

Wildin'

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

You need some reefer we smokin that bombay (bombay)
You need some liquor we pourin it all day (all day)
Lookin for drama my niggaz be wildin
Hey (BUCK) hey (BUCK) hey (BUCK) hey (BUCK) hey
(2x)

Awww shit, guess who just stepped in the club
Them niggaz that don't give a Thuggish Ruggish motherfuck
We come to party, some of my partners come to fuck it up
Scuff 'em, turn the fuckin music up
Get it crunk, nigga what, fill up on my niggaz cup
Watch out for security cause we 'bout to blaze the dub up
Let's (Smoke & Burn), choke the herb
So come on ride the train, you should ride it
Make sure you bring your Mary Jane, and personal lighter
We keep that fire fire baby, baby
Krayzie faded, them blaze shit all day
When we rumble (uh-oh) we just like animals out the jungle
Make 'em fall, collapse, stumble and fumble just like drunk hoes

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Biz' got the extra green and nicotine and Krayzie off that Syn
Me and Wish just got to the club, and man they better let us in
Cause we got cheese to spend, and I know they really don't want no trouble
My heat get double double, or we cop it on a hustle
And it ain't no party like a Bone Thug party
cause a Bone Thug party get wild
Get foul in the crowd like do that what? Do that shit right now
We the same damn niggaz sellin llello, sippin 40's
Wearin khakis, with the Timbs on, motherfuckers know the story
We can't leave rap alone, the game need us
Think you can handle us to beat us? "Now c'mon Cleatus!"
Mess up that drank you drankin, puff on that weed you smokin
My niggaz ain't never jokin, and I came to get you open
off this weed
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Coke and Henny and I'm feelin irate
Wanna try me, pussy nigga die, we
slide up in the club, ready collide, wanna get wildin
Highly intoxicated, fucked up that firey (nigga)
Dirty rotten, glock in the pocket, please believe it
Watchin you niggaz hold Jesus, what is the secret?
What is the reason? Clutchin my metal trinkets
Wish bring the pain for these niggaz, please believe it

I'ma drink, I'ma smoke, when I hit the club I'm in the back do'
Bringin no problems, but if you want 'em we can dance hoe
Higher, higher, put a little Henn' in that Cris'
It'll make you righter, nicer, drunk as fuck but don't get it twisted

I will light ya, fight ya, in the middle of the party
With a hundred thugs right by me, and you don't wanna try me
What I got to lose? And I'm mad as fuck comin out they shoes, move
Bring your own smoke, and your own drink, that's Thug's rules fool!

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