

Bloody Money

Capone-N-Noreaga

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

New York get the bloody money, dirty cash
Live niggas who smoke weed, car seat stash
You monkey walk, I'm hunchback, sneak quiet
Talk about me gossip, scared to death when I pop up I'm fouler than gats that don't bust when they supposed to
Been around you, play close, but wasn't close to you
The setup was weak, you coming
I saw you cuttin' corners, snake-type shit
Tie you up, seal your lip, wrist bleeding
Cowboy rope, choke your throat
Put the bogey out in your face
Now your face laced like ash tray face Stay with gat on my waist
Give the God some space, shoot you up above waist
If I ain't got beef right here or right there
Ice-grill stare, shoulda set it off right, it off right there
CNN war report spread across New York
Guard him Indian style, knees bent, militant
Yo, the world know Noreaga from Iraq
Beef with me serious, keep it real, that's that
Get stabbed in your back, my man Alley Cat Little cousin from Jamaica, brown-skin thug
Thug blood, yo, we stuck in the game like it's a drug
My pops was a thug nigga, was on the streets too
Uncle Wise been banned since '82
Back on the streets, a hundred seven got brew
I see you, come see you, writing scrolls
(Writing scrolls)
To the rest of the fam, locked in holes At age eight, money come first, snatch purse
Go to church, yo, that's not me, mami, I'm cursed
Iblis glamorous, diabolic, devilish, this game real, realer than you think
Just think, spots get rushed, knots get touched, police busts
Yo, what happened? Police kicked door, yo, he was rappin'
Your wife, what? What? What? What? Dressed indecent
A hundred crackers, son, it's the one-ten precinct New York get the bloody money, dirty cash

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 Talk about me gossip, scared to death when I pop upYo, time zone, cabron, madicon
 Bitches callin' me up, tryin' to set me up
 Like Amina and Gina, kid they from Medina
 Emanuel, keep fish scale to sell
 General, clique deep with cartel
 When niggas get locked, who you think they call for bail?
 Shorty legs mad smooth, son, I'm left struck
 Pussy plus dick could only equal a fuckFatty bangin', she analyze, my chain hangin'
 We waitin, conversatin', Iblis Satan
 Illegal life, watch police on bikes
 Life still in shame, they monkey wrenched the whole game
 A stress day, police watch the twelve "K"
 While I smoked shorty sipped chardonnay
 I lay, lay back, cognac
 And I don't even drink like that, I sell crackYo, my ices gleam, type mean, sell to fiends
 Shoot guns, parallel
 Pistal, bust well
 (Pistol)
 Kid whatever, desert storm like bad weather
 Clique together, keep gats under the leather
 You lightweight, what? I'm heavyweight hold weight
 Yo, it's jail niggas comin' home taking a shit
 Yo, illegal business, them niggas got dealt witGot smoked, God body cat, he sniff coke
 Yo, he's old time, thinkin' 'bout drinkin' his wine
 Regulatin' 9-9, get my crew out, survive shootout
 Tactics, keep gats under the mattress
 Player hater, my team a bunch of regulator
 Set you up, you won't make it to the elevator
 You never been to jail, I'm jail seen
 Niggas seen, me in jail since thirteen, shooting up scenes
 [Unverified]
 Real niggas take creamNew York get the bloody money, dirty cash
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