

Blood In Blood Out

Young Buck

Dis for all dem niggaz out dere jackin
This how we gon' put it down
Dem gangsta niggaz from J.C. center court 12th
3rd Avenue, my block
Nigga, murder murder mayne

I come nake faceded, ain't no need for a ski-mask
From neck down, I'm black down, eye to eye when I blast

No question, I got the code
Now how many bodies out there take out before I reload
Hit 'em below

His fuckin knees
Before we leave, we gon' locate them ki's
A nigga gotta eat, ya heard me?

You know the player when we get there, kill e'rything in there
Leavin no clues, like we never even been there

Life ain't fair, but fuck it it's a new year
I'm grabbin my strap, cockin it back, and boo-yaa
We almost thay-urr

Lock down the spot
Put your vest on punk, we in the parking lot

One of them all day killers, who's hard to spot
Jackin all y'all whether it's dark or not

It's blood in - blood out - and you know what I'm about
I'm ridin high - nigga I'm ridin high
So don't get in if you ain't about it spendin it big
Cause I'm clearin the block - oh I'm clearin the block

We did our job, now we on the next mission
The next victim, go on see if the tec spittin

No bullshittin, see they don't know just how we livin
I'm goin all out, I ain't scared to go to prison

Make your own decision, it's gon' be a long ride
I need the money, I can't wait a long time

Keep a strong mind, cause we done waited in a long line
Just to get our shine on, now it's our time

Believe that, it's our turn
Pull out your weapon to burn, get what you earned

We all must learn, that money is the key to life
And niggaz gon' die if we ain't eatin right

Who you know livin right, ain't nobody spreadin love
Niggaz snown off that white, goin out and sheddin blood

Life lookin like my momma said it would

Whether or not I still ride for the hood, I'm on my block

My niggaz they slang rocks, shoot it out with cops
From J.C. the center court life's hard knocks

Hold on, grab your glock, did you see the car stop?
(Which one?) The black Benz with the top dropped

Fuck 'em, the mac-10 with the infrared dot
Represent how I'm livin, keep on drivin down the block

Oh it's on now, let's take the back route
Get your mac out, it's blood in blood out

Clear the block, shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up
Nuttin but gangsta niggaz - be clearin the block
Ay man, Rizin Sun and Buck