

# Blood Sweat and Tears

M.O.P.

Yo  
Yo c'mon son  
Yo they killin em ou tthere son  
They dyin out there son, word up  
Yo they killin us son, I'm tellin you  
Y'all niggas c'mon that's my word  
Y'all better c'mon  
Yo wake up son  
They dyin son  
Yo, c'mon nigga, wake up  
C'mon

It took me 24 years to figure out what makes this world go round  
It's not man holding ground with dope sound  
We gots to ask  
Why do you feel that a meal can make you ill  
When you know that Broke Bill can still  
See right through your plastic ass  
Before crack was a sport and we had thoughts of getting busy  
Before death left, and fame had his way  
The town: Brownsville  
The place: The Ill  
Follow the trail of resh blood drips you'll end up on my bricks  
The Marks:  
Home of the warrior thrown home  
Our true thugs that's dead and gone  
In the hills most effective chrome  
Return to these graves  
Showin youngsters what I'm facin  
Cause we had trouble  
We been strugglin since single shot gauges  
That's straight ghetto bad luck  
But, I done passed up more shit  
Than you may ever touch  
What, we on sacred grounds  
Without the guidance of our fathers  
All we know is how to double clutch revolvers  
Me and my own staff flaunt a different path  
I'm tryin to dip shit minus in your highness  
The finest of kickin half  
Honest to god, I'm layin down my card  
It's been hard, for too many years  
Blood sweat and tears

These 3 words  
(Man got somethin to say)  
Blood, sweat, tears  
(MOP Family)  
These 3 words  
(We went to the death, we knew he was dead and gone)  
Blood, sweat, tears  
(We comin all the way from New York City, hear me out)  
These 3 words  
Blood, sweat, tears  
These 3 words  
Blood, sweat, tears

Go head nigga  
A whole lot changed since my brother left  
(I can feel you baby)  
And since my mother's death  
(I can feel you baby)  
But as time past, I could see my life flash  
Leavin the body and there's no breath  
(I can feel ya)  
I chose not to let my beretta swing  
Cause I'm a veteran  
And I'm livin for the better things  
It's cold-hearted B  
Check the majority of blacks  
They slingin crack, livin in poverty  
(True life testament)  
What you gotta do is live what your life give  
And make the best of it  
(Try to see the rest of it)  
Cause you could easily fall victim to these streets  
And death's most definate  
(Blood)  
Is for the brothers that died  
The mothers that cried  
The brothers that tried  
All we do is  
(Sweat)  
Steady puttin to work  
Handling dirt  
Holding your turf  
We all shed  
(Tears)  
For the loved ones  
The thug ones  
And all deceased peers  
And while these other cats play hard  
Im'a praise god  
And thank god that I'm here  
Blood sweat and tears

These 3 words  
(Til the break of dawn)  
Blood, sweat, tears  
(Birella)  
These 3 words  
(Til the break of dawn)  
Blood, sweat, tears  
(21 gun salute)

Ghetto nigga  
Street nigga  
House nigga  
We all niggas  
Black on black crime cause niggas drop dimes  
You put down yours  
But Im'a keep mine  
Im'a keep mine nigga  
Uncle Sam don't drop his shit for nobody  
So nobody gonna take my shit from me  
So while you house niggas is fighting for the limelight  
I be down here with my niggas  
Underground  
Dirty  
Holdin mine

House nigga  
Blood sweat and tears

Blood, sweat, tears  
These 3 words  
Blood, sweat, tears