

Blood Sweat and Tears

Angels On Acid

Yo, yo cmon son
Yo, they killin' 'em out there, son
They dyin' out there, son, word up
Yo they killin' us, son, Im tellin' you Yall niggas cmon thats my word
Yall better cmon, yo wake up, son
They dyin', son
Yo, cmon nigga, wake up, cmon It took me twenty-four years to figure out
What makes this world go round
Its not man holding ground with dope sound
We gots to ask Why do you feel that a meal can make you ill
When you know that broke bill can still
See right through your plastic ass
Before crack was a sport and we had thoughts of getting busy Before death left and fame had his way
The town Brownsville, the place, the ill
Follow the trail of fresh blood drips
Youll end up on my bricks The marks, home of the warrior thrown home
Our true thugs thats dead and gone
In the hills most effective chrome
Return to these graves Showin' youngsters what Im facin'
'Cause we had trouble
We been strugglin' since single shot gauges
Thats straight ghetto bad luck But, I done passed up more shit
Than you may ever touch
What, we on sacred grounds
Without the guidance of our fathers All we know is how to double clutch revolvers
Me and my own staff flaunt a different path
Im tryin' to dip shit minus in your highness
The finest of kickin' half Honest to god, Im layin' down my card
Its been hard, for too many years
Blood sweat and tears These three words
(Man, got somethin' to say)
Blood, sweat, tears
(Mop family) These three words
(We went to the death, we knew he was dead and gone)
Blood, sweat, tears
(We comin' all the way from New York City, hear me out) These three words
Blood, sweat, tears
These three words
Blood, sweat, tears Go head nigga

A whole lot changed since my brother left
(I can feel you, baby)
And since my mothers death
(I can feel you, baby)But as time past, I could see my life flash
Leavin' the body and theres no breath
(I can feel ya)
I chose not to let my Biretta swing'Cause Im a veteran
And Im livin' for the better things
Its cold-hearted B
Check the majority of blacks
They slingin' crack, livin' in poverty
(True life testament)What you gotta do is live what your life give
And make the best of it
(Try to see the rest of it)
'Cause you could easily fall victim to these streets
And deaths most definite
(Blood)Is for the brothers that died
The mothers that cried
The brothers that tried
All we do is
(Sweat)Steady, puttin' to work
Handling dirt, holding your turf
We all shed for the loved ones
(Tears)
The thug ones and all deceased peersAnd while these other cats play hard
I'ma praise God
And thank God that Im here
Blood sweat and tearsThese three words
(Till the break of dawn)
Blood, sweat, tears
(Birella)These three words
(Till the break of dawn)
Blood, sweat, tears
(Twenty-one gun salute)Ghetto nigga, street nigga
House nigga, we all niggas
Black on black crime cause niggas drop dimes
You put down yours but I'ma keep mine
I'ma keep mine niggaUncle Sam dont drop his shit for nobody
So nobody gonna take my shit from me
So while you house niggas is fighting for the limelight
I be down here with my niggasUnderground, dirty
Holdin' mine, house nigga
Blood sweat and tearsBlood, sweat, tears
These three words
Blood, sweat, tears

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