

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