

Meet Me In the Sky

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

You can you meet me meet me in the sky, the sky, the sky, the sky, the sky!
You could meet me in the sky, (You can meet me in the sky!) the sky, the sky
, the sky, the sky.

'Cause we can fly above all the haters!

They done give me my wings! Let's fly, high, high, high, high!
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I done made it up the mountain, lookin' down on the valley, and I'm feelin'
I can fly, so I dive off the cliff.

Hear the little kids scream; they don't know I got wings.

'Til I sprinkle them with the dreams, and I hit 'em with the gift.

Say 'Bye bye' to them haters, haters.

No more lies .. they can't fade us, fade us!

Why they wanna test? Now you rockin' with the best and my whole fan fam' is
the greatest, greatest.

Moves countin' like a calculator, evaluate the master playas. Operation: 'Stack Your Paper.'

Captivatin' money makers feel the love from above, he's an eagle, he's a dove,
call him Bone's emancipator!

Everybody's a congratulator. Come and ride on this elevator, better yet take
this escalator.

Graduate to the new skyscrapers!

When we put 'em on a level that's if you can deal with! We take it to 'em runnin'
nothin' but realness!

Surely livin' in the life, it's for the thrills. We went up and over the hill,
went through the whole drill!

Haters try to kill with kindness, when there's nothin' they can do to to the
finest.

Though they won't dare cross over the line, for tryin', y'all know what's gonna
happen, so they might as well remain behind us.

Way behind! We go to hardcore grind, and never take an issue for granted since
I'm cool they go and take it for weakness.

Better take it in stride!

They don't wanna see us alive, but you always steady creepin', reapin', weepin',
niggas went and got in way too deep in (deep in).

You gotta practice that before you start preachin'. (preachin')

But ain't no way that they can keep up (keep up)

'Cause we keepin' the heat on. It really don't matter where we can meet up!

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Nigga had it bad, cause I never had, thought the rainy days was over!

Livin' in the past, livin' ghetto fab', never lookin' back!

But the fact is that I never went nowhere!

The truth is, me and my own ghetto got a love affair. (got a love affair)

It's so real, things we did, my conscious outta here.

I don't care, I deserve everything I earn.

Hell yeah I deserve some pain! I know I hurt!

Stop talkin'! Night-

walkin' real night stalkers, zoners, hungry, heard it here first!

If you don't believe me, with wings I'll lead you!

Playa hater hate! They can hear me but they better stay away or see Krayzie look insane!

So if they wanna hate me let 'em hate me from the bottom, way up underneath my feet.

'Cause really I've been turnin' them leaves to never ever let the suckas rise, or let them bustas kill the high.

'Cause they jealous in the mind, they remind me of gravity always grabbin' at me pullin me down.

Passed on for the flight, keepin' me on the ground.

Still I rise and when I takeoff they fall. (they fall, they fall)

Raise to the ceiling, try and stay away from the pretender.

You don't really even get involved.

We play 'em all from afar, in a distance. (distance)

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And when I met Him in the sky, He had a body like a man and the lower body tellin'

The Lord that he had a plan to make Him sure I wasn't evil.

But I'm comin' with my people. Ain't no sequel, ain't no women, ain't no vesals.

I'ma settle with a scepter and a lethal dosage. I will live forever with a serpent on my head.

Little glory, that's my man! I'll be damned! If I comin' through, I'm runnin' with my pistol.

Weren't for Moses, I'ma die but I'ma come back with y'all (with y'all, with y'all)

That's the way to get y'all. Picture sinister plots! I'm not 'nigga with no land.'

I imagine a strand of lightning bolts and tightened ropes.

I'm fightin' folk with no hope. Earth got me loc'ed!

Now chillin' in the smoke house! No doubt! No clout!

Now we're goin' all out! Earth-ball that's all! Never let the devil call.

Revelations! Little Bizzy nigga so long! Go long! Metal was so precious.

I was resurrected! Why? Juniors fly to The Creat or.

And my brother be, brother be 'C'. Throw it up! Uncle 'L' comin' straight from the sky, what!

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