play
You wouldn't have Doggystyle, no Snoop or Gin and Juice
America's Most Wanted – imagine being no Ice Cube
Yeah Eazy, I'm just like you – I'm Sunday morning chillin'
Stomping in my big black boots – I'm MC Ren, the Villain
Nah, DJ Yella be cutting and scratching and mixing and making that song
Imagine it being no Bone – my city would've never got put on

That's why I'm Eazy
Said I'm Eazy like Sunday morning
That's why I'm Eazy
Eazy like Sunday morn-morning

We had to do this for the love of Eaz
Still reppin' him, please believe it
If he would've never believed in us
Showed us what everybody was missing
We was on that mission straight outta Cleveland

We finally caught up with our dreams, man
So now we never have to chase 'em no more
Crept in and kept creepin', keep ever, keep sleepin'

Bone gon' make sure everyone remember ya name
Nothing has changed, we still doing them everyday thangs

Proudly sing:
Eazy from N.W.A. was a friend of mine, friend of mine
Eazy like, Eazy like...

You wanna know why I'm Eazy? 'Cause I'm just like my pops
Still cruisin' the city from Compton on through Watts
"Fuck the police" – yep, they still be sayin'
Turn on the radio – and gangster, gangster's what they playin'
Huh, yeah, Boyz n the Hood still got that attitude
We shakin' shit up, standing on business – what we had to do
You know we keep the heat, but we just want the peace

Cruisin' like Sunday morning - come slide down Eazy Street

That's why I'm Eazy
Said I'm Eazy like Sunday morning
That's why I'm Eazy
Eazy like Sunday morn-morning