

# The Crystal Method F/ Ozzy Osbourne, DMX % Ol' Dir "Bloody Money Pt. 2"

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intro: Noreaga talking

[Noreaga]

Yo, New Orleans, LA, Va to Queens, I-95, where we  
never drive clean  
But good, gotta get out the hood, to really make it, now  
we kick it  
Until our whole team'll take it to another level, another  
Rolie wit  
Another bezel, like war against God against another  
devil  
Sustainin, now we rim Moschino, niggaz say we taped  
it, switched it  
Now it's Cristal, instead of Mystic, Jose, catch me wit a  
pigeon and  
A gold biscuit, gettin mad lifted, let me find out, it's  
sellin dimes  
Out my crack house, yeah that's crashed out, let me  
catch that  
Just like Stackhouse, kick ya back out, have you mad  
vexed  
Like you did your whole bid, but didn't max out, yo Jose  
is  
In other words courageous, from South Carolina to D.C.  
Yo the NC in Atlanta like Montana, comin out the airport  
wit the hammer  
Motherfucker, smoke more weed than Chris Tucker, in  
Friday  
When he treated Worm like a sucker, in three ways  
Sell a whole key in three days, the way I know the crack  
game'll have you  
amazed  
In the ill days, yo I drink Lectaid, Jose is sayin chulo,  
like Menegay  
South side lost royal and royal, grand royale in Ohio,  
Cincinnati, Minnesota  
Yo from Philly to Connecticut, got niggaz settin in, all  
predicate  
Like this rap game is pregnant, N-O-R-E, Nore  
Stand for Niggaz On the Run Eatin, no matter if they

still treatin

The object of the game is just to stay leavin, hit me on  
the Nokio

Let me know if you still breathin, top grenade, ice it up,  
cop pies, slice it

up

You really think you nice enough, fuck around wit Trice  
Allah

Even seekin scrolls until your world fall in, to my niggaz  
gettin they props

Where they supposed to've been, don't rush, take your  
time

The best come to those who wait, like Heinz, they be  
ketchup and spoil your

keg

Aiyyo it's I-95, wit my niggaz lost faith, wha!

Chorus 2x: Nas (Noreaga)

Blood money (That's what this life lead to)

Blood money (That's how my niggaz bleed to)

Blood money (That's what we smoke weed to)

Blood money (That's how my niggaz eat to)

[Nature]

Aiyyo, eatin from the same plate, and drinkin from the  
same cup

Whoever thought that some much would have to  
change

I went to games as a Knicks fan, they had Strickland,  
they traded him

Ever since then, son, I hated them, shit's turnin sour in  
the N-Y

Half the team hurt, still niggaz get high and rock  
Queens shirts

Feinds on the block know me for holdin b's work

Seein chips poppin up in European whips, exceed the  
speed limit

Tinted up and weed scented, treatin life like the auto  
bomb, never slow up

I'm gettin head for being young and vulgar, fly gifted

Y'all niggaz die over bitch shit, I got some hoes in the  
law gettin high

Like Rik Smits, born hypocrit, every now and then be on  
some different shit

Switch directions, my bad, quick disception

My first love is for bloody money so skip the extras

Chorus

[Nas]

Now what's a don?, a nigga that's a thug wit a charm,  
always on point  
As soon as he's on, his goons'll respond, he move right  
and fear losin his  
life  
Mad dime, but never could fit the shoes of his wife  
You could tell by the finger nails, clean, hair diced up,  
every four days  
A weekly routine, where he lived, stay out the hood,  
fuck what a nigga say  
Out for blood, but yo, lustin the dough, he see snake  
smile for way  
In the same garden he play, but a true don'll get his  
proper groove on  
He tell the truth even when he lies, give you a fake  
name  
Even though his name is Nas, god body, and wide  
body, rumble for five  
To the S-Class, six niggaz, double your size, either  
come wit a plan  
To make it happen, cuz sellin weight or rappin, we still  
trapped in a slave  
mine  
And keep the crackers laughin  
(That's what this life lead to)  
Chorus

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