

Niggas Bleed

Tony Yayo

Uh...
Yeah!
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Yeah!
Uh...
John Dillinger shit.

Niggas in the hood wanna see my cars on flat beds ('ey, man!)
It's a recession, sellin' that crack dead! (YEAH!)
Niggas sellin' super sour and bionic blue, And got Superman powers when them
straps new. (sh-sh!)
New Corvette lookin' like a Transformer (BROOOM!)
No seatbelt; screamin' on my damn lawyer. (FUCK YOU!)
Damn, I'm knee deep in the projects, (projects)
And Hollywood ain't acceptin' no nigga from the projects!
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And Hollywood ain't acceptin' no nigga from the projects!
Gucci bandana, (uh-huh!)
And Feds wanna target my combos with their antennas! (FUCK Y'ALL!)
Headshot to the [?], my man got banged up (stop that!)
From a lil' nigga that he smacked up in grade school. (you a pussy nigga!)
On the mall, on the arm without no diamonds
My jeans 800 with the carriage horse on it. (I ain't lyin'!)
I'm in combo with Joey in Bed-Stuy
Twitter that "L-O-L", holla back EastSide! (sh-sh!)
I cook cocaine like Sue-flay an'
I break a brick with my head like a sensei. (HIIYAAHHH!)
You a half-a-million Moissanites. (ha!)
Put a diamond-tester on that, all you see is red lights. (damn!)
I got it back, bought it back from the BX
My crib bitch from Flatbush, she rep' the [?].
Gang shit gettin' worse on the streets
Niggas cold blooded, shoot-up, you hurts on the streets. (BLAAAAAT!)

Like us!
Yeah!
Niggas bleed just like us...
Niggas bleed just like us,
Picture me bein' scared of a rapper at the same awards as me.
Hahahh!
Rest In Peace to B.I.G.!
"Public Enemies", nigga!