

Bloodflow

Bawal Clan

Where you wanna go muhfuckah?
Where you gonna run muhhfuckah?
Where you gonna hide muhhhfuckah?
I see you all the time muhhhhfuckah!
We on the same grind, not same vibe
You wanna see me, we can FaceTime
You rappers wanna sleep, you can lay down
Why you talking over beats like it's 8 mile?
I can even go mumble like a brainchild
I don't wanna cause trouble, I'm an angel
But I'm shitting on you chickens like it's kung pao
So what you saying now?
Do you really wanna hate now?
What you really wanna say now?
You can say it to my face now
Tito Cool in the place now
Kuya Chris hit the weights now
MNL\$ put your face down
I bang 63 with the Bawal
I need a 16 for the song now
Instrumental by Z playing so loud
My soul so free make the team proud
Gimme 100, 000 with a big crowd
We can keep 'em on they feet while geek out
I can sip my ice tea while the suns out
Someone bust a freestyle...

Flippin da top oh nah (ey ey)
Ain't tryna force it I'm billin
I'm feelin da vibe oh hah (ha ha)
Imo be steppin real quick wid the fiyah
Like Diego, water on flame oh
What can I say hoe?
Willin and able
Mold it like play dough
Turnin that clay gold

I been makin money on da low
If you ain't talkin bout no money
Bitch I gotta go (ha! hah! ha! ugh!)
You ain't got no money, got no load
I got big fat stacks up on my clothes
I been makin money on da low
If you ain't talkin money I gotta go
(Ha! hah! ha! ugh!)
You ain't got no money, got no load
I got big fat stacks up on my clothes

I'm pacing, I'm pacing, I'm pacing
Running back and forth it feel like I'm racing yeah
Been patient, been patient, been patient
Time to drop all of these bombs I've been waiting
You try to read me can't figure my move
I've been warming up now on fire in my groove
You can try ducking and ducking and ducking
But I can still see you you're it you the goose ugh
Can't touch me though you cannot catch me (no)

You judging me you better let me know
No grudges cause I've learned to let it go
No time for distractions no petty hoe (hoe, hoe)
Count that, take that, flip that, run it back, run it back
Get it, spend it, get it, make it stack, make it stack

Big. fat. stacks up on my clothes
Ain't got no time to fuck around with hoes
Stay sharp on these blocks
Stay on yo toes
Aimin at the top
And on yo soul
Better not fuck wimmy elements
I'll let it go
Sell a bit, hella lit
I let it go out at da door
Flexin I'm rockin this shit you can't buy at da sto'
Whippin' a brick
I might make a million on da road