

# 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 drinks  
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