

Lil' O, Bleed

(*talking*)

These niggaz gon bleed, pass me the weed
These niggas gon bleed

(Hook: Big Pokey)

These niggaz gon bleed, I just hit em with that thang and it freeze
Good that I did my deed, so pass me the weed
So I could slay, another MC
These niggaz, ain't fucking with me

(Lil' O)

I represent the born in killers, from the land of the trillest
Drug dealers thug niggaz, who specialize in kidnapping squealers
Gat concealers, drillers for scrilla through outfed gorillas
We bust back with bazookas, just to make sure they feel us
Like Atilla the Hun, killers with guns leaving you numb
Loving nothing, but bitches and funds
Give me your ones, for fun you'll get annihilated
Pull the nickle fine plated, both his eyes dilated
Yeah the Southside made it, how you love that
I know you niggaz hate it, but you can't fuck with that
Lil' O, better known as Fat Rat with the cheese
Triggas squeeze, on all the South's enemies with ease

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil' O)

I hit your block like Jeffrey Dommer, eat a nigga ass up
And what click you claim, I could give a fat fuck
You touch my fast bucks, I'm at your front do'
Quicker than a fast nut, with that blast and that buck
Rob-rob murder-murder, killer cap peeler
Slug feeler hit list, dump a nigga in the ditch hit
You bitches it's bidness, you know I'm saying
So when you see me out the roof, cause you know what I'm spraying
And you know where I'm aiming, I proceed at your toes
And I make my foes fall, like wars at Jericho
Get greedy with calicoes, jaw breakers and body blows
Flying feet to the nose, multiple bullet holes
Like a heroin overdose, or too much cocaine in your nose
I got that heart stopper flow, the chart topper glow
So start with Lil' O, best believe I draw heat
A monster mind shit, bitch it's all about me

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil' O)

Ain't no discussing, we issue concussions for nothing
Redrumming like Russians, hitting boys like percussion for thinking that we bluffing
Cause it ain't nothing, to get these triggas crushing
Niggas rushing for they shit, but it's too late they got hit
Try the glock greeders, certified block bleeders
Heavyweights from Texas state, smuggle top flight cheeba
In the drop top beamer, with a top notch diva
Thugged out diamonds shining, with my hand on my heater
These niggaz act like senioritas, so I slap them all
And I know it breaks your heart, that I'm back to ball
But the fact of it all, is that I still won't stop
From this day forth, the rap game is now locked