

Bloodsport

Official Secrets Act

Turn them headphones up, yeah
To my man Nigga-No, yo, Killa Bee, no doubt
I kick that progress and to that dumb nigga God bless
I know you can't sleep or rest behind that bullshit
Now you rock the best, scared to death while you walkin'
Fuckin' up the talkin', we straight up, New Yorkin'
We blowin' niggas, heart attack stroking niggas
Provoking niggas, shittin' all over niggas
You rollin' thick but sure the Mobb rollin' thicker
Get that liquor, turn your back ice pick ya but fuck that
Stickin' with the gat is quicker
Scared to come around my corner, you ass nigga
Do a jaw way all day fake shit
What you gonna do outta town, play bitch
And run like a faggot switch take the whole shit
And show the world, don't sweat it, baby girl
I gotta hem and pull the gat like a stem
You all fucked up like a off beat blend
I send message that you couldn't read clear
Try to play the front but you got stuck in the rear
Take it as a letter but I'm not sincere
Yo, this ain't rap, it's bloodsport
Your life cut short, you fell short
Pressure's on high, full court
My team form killer instincts and fire arms
Dangerous stuff mine's brainstorm wars
A life of a wild rebel, who run wild
Clik, nigga, lay down, fool, stay down
Appear, disappear, a hydro cloud
While you running at the mouth a hundred miles, I'm out
Mobb Deep style from the depths of Hempstead get ninja'd
I creep quiet, keep the live nigga inchin'
Listen, who are you to throw your fist in?
Hit like a bitch, run like a faggot an take the whole shit
That's it, I had to pass here with shit
It's time for show time, let's see how deep things get
You want to talk tough and get all delinquent
You find yourself all bloodied up and shamed
Me and my man pioneered this violent nigga rap shit

Bust a gat, give me no fear of that, I'm laughin'
What's up there? Let's take you there and touch something
I'm a maniac, brainiac, fanatic at that
Capable of combat, P counterattack
In some hot wheels, sendin' shots out the back
It was a foul way to go, Kicko, you know the ropes so
Bloodsport, motherfucker
Ayyo, the rockweiler, chew in chew out ass niggas
Pull 'em on your collar and let the lights dimmin'
And you'll be swimmin' in a puddle of reality, juice fatality too
This rap is the bitch, you shouldn't marry the two
To the set of prenumtual, got paid in too comfortable
It's all good, we don't want to humble
And while you shinin' in the spotlight, I got this dot right
The aimed right a stoplight, the trife life, ain't no part two's
When it's over it's over, you hit, now, send your soldierly stool
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Nigga, bloodsport

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