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 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 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 tatterd 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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