

Wind Blow

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Bone Thugs n Harmony

A yo we ain't always been accepted like this till (listen to the wind blow)

A nigga got that Grammy

Open the door nigga,

Bone Thugs got a story that's similar to Mike Jones

You can ask my homies

I'm member back in the days they didn't want me

Now I blew up they all on me

They smiles phony

It's hard to determine who really is rich or which of these niggas is fake

They tryna eat out of your plate

And you can't get a break

Now how much can you take

For heaven's sake

I can't wait they gone be

(listening to the wind blow)

Sitting back blowing on indo

Waving with my middle finger hanging out the window lets roll

Get your motherfucking hand out my pocket

Now they wanna be with a nigga

Feel like we partners

Nigga we was looking for a deal and you dodged us

Never did call us

Where was your promise?

But now we riding by

(listening to the wind blow)

Nigga to the real to the sets

When it comes to the streets

Living peace so it can beat like a drum from the ghetto

Give all peace won't let is go

Say we wouldn't make it

Now we some of the greatest

Bumping through the trunk and yo ra yo radioooo

You don't love me now

And you'll never love me again

(You can't) you can't say it

You would never break the chain

Never break the chain

(2x)

For true thugs from the double glock

A nigga ready to rumble

When trouble nocks

To one way tickets straight off the block

We gonna this pay

You all niggas just watch

"All eyes on me"

Like my name is Pac

Fucking hip hop clock

Gotta pass the glock

Taking drastic shots

Till these bastards stop

When the casket drop

I be mashing out
In brand new drop top flying nigga
(listening to wind blow)

Killing them niggas with an automatic weapon
When they step up
they get hit up wit the AK-47
Anybody tryna git the motherfucking blessing
They better not mess with mine 'cause I'm telling
Any you niggas run up again
That it ain't no pretending go for sin you're gonna git in
Boy you better listen listen listen
(listening to wind blow)

If you get a change of foot
Inch for inch
You better do it do it
Grab the game
Do it to it
Chase to chase
But still hood
Live it or love it
Dummies of the rocks
Duck up out of my hood hood hood

You don't love me now
And you'll never love me again
(You can't) you can't say it
You would never break the chain
Never break the chain
(2x)

(Murder) mo murder them all (4x)

? The wind blow
Never see me 'cause I get ghost
So a nigga never get close
I go fast or slow
No matter the tempo
Murder the instrumental
Murder the rhythm
I ride to the rhythm of murder
It's murder
This lyrical venom I serve a
Gone kill 'um at minimal murder
Nigga burn some some
Stick wit rans that's that cash
Nigga you better learn some (some some)
We got the hood hot lock
Even got the burbs bumping bumping
They probably tryna get in
Don't nobody wanna be left in the wind

Uh-oh
Niggas that's not tryna listen to Bone
The early bird get the worm
Take the game by the throat and squeeze
Till the motherfucker broke believe
It's murder we wrote
It's dope that we serve on the curb to the booth
These niggas don't feel it 'cause we spit the truth
Ain't never no fake and they got me to prove
Haters just hate and we do what we do

Let 'um talk to you in the face
Only because we blew up in they face
If was Bone hurting
If that was the case
I'll probably go loco and catch me a case
Nigga just move and give me some space
When I let the wind blow in my face
Nigga don't quit till I finish the race
Number one is the place

You don't love me now
And you'll never love me again
(You can't) you can't say it
You would never break the chain
Never break the chain
(2x)

Now we riding by (4x)