

# Hot Boy\$, Blood Thicker

Turk:

Stickin' together like glue  
Blood is thick so I'm tight  
Swimmin' for my people  
Don't mind losin' my life  
Ridin' or fryin'  
Don't matter nigga I'm real  
All the time  
The red thicker than the clear  
Get in the way  
And you get maced in the face  
50 niggas will chase  
Put a end to yo' day  
Hit yo' set in the black on black  
With Macs  
With red dots on 'em  
Will leave you flat  
Yo' moms with the black on her  
On the front level  
6 ft. is where you be there goes the men with the shovels  
Blood thicker than water  
I'ma keep it like that  
Never turnin' my back  
And I'ma keep it like that  
Much love for my people  
They got love for me  
Outsiders get outta line  
Get burnt up from the heat  
I'ma play it how it go  
Be down to the finish  
Fuck havin' friends cuz friends turn into your enemies

Chorus:

(Juvenile) Load it up slide it in cock it back pop it out.  
Load it up slide it in yall die.  
(Lil Wayne) Load it up slide it in cock it back pop it out.  
CMB226 we all ride.

Baby:

Money and bitches don't mix  
Hoes shit got a lotta niggas fixed  
That's why I stick with blood thicker than water shit  
Me and my brothers split keys  
Get me 18 ounces nigga, and 10 g's  
Ridin' in convertible Rolls Royce with the HB's  
Draped with diamonds and gold hoes love me  
Fuckin' right nigga I raised the B.G.  
That's why I'm a hot boy on these city streets  
Blood thicker than water I know you feel me  
Set trip motherfucker we gon' kill ya  
Change on ya brain  
Lets sneak and then peel ya  
I walk light  
Uptown  
But I still got my ghetto stripes  
I creep and peep  
Keep my hand on my heat  
I ain't gon' let no bitch nigga steal me  
I got a world  
My main hoe pregnant with my lil girl  
I gotta be here to serve her world  
Motherfuck snortin' furl  
Gimme the rap game lil dick suckin' bitch and I'ma stay rich  
But it's yo' world

Guess what Cash Money Records stick together like blood and furl

Juvenile:

It's just me and you all  
I'm with whatever you wanna do all  
Let you floss in my new car  
Pop a nigga for you fall  
We deal with niggas ass together  
Build up all our cash together  
Scored our first bag together  
And stole our first Jag together  
No separation  
No outsiders could come between us  
2 felonies and misdemeaners got a subpoena  
Turnin' state  
The Hot Boy\$ carry they weight  
Any false movin' the case then the fool losin' his face  
????????  
Look what we been  
Though we did it sin  
I'm prepared to do it again  
I ain't lyin'  
My bloodline is 1 of a kind  
Fuck it we all shine  
Look and we all blind  
This shit is turned bad yeah  
You done fucked with my people now I'ma bust ya ass yeah  
Wodie, leave that alone, let that go  
Best to respect my click or check that hoe  
We shine ??  
And wax the floor  
Blood thicker than water don't you ask no mo'

Chorus

Lil Wayne:

Blood thicker  
Water slicker  
And ain't no nigga  
Slick up in my click  
The 226 it consists of tru niggas  
We move ya crew be cool or lose nigga  
Now I dig  
Up in ya blood for my blood  
My click thick  
And you can't separate bloods  
Now when you ride  
Ready to die who you with  
Yo' real family or some niggas you fool with  
Now on you' side, do you really have love  
Boy we click tight stick tight that's blood  
And guess what  
We marchin' a million strong  
Terrorizin' you' section black connection is my home  
Love is the key  
Outsiders can't keep  
14 givin' my whole life to CMB  
I'ma represent it  
Solja rag, Reebok tennis  
Stick to click called 226 to the finish

Blood thicker than water that's why my niggas they harder  
Comin' in that water  
Off top they grab the choppers and chop  
So nigga you better play solo

U get fucked the fuck over  
So don't explain to me nigga  
Talkin' bout shit that I should  
Shut yo' mouth cuz I don't wanna hear it  
Off top that trigger get pulled  
Puttin' yo' head on flat  
Caught slippin' layin' on that back  
Niggaz spotted you creepin'  
Them chopper bullets start releasin'  
Niggas wonderin' why you wet  
They found ya dead in the projects  
Have people cryin' and thankin'  
But yo' body been stankin'  
On the ground 16 holes  
Shot up head to ya toes  
Blood all over ya clothes  
Don't fuck with me no more  
Now they know  
I ain't no hoe  
????  
They backin' up that CMR come up in that water

Chorus