

# Blood

Goodie Mob

Lock the doors.....!!!!

It's a shame, when niggas gon' realise we're the same  
Helpin the enemy win the game  
If you a player, use precision, don't make a decision in haste  
Blood is a terrible thing to waste

In my flip-flops and socks, I walk blocks confused  
cos my nose ain't right, my sight blind  
Smoke, need somethin from my toke  
More than half my folk vying for the juice of cooked goose  
In the city of disgust, nuttin new blew in  
but almost left your bed, yet I said....  
My mind back home, I roam the path in the trees  
I give my ankles in the mud for my blood, what happened was  
something for the ill-minded, even though you're true  
your feet can't fit in my shoes, I got red in my eyes  
My old man still don't understand why  
The things I do, the way I think  
A hot spell and death feel, got the chokers for the low-low's  
Specialisin in the greenery  
Code name: Cardwell, so what's real?  
I still float the sidewalks of Abbotsville  
Consume smoke with my folks on the low-lean  
Blew Dixie Hill to get a little more pote'  
And if ya can't find none of the Goodie in the veins  
of the ATL, try the wood or the trail

I try to make sense outta nonsense each and every day  
I got to cos things is kinda crazy round the way  
Each word that I say may cut you like a knife  
and totally influence and change somebody life  
Who me? I'm 19, and best to have seen  
what I already seen  
Life taught me a lot  
That you ain't gotta carry no gun to get shot  
Ain't gotta be no jacker for offense from the high  
A liquor store on every corner that you walk by  
I watch my niggas die for no reasons  
In my neighbourhood ain't nothin changed but the seasons  
Them crackers don't give a fuck, then again why should they  
They evil from their head to they toes so how could they  
You could say, the biggest problem in the black community is lack of unity  
I love you but I ain't gon' let you pray for me  
So if you must shed blood so be it  
The end is comin I can see it  
Yeah, the end is comin I can see it.....  
It's in the blood

Me look at myself and say "Damn!"  
I use to rock Cascade at night and East bound  
But now I sit back and take a pull  
Take out my pin, I'm ready to get a beer, wet, I I'm ready to pay my dues, f  
ool  
Why choose to trump me, I never did shit but you label me the OutKast  
So even if I was to blast on your punk ass  
it wouldn't change my opinion of a customer

That I was to serve like a bird over on the South West side  
and this side better be rollin thick  
It's that G-double O-D-I-E M-O-B to infinity ballin  
Huh, and callin da wild, cos I don't smile  
I keep a grim look and bust a ?poor 6-0 carsOut in their yard without a stra  
p ain't cool  
You just a son of your daddy and momma without a tool, fool  
No time for weep, incomplete, my story ain't told to glorify no glory  
I lost my sister age nine doin a crime for a hustle  
So she died lookin for that muscle  
You wonder why I acts how I do, quiet-type  
So I might strike any minute, fool....  
Step into Zone 3, see  
South West Atlanta up in this motherfucker deep  
Don't sleep, you all, in my cabin braggin  
but I can't hear or see see clear  
cos we all on the outside, we're pimpin or homicide  
Already so many resting in peace but I can't sleep til I can believe  
I'm ready to die for my cause  
I'm Good cos I'm true to my blood

I'll blast for my family, don't be mad at me  
Was it because I didn't finish C-O-double L-E-G-E?  
There's only a punk ass army down while you're harassin me  
Stop takin me thru episode after episode  
The reason why I is to keep on punching holes  
in the wall, I had dreams I played ball  
wit the pros, I pop punts and field goals  
Droppin them fat guv's in the weight room  
Had, so nigga on swole but that was in the days of the old strole  
Now I'm wisin up to the fuck shit, got a new click to run with  
Bays a left at Campbelltown Plaza, ?Foo-ti and C'sand ol' South  
Oh yeah, I borrow rollerscott tissue when it's sun, and paper  
completes my grocery list, proceded to my ol' bird  
in the kitchen cookin chitlins  
Pre-setting the eggs, the fish, the grits, that hit the spot  
but this morning I had to punch the clock  
Whether it be sittin off in the hills of Dixie  
witta pocket full of rocks that icy  
Creole, you talkin to me? Ettering bastard, put it down on paper  
I put a thermal couple of two on 'burnt out on capers'  
Everytime the rubber buck, it was like plus-fools hit from a potentated salt  
Scab A-rab, many hoes suckin on your nuts  
That's why I'm stealin your death right now because  
later on you might leave me hangin  
Is it the noose rhyme on people's necks when already tangin  
tight, from the dank is dye, and now, banger who am I  
to tell you to stop, but don't be bringin that nonsense  
in these hills, brass bop Benz in my grill  
All the way, Confederate man you thought it was fuck You ladies are real rea  
dy, it's janky  
on edge, it's in the kill  
The beast in you divided who? Me from him?  
You gotta chance but it's slim, it's slim  
Just walked out the door but yet and still  
You want some ole 9-7-6 gab, slab by slab  
Broke my community down to its knees  
Deep burgundy, haemmorage and internally....  
B-L-O-O-D.....

Hmm, yeah, uhh

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We all blood.....