

# Bleed

Lil' O

[talking:]

These niggaz gon bleed, pass me the weed  
These niggas gon bleed

[Hook: Big Pokey]

These niggaz gon bleed, I just hit em with that thang and it freeze  
Good that I did my deed, so pass me the weed  
So I could slay, another MC  
These niggaz, ain't fucking with me

[Lil' O:]

I represent the born in killers, from the land of the trillest  
Drug dealers thug niggaz, who specialize in kidnapping squealers  
Gat concealers, drillers for scrilla through outfed gorillas  
We bust back with bazookas, just to make sure they feel us  
Like Atilla the Hun, killers with guns leaving you numb  
Loving nothing, but bitches and funds  
Give me your ones, for fun you'll get annihilated  
Pull the nickle fine plated, both his eyes dilated  
Yeah the Southside made it, how you love that  
I know you niggaz hate it, but you can't fuck with that  
Lil' O, better known as Fat Rat with the cheese  
Triggas squeeze, on all the South's enemies with ease

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

I hit your block like Jeffrey Dommer, eat a nigga ass up  
And what click you claim, I could give a fat fuck  
You touch my fast bucks, I'm at your front do'  
Quicker than a fast nut, with that blast and that buck  
Rob-rob murder-murder, killer cap peeler  
Slug feeler hit list, dump a nigga in the ditch hit  
You bitches it's bidness, you know I'm saying  
So when you see me out the roof, cause you know what I'm spraying  
And you know where I'm aiming, I proceed at your toes  
And I make my foes fall, like wars at Jericho  
Get greedy with calicoes, jaw breakers and body blows  
Flying feet to the nose, multiple bullet holes  
Like a heroin overdose, or too much cocaine in your nose  
I got that heart stopper flow, the chart topper glow  
So start with Lil' O, best believe I draw heat  
A monster mind shit, bitch it's all about me

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

Ain't no discussing, we issue concussions for nothing  
Redrumming like Russians, hitting boys like percussion for thinking that we bluffing  
Cause it ain't nothing, to get these triggas crushing  
Niggas rushing for they shit, but it's too late they got hit  
Try the glock greeders, certified block bleeders  
Heavyweights from Texas state, smuggle top flight cheeba  
In the drop top beamer, with a top notch diva  
Thugged out diamonds shining, with my hand on my heater  
These niggaz act like senoritas, so I slap them all

And I know it breaks your heart, that I'm back to ball  
But the fact of it all, is that I still won't stop  
From this day forth, the rap game is now locked