

Sound The Same

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

(Yeah) Yeah...Bone Thugs...

(You know a nigga been all over the world man)

Australia, China, Africa...England (you know it's the same shit everywhere I go, you know)

Why does everybodys story seem to sound the same? (It all seems so familiar, familiar)

Struggle in the game (It all seems so familiar, familiar), they left the hood for change

(It all seems so familiar, familiar)

Why does everybodys story seem to sound the same? (It all seems so familiar, familiar)

The left some time in vain (It all seems so familiar, familiar)

Gotta wise, the shit that lame (It all seems so familiar, familiar)

I can remember that little nigga when he was just a young lad

Nobody thought he make it up outta the hood, before the gun blast (gun blast)

'Cause Johnny wanted to be a thug

runnin' from cops out on the block, the boy was hot and didn't give a fuck (scandalous)

Runnin' up in the black mask, niggas if you got cash, drop it off in that bag and make craps fast

Destroyin' the system, make some money to survive the streets

but you deep inside this ain't how you tryna be

But it's all to think when you're strugglin' and can't sleep

'cause ya hungry and can't eat, 'cause livin just aint free..but shet

Pappa been laid off...mamma been laid off

Everywhere I here the same old song...

To probably take a loss, I'm tryna fight these demons

By any means, by any cost I'm out here reppin' Cleveland

They got be bobbin, weavin'

nigga give me the reason

To let 'em flies...do or die, niggas no longer breathin'

Known as a (?), before Layzie Bone it was Steven

And I'm just tryna break even, leavin' you leakers steady creepin'

Shit get deep when daddy gone (daddy gone)

and momma can't do it on her on (her on)

Lights off, gas gone

mumma, daddy comin' home?

I guess not, sell rocks, rappin' with my niggas Bone

(wassup Wish! yeah...we all we got!) and that's Bone, Bone, Bone, Bone

(wassup Kray! yeah, we all we got...nigga!)

and that's Bone, Bone, Bone, Bone..

So you ever been to the Chi? me too, you ever been shot? me too

Sold rocks, all nighters on blocks

catch cases...shit me too

That's the story no one ridin', nobody can tell it for me

Mumma workin' double shift...daddy who? daddy who?

And when he do it's always later, never came

he done broke that boys heart, man again, damn again

Don't wonder why it's like that in the ghetto
Grew up, outta luck
Don't give a fuck about life so we let 'em go
I know my heart is cold, you know how them ghetto children grow
Give me money and I can keep my temper low
Everbody knows love, clubs, cars and hoes
priorities fucked up, but we already know!