

Lil' O, Blood Money

(*talking*)

Ain't no turning back now

A nigga too deep in nigga, I done tasted the fruit nigga

This the story this is it, this how it went down

The autobiography, of the Fat Rat with the cheese

Lil' O, based on a true story

[Lil' O]

I hit the block in fatigue, with these drugs sitting in my asshole

Straight crack cocaine, hundred dollar street value

And we slanging on this spot, if you don't know you bitch we down you

Surround you, seven in your head is how they found you

The dope game done changed us, derange us into demons

We money hungry hustling, from morning to the evening

Finna see things, these boys ain't seen like plenty G's

Trying to get things these boys ain't got, they diamonds rings

Switched it down, a piece and gold chain

And a big body Benz, sitting on thangs

Know what I'm saying, so I got's to let em hang when I hit these streets

Concentrate on holding weight, and work my way to a ki

Stay away from hoe ass niggaz, that's surrounding me G

Cause if you ain't talking balling, you can't be around me

And even though, I'm a young nigga

My nuts hang, like they weigh a fucking ton nigga you understand

[Hook - 2x]

See we never falling all in, young niggaz balling

Got's to get my grind, and I'm stalling

See my money calling, stay paid yiggy-yes y'alling

Cause being a grown nigga, is a prowling

[Lil' O]

Now its two years later, everything is looking fine

Put up the seventeen, now a nigga scoring nine

Keep my bidness to myself, don't need these haters all in mine

You tell these boys your bidness, and they'll have you doing time

Hit the club starched and ironed, clutching on the bank

At the bar like a star, buying all my niggaz dranks

You don't even got to think, you know I got some revenue

Cause I'm piece and chain, POLO Guess doing tennis shoes

Taking pictures for my dog, on lock paying dues

He got five, so he got the Penitentiary blues

And that ain't cool but fool, look at these photos and laugh

Cause I'm posing with bad bitches, with my hands on they ass

Yeah this lifestyle's fast, pray to God I make change

But I'm in it to the death, I can't settle for some change

And it's strange we still hustle, but we know it don't last

But I'm in it to the death, I can't live without the cash

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' O]

My confessions as a changed man, a young adolescent

Now we thug niggaz hustling, counting money and blessings

Learn lessons of the game, I study crooks like books

Boss taught me how to pimp hoes, and cocaine cook

I overlooked the thoughts, of living right

Be consequences, yes indeed I had to pay the price

The confiscation of my freedom, what a sacrifice

Not scared to die, but still I lust forever lasting life

But I ain't crying I'm grinding, can't stop young nigga striving

Planning hostile take overs, power moves and perfect timing

Now my roof's popped up, my bitch bopped up

My pockets overflow, like a toilet stalked up

Picking up niggaz hoes, drop em off knocked up
And if they nigga plex, I leave his chest locked up
I'm coming up, so why these haters talking down on O
Man I bought you boys tampax, you niggaz is hoes

[Hook - 2x]

Bleed the block, bleed the block
Bleed the block, nigga G's and knots
Bleed the block, bleed the block
Bleed the block, nigga we the cops - 2x