

# Young Buck, Blood In Blood Out

(feat. Rizin Sun)

[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 naked faced, ain't no need for a ski-mask  
From neck down, I'm black down, eye to eye when I blast

[Rizin Sun]

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

[Young Buck]

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

[Rizin Sun]

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

[Young Buck]

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

[Rizin Sun]

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

[Young Buck]

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

[Chorus: both 2X]

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

[Rizin Sun]

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

[Young Buck]

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

[Rizin Sun]

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

[Young Buck]

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

[Rizin Sun]

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

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

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

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

[Rizin Sun]  
Life lookin like my momma said it would  
Whether or not I still ride for the hood, I'm on my block

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

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

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

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

[Chorus]

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