

Blood

Your Old Droog

Name of the song..You ready up there ? Name of the song is..

Blood x3
You're just a parasite sucking..
Blood

Blood
Stop My bread and you gon shed
Blood
Have you in the hospital needing
Blood
On the streets on the snow you'll see
Blood
Nah I ain't a crip or a
Blood
But through the years we dropped tears sweatin'
Blood
In my veins flows ice not
Blood
To be this nice you gotta sacrifice
Blood

Sell your soul like Robert Johnson or something (who that? Who that?)
I'm sort of like an old blues player
Guitar casin' a ride, and I stay with a slide
Dumbed down every lyric, I'm adaptin' (why?)
So it can bump in these hoods that even Eric would get clapped in
Who would've thought you'd see a car passin' blastin' the captain
Droog made it happen with fools that be trappin'
And then jewels get yapped
And them dark blocks is where the crime blind a crew lurk
They'd rather memorize gang codes instead of school work
My troop got jumped and told me it's my turn (what?)
I'm cutting all this class so I won't have to learn
Said you gotta scrap for 3 whole minutes
Son handing me lessons, I gave 'em back like a backwood with a hole in it
Used to cop a bag of gree and have females rolling L's
I ain't talkin' 'bout the magazine
But we ain't pullin' from the same spliff
She might be herped up
I roll my own when I'm lighting that purp up
Pay a goon I just met to kill
So chill Candle and you'll only get a Gil
I got these mad shout techniques from my OG in the ville
(Ayo come here let me talk to you my nigga)
Get still, spill

Blood
Stop My bread and you gon shed
Blood
Have you in the hospital needing
Blood
On the streets on the snow you'll see
Blood
Nah I ain't a crip or a
Blood
But through the years we dropped tears sweatin'

Blood
In my veins flows ice not
Blood
To be this nice you gotta sacrifice
Blood

Gotta practice an illuminati ritual
Won't do it for the skill
But I bet to get rich you will
Kill your own family member for fame
And do more foulness so they remember the name
On the low, your captain never gonna blow
Bout to set it on you, troops wanna know
What happens when you get rocked with a bottle to the side of your head
Blood shed like children in the God bless the dead
I rock a Coogi to the show
But fuck Bill Cosby he never gave me any jellow though
My man Elmo got the beats and elo for the low
Other producers can eat the yellow snow
Saw what i did with potential, that's untapped
While you stuck in that one trap, stuntin'
Puttin' off fourth down they don't wanna snap
Artists got no guns like a blunt rap
We're not from the same mode
I used to come home with bleedin' knuckles and blame it on the cold
Every week I had the studio (blood)
Now I'm on UK and Paris flights, y'all some parasites suckin'

Blood
Stop My bread and you gon shed
Blood
Have you in the hospital needing
Blood
On the streets on the snow you'll see
Blood
Nah I ain't a crip or a
Blood
But through the years we dropped tears sweatin'
Blood
In my veins flows ice not
Blood
To be this nice you gotta sacrifice
Blood