

Frontline Warrior

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Nigga thought I told ya, (told ya) that the war ain't over (over)
You can roll (you can roll) you can get rolled over
My nigga we the frontline warriors

Whoever wanna bring the noise, talkin bout me and my boys
Disrespected on a regular like a nigga got caught
Well it's all about his Mo Thug music
Put my name in your mouth and a nigga gon' do you
Who the fuck them niggas tryin to play?
Lay don't stop until you meet my glock
I'ma get you make your bady rott, nigga make the party pop
Nigga why not? Time's tickin on the clock aint the heat hot
I'ma hit the weed spot joy ride with my niigas till the beat drop
We got big benjamins spendin CEO's
While you playin we buyin y'all rentin pin me
Probably livin in a tent pocket full of lint
Tryin to flip it like I flip it nigga got me bent
And like I said it on the last song nigga we joyriders, and y'all aint Bone
B.B.O.B. the bad boy of the Bone
I'll be thuggin for eternal wanna test me its on
Now where my niggas at? Get the gat peel a nigga wig back
Nigga dig that dig that
All original clevelands own criminal here we go
From a place where a nigga might bury ya
Nigga act up and I better take care of you scared of ya
I be ready for the war
Nigga I'm americas most, bailin coast to coast
Steady thuggin out here in these streets
Lookin out for the rollers duckin these haters they wanna face
Well I keep my heat
And it ain't no peace and fuck tha police
Come out the house all eye's on me
Jump in my 5 double 0 B-E-N-Z XL and I hit the freeway

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Might wanna be in church nine o'clock sunday
Never know I might bust on you one day ohhh
Swiggin with jack and the bombay oh bye bye go po po
Yeah nigga fuck you o hell yeah fuck you too
Better than God devise realize you can end up bigger
But my niggas in the middle ballin we wont stop
The foul sinnin the killin now
And then nobody gets in the middle together
And they tell the nigga it good to be back
From prison but don't nobody feel him but them niggas around the globe
And the mission was money was gold
Everyone nutty when money because he was out of the gutter
When nothin but avid souls better make us and touch
Noone will touch me one wait till they ruff enough
Got him at last but I just corrupt
I dont even erupt
Creep on ah come up, what up
Trapped in a rapture the trumpets pumpin tellin us somethin
Snatch you we havin a blast you tattered like cattle

And medalion diamonds in the ??

Ghetto was bastards runnin much faster than the average asses in the shadows
Out of the battlefield

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Call me a secret weapon
I think the war is on
And when they ask em who is he
It's 7th sign and bone
Call me a secret weapon
When the war is on
And when they ask em who is he
It's Big B and Bone
Frontline soldiers

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