

# Blood Money

DJ Khaled

Ha yeah, Triple C CMB, nigga  
Poe boy, boss what it is, nigga?  
Birdman, what up?  
The goons to be king  
How you love that pussy, nigga?  
Yeah, blood money

The definition  
I'm clutchin' on my slippin' in  
The way I'm feelin' right now  
A bitch can get the business

Just know my niggas squeeze on side  
The only problem is we doin' this head knock  
I told Ross, we gon' show 'em how the gutta do  
Yeah, all black skis black ones and the jumpsuit

Slide in the slider, in and out night vision  
Scopes on the AR to hit 'em with precision  
And did I mention this one here's  
For the thugs dummy? A little drugs bunny

We did it off of blood money, more pieces of crown vic surround us  
We runnin' up on niggas, they jumpin' off of counters  
One time for my allies, I'm a poe boy, that like my guns super size  
CMB what it is? I'm cookin' up them kids

I'm countin' blood money  
Ain't mad 'cause I love money  
Came up gettin' drug money  
We countin' blood money  
Ain't mad 'cause I love money  
Came up gettin' drug money

We talkin' drug money  
We talkin' blood money  
We talkin' blood money  
Straight blood money  
We talkin' drug money  
It's drug money, it's drug money  
Drug money

Okay, we gettin' from us servin' weight, get it 'cause we servin' gay  
See the way we get the cake like every day's a borin' day  
Blood money and I'ma count it till they come for me  
The feds hate it, they mistakin' me for Blanco buddies

I'm puttin' blood, sweat and tears for this cash money  
I'm talkin' crooked unidentified bags of it  
I'm talkin' yellow table paper, put the tags on it  
You play with mine bet I turn you into crash dummies

Better not need heaters, I spit them shells like the Beatles  
I have my people go see you, I squash you out like a cheater, nigga  
I for that drug money underneath the rug money  
My niggas love money, yeah, I'm talkin' blood money

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Hammers in the hummers, sticks in the lids  
Sweets in the trunk, streets gimme sneers  
Money comin' fast, blood comin' slow  
Who dem boys with the H? Feds wanna know

Gators on thief, neighbors gon' sleep  
You dealin' with a G and the haters gon' see, boss  
I'm in the dealership with a duffle bag  
Couple Mazaradihs, couple hundred stacks

Far from peaches and cream, niggas deceased on the scene  
I'm just countin' my green, chillin sippin' my li  
Keep investigatin' 'cause you got a job  
Better keep your vest on, bitch, 'cause we got a mar

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Well, I'm the mob chief, givin' orders, callin' all the shots out  
Make a nigga understand, we gangsters, we don't play out  
Came from under the sand, lift my own weight up  
Bought a house off the curb was patient, so it paid up

No pleasure and pain, homie, just the price for the flight  
Don't get'cha head chopped, fuckin' with them five stripes  
Eagle land it went south now we got the cake  
Paper plate money every time I hitch a state

High on this pressure life, famous from the mud  
Got the game from some old heads, I took it up in blood  
Yeah, the only price nigga is a price  
A mill on some whips, a hundred on ya life

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Yeah, the big things, 100 big dog status  
CMB nigga, poe boy yeah, 100 bitch  
Holla back