

Life Liquid

Canibus

Blood spillin' in the streets, the what?
Blood spillin' in the streets
Blood spillin' in the streets, the what?
Blood spillin' in the streets Aiyyo wit two precise niggaz, holdin' the right biscuits
There'll be a lot of cats leakin' out they life liquid
Niggaz who actin' hard this ain't Columbia Pictures
When we throw two in yo' ass while you huggin' on your mistress From Philly, where cats quick to mute you at
Cuckoo cats, twist back your FUBU cap
Crucial black, two chicks to screw you at
Then they shove a pool stick where you doo doo at While you checkin' on your pagers, weapons in your faces
Shot blazin', cops section off the pavement
Hoppin' out with gauges, prepare for the occasion
We throw about eight in, the house that you was raised in Mouthin' off fakin' ll make you a loud patient
Ach in', with your arms in a alcohol basin
And while your brain's achin' I'ma have your dame slavin'
Cocaine and apron, over a flame bakin' Niggaz take it for granted until they layin' dead on the granite
Innocent bystanders get shot by standin'
Y'all better duck when you hear the cannon or y'all be checkin' for leaks
Niggas'll leave your blood spillin' in the streets Niggaz take it for granted until they layin' dead on the granite
Innocent bystanders get shot by standin'
Y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon, now you layin' deceased
Niggas'll leave your blood spillin' in the streets Can you feel it? Nothin' can save ya
'Cause this is the season of the infrared laser
And since I got time, what I'm gonna do
Is show you how you can get spotted by one too 'Cause I don't give a fuck, I just cock back and bust
With more arms than an octopus, as if one gun wasn't enough
I fuck around and pull eight out
Blast your face off or blow your brains out
Nigga, I'll leave you laid out Then I pull the gat in my waist out, put it in your mouth
And keep squeezin' 'til the whole clip is sprayed out
Take the gun in my ankle brace out, shoot you in the stomach
Till I see the last meal you ate drain out Your face look spaced out, I gut you like a trout
Scream my name out while I'm scrapin' your rib cage out
Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of Windex
Bullets buzzin' by your head like insects From your head to your mid-sec'
And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or your dick yet
Your masculinity is questionable, you probably a homosexual
Just the thought of havin' a woman lay next to you probably threatens you You probably look at grapes and see
testicles

You probably fantasize about vegetables
 Like cucumbers and bananas havin' sex with you
 And you probably let gerbils crawl up your rectum too
 Shame on you, I defecate on you and simultaneously
 urinate on you
 And pour some acid rain on you
 I stop your heartbeat with heat
 You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin' in the street
 Niggaz take it for granted until they layin' dead on the
 granite
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 Ayyo Journalist what you workin' with?
 Old school burners with
 Barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit
 What you holdin' Canibus? 30 bullet banana clips
 Just to handle the kick I gotta glue it to my hands and shit
 We got permits to murder shit
 We critically injure niggaz who deserve the shit, put 'em in a tourniquet
 Bomb proof Suburbans with tractor-
 tread tires
 So we can ride through the dirt with it, drive over curbs with it
 Merc in it, even over slippery surfaces we can swerve in it
 And crash into niggaz who don't deserve they shit
 Try stoppin' the dudes, you gotta be bruised
 Cockin' the tools that knock you out your socks and your shoes
 We'll leave you shoe less and keep shootin'
 Look how much life liquid you losin', you need a blood transfusion
 In the back of a medic truck, shots in your neck and gut
 While we holdin' our weapons up, I'm still reppin' Philly, what?
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 (The what?)
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 (The what?)
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 The what?

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