

Blood Sweat and Tears

M.O.P.

Yo, yo cmon son

Yo, they killin' 'em out there, son

They dyin' out there, son, word up

Yo they killin' us, son, Im tellin' youYall niggas cmon thats my word

Yall better cmon, yo wake up, son

They dyin', son

Yo, cmon nigga, wake up, cmonIt took me twenty-four years to figure out

What makes this world go round

Its not man holding ground with dope sound

We gots to askWhy do you feel that a meal can make you ill

When you know that broke bill can still

See right through your plastic ass

Before crack was a sport and we had thoughts of getting busyBefore death left and fame had his way

The town Brownsville, the place, the ill

Follow the trail of fresh blood drips

Youll end up on my bricksThe marks, home of the warrior thrown home

Our true thugs thats dead and gone

In the hills most effective chrome

Return to these gravesShowin' youngsters what Im facin'

'Cause we had trouble

We been strugglin' since single shot gauges

Thats straight ghetto bad luckBut, I done passed up more shit

Than you may ever touch

What, we on sacred grounds

Without the guidance of our fathersAll we know is how to double clutch revolvers

Me and my own staff flaunt a different path

Im tryin' to dip shit minus in your highness

The finest of kickin' halfHonest to god, Im layin' down my card

Its been hard, for too many years

Blood sweat and tearsThese three words

(Man, got somethin' to say)

Blood, sweat, tears

(Mop family)These three words

(We went to the death, we knew he was dead and gone)

Blood, sweat, tears

(We comin' all the way from New York City, hear me out)These three words

Blood, sweat, tears

These three words

Blood, sweat, tearsGo head nigga

A whole lot changed since my brother left
(I can feel you, baby)
And since my mothers death
(I can feel you, baby)But as time past, I could see my life flash
Leavin' the body and theres no breath
(I can feel ya)
I chose not to let my Biretta swing'Cause Im a veteran
And Im livin' for the better things
Its cold-hearted B
Check the majority of blacks
They slingin' crack, livin' in poverty
(True life testament)What you gotta do is live what your life give
And make the best of it
(Try to see the rest of it)
'Cause you could easily fall victim to these streets
And deaths most definite
(Blood)Is for the brothers that died
The mothers that cried
The brothers that tried
All we do is
(Sweat)Steady, puttin' to work
Handling dirt, holding your turf
We all shed for the loved ones
(Tears)

The thug ones and all deceased peersAnd while these other cats play hard
I'ma praise God
And thank God that Im here
Blood sweat and tearsThese three words
(Till the break of dawn)
Blood, sweat, tears
(Birella)These three words
(Till the break of dawn)
Blood, sweat, tears
(Twenty-one gun salute)Ghetto nigga, street nigga
House nigga, we all niggas
Black on black crime cause niggas drop dimes
You put down yours but I'ma keep mine
I'ma keep mine niggaUncle Sam dont drop his shit for nobody
So nobody gonna take my shit from me
So while you house niggas is fighting for the limelight
I be down here with my niggasUnderground, dirty
Holdin' mine, house nigga
Blood sweat and tearsBlood, sweat, tears
These three words
Blood, sweat, tears

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