

Bloody 'Em Up

Natas

Yeah man
I'm out here
Stackin' my paper
All the way to the end
Fuck that, I ain't got no friends
My friends is killa, nigga
If you gettin' money
Yeah I'm gettin' money
Bloody 'em up
What 'chu doin' out here?
Step in my way
Tryin' to get some papers, tryin' to get some scribble
I don't know what 'chu doin'
But you know what?
Check this out, I got a question for ya
Tell me if you really gettin' money to blow
Keepin' it low
Takin' it slow
Ownin' the flow
Drowsy off the drow
Ain't been a rappa like me since 2Pac signed with death row
I'm all about my cash
Papers stuffed in my stash
Police chase, burn, lie, crash
In my car goin' fast
If you really gettin' money throw them bills in the air
And tell them playa hatin' bitches that ya just don't care
Get ya money, get ya cheese, get ya snaps whateva
Work the skirp until it hurt, puttin' work on whoeva
Wheneva it's all about the cheese
Never had to take the squeeze
Tried to put these bitches down to they knees
Bitch please
If ya talkin' bout stoppin' my cheese
I shoot MC
And kill all my enemies
I stay on a set in the summa, never rest in the winta
I'm tryna get fool proof breakfast and dinna
I'm that greedy nigga, ya need me nigga

To make ya see figures
D-A-M-E niggas
It's hell in the ghetto but I'm a God in the streets
I love and hate this game, it's bittersweet
Ya need to know the niggas to fuck with
All my money makas like to get up off it, fuck it
Tell me if you really got those bricks to flip
The form with the chip
The heat on ya hip
The blunt in ya lip
Two o's on ya whip
Wanted in chamba for danga if a stranga trip
Keepin' a extra clip to spit, red rum I sip
Bloody ya ass up for bringin' the bullshit
Unloaded the full clip, pull quick then hit
Mash off, smash off, CD still don't skip
Bump this in ya trunk to motivate ya
I'm on some kickin' in shit fo' the paper
This time it's wicked
High grind to get it
Mastamind, don't let me get Tech 9 wit it
Don't make me bloody 'em up
Is he a dummy or what?
Stack it, wrap it and bundle it up
Hey yo hold tight
I'm shootin' muthafuckas on sight
I make 'em scream, make 'em seem like the muthafuckin' skylight
Mo' serious than a mone bite
Beat yo ass with a mic
Would it be like?
From Detroit, the Crown Heights
Whereever I go I carry the pipe
Whetha you're black or white
I smoke yo ass, fuck a fist fight

Lyrics submitted by esswun.

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