I'm Blooded

Lil' Wayne

[Intro]Py till I die
Just because!
Py till I die
Pyru
B's up
Bitch I'm me

[Chorus]Young Money is the label
Let us in the door, coming in this bitch all red to the floor
And I'm Blooded, soo woo
And I'm Blooded, soo woo
I got Bloods on stage, Bloods at my shows
Fuck with my Bloods, got blood on your clothes
And I'm Blooded, soo woo
And I'm Blooded soo woo
[Verse 1]Once again it's on, yeah I'm back in the booth
Stand at the top like a tack in the roof
Still on these hoes like a mack in a suit
Still on my toes not a crack in my shoe
Rappers talking about me but I don't give a hoot
These niggas still lying I'm the motherfucking truth
Talk tough till I knock off your koufe
And I own my team, I'm like a Maloof
They hating on me, I'm just trying to be Weezy
Just like Young Jeezy in a Lamborghini
Smoked out my mind baby and now I'm seeing 3D
Dope boy fresh from my fitted to my DC's
All red, so these hoes know who we be
We B's, Bloods, we B's
Pop, pop flow, y'all niggas sweet peas
Getting high on a yacht, call it sea weed

[Chorus][Verse 2]Yeah, I advance my flow, and they must like that
They like it so much, they say they write that
Barking at the dog, but I don't bite back
I ain't CPR, I ain't bringing they life back
Bad CPR, bad bitch on a bike back
Skittles on my wrist, yeah nigga the bright pack

I'ma shine, I live where the light at
Air Force fly, call me a night jet
Brand new coupe, same color as the sky
The dash same too, y'all know I'm going to try
Cop pull me over, y'all know I'm going to lie
They go up in my trunk, y'all know I'm going to fry
Them niggas throwing salt all over my fries
So I'ma just walk all over them guys
Niggas throwing darts, never hit the bull's-eye
Young Money bitch, New Orleans, Eastside

[Chorus][Verse 3]Yeah, been around the world rep the same thing
Been around the world it's the same gang
B's up, B's up, flame gang, blat, blat, blat, blat, bang, bang
I told my homie Streetz you can't sleep on life
So he popped an X pill and didn't sleep all night
I ain't worried about you, I'm just trying do me
Last album did two, I'm just trying do three
I am what every pair of eyes ought to see
Bitches wish they could just call and order me
My momma used to tell me "Get a 9 to 5"
Cash Money made her say "Never mind I'm fine"
[Chorus]

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