

Blood Money

Lil' O

[talking:]

Ain't no turning back now
A nigga too deep in nigga, I done tasted the fruit nigga
This the story this is it, this how it went down
The autobiography, of the Fat Rat with the cheese
Lil' O, based on a true story

[Lil' O:]

I hit the block in fatigue, with these drugs sitting in my asshole
Straight crack cocaine, hundred dollar street value
And we slanging on this spot, if you don't know you bitch we down you
Surround you, seven in your head is how they found you
The dope game done changed us, derange us into demons
We money hungry hustling, from morning to the evening
Finna see things, these boys ain't seen like plenty G's
Trying to get things these boys ain't got, they diamonds rings
Switched it down, a piece and gold chain
And a big body Benz, sitting on thangs
Know what I'm saying, so I got's to let em hang when I hit these streets
Concentrate on holding weight, and work my way to a ki
Stay away from hoe ass niggaz, that's surrounding me G
Cause if you ain't talking balling, you can't be around me
And even though, I'm a young nigga
My nuts hang, like they weigh a fucking ton nigga you understand

[Hook: x2]

See we never falling all in, young niggaz balling
Got's to get my grind, and I'm stalling
See my money calling, stay paid yiggy-yes y'alling
Cause being a grown nigga, is a prowling

[Lil' O:]

Now its two years later, everything is looking fine
Put up the seventeen, now a nigga scoring nine
Keep my bidness to myself, don't need these haters all in mine
You tell these boys your bidness, and they'll have you doing time
Hit the club starched and ironed, clutching on the bank
At the bar like a star, buying all my niggaz dranks
You don't even got to think, you know I got some revenue
Cause I'm piece and chain, POLO Guess doing tennis shoes
Taking pictures for my dog, on lock paying dues
He got five, so he got the Penitentiary blues
And that ain't cool but fool, look at these photos and laugh
Cause I'm posing with bad bitches, with my hands on they ass
Yeah this lifestyle's fast, pray to God I make change
But I'm in it to the death, I can't settle for some change
And it's strange we still hustle, but we know it don't last
But I'm in it to the death, I can't live without the cash

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O:]

My confessions as a changed man, a young adolescent
Now we thug niggaz hustling, counting money and blessings
Learn lessons of the game, I study crooks like books
Boss taught me how to pimp hoes, and cocaine cook
I overlooked the thoughts, of living right

Be consequences, yes indeed I had to pay the price
The confiscation of my freedom, what a sacrifice
Not scared to die, but still I lust forever lasting life
But I ain't crying I'm grinding, can't stop young nigga striving
Planning hostile take overs, power moves and perfect timing
Now my roof's popped up, my bitch bopped up
My pockets overflow, like a toilet stalked up
Picking up niggaz hoes, drop em off knocked up
And if they nigga plex, I leave his chest locked up
I'm coming up, so why these haters talking down on O
Man I bought you boys tampax, you niggaz is hoes

[Hook x2]

Bleed the block, bleed the block
Bleed the block, nigga G's and knots
Bleed the block, bleed the block
Bleed the block, nigga we the cops - 2x