

# 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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