

Comsat Angels

"Blood Line"

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{ Magic talking }

In these motherfuckin streets we niggaz learn we call
survive

When you beefin you don't kill the breeders you kill the
fuckin beefers

{ Chorus } x2

We killing off your blood line

{ Magic }

Blocka Blocka

You done fucked with the wrong niggaz feelin me
Partna

{ Hollowway }

In approximately 5 fucking seconds there's gone be
blood shed

You done crossed the wrong nigga

that's why this 45's pressed against yo fo'head

I'm knottie dread I'll fill you with lead for tryin to push
me

So it's bye bye mista bad guy you fucked for playin
pussy

I heard life was like a box of chocolates you never know
what you gone get

Well this time you get the fuckin slug in ya bitch

I'm Hollowway GC's the Commission causin havoc

Ready to go to war side by side wit Mr. Magic

Toss the plastic and watch me cock the hammer back

Each one of these bullets gon put a member of yo
family on the mat

You dyin for tryin to shine is it personal you bets ta bet

I promise this not a threat I'm gon leave yo blood line
wet

{ Chorus } x2

{ Valario }

I was told that mobsta's don't live a short time (tic tic
tic)

So if a nigga disrespect my mind

It's best I kill off his whole blood line
Can't have no 9-year old growin up retaliatin on me
Sendin his killas after me
Puttin a 100 g's out on me
I say fuck that kill off his whole motherfuckin fam'
From his momma to his daddy from his cousin to 'is
aunt
From his lady to his baby I don't ball up my fist I put out
hits
You crossed the wrong niggaz so I ?????? fuck clean
over brotha and sis
Like this in the type of business I'm in
I can't be losin my fuckin head
To a nigga next to kin
So I flat lined the whole blood line every livin relative
Gots to go when you fuck wit Valario

{Spade}

I gots to X your whole blood line BITCH
Grave digga dig the ditch cause I'm pissed
so I got to handle this dismantle this BITCH
I can feel when you around cause my trigga finger itch
Empty my clip on yo whole click BITCH
You shot my house up I can't believe THIS
Shit time for foolishness
I want 'em all from the small to the tall
Blind to bald
Great Grandma's, Aunties, in-laws and all
They gots to fall
Kill 'em all in they sleep
Bring yellow tape and white sheets
I'm gon visit yo peeps
So call the coroner
Cause Spade done lost his fuckin mind
Since you fucked wit mine I gotta cut yo blood line

{Chorus}x2

{Magic}

I'm lookin fo yo momma to make sure she don't
produce no mo
And I want your daddy so I can fuck him wit the barrel
of my 4-4
Got such a pretty lil sista she gon scream my name
Please forgive for this act but your son is to blame
He crossed the wrong mothafuckas when he crossed
the Commission
You betta kiss 'em and tell 'em bye bye and I know you
gon miss 'em
This ain't a robbery it's personal
Now take that mothafucka from Hollowway and Valario

Special request from my nigga Spade
He want a picture of the blood flowin from yo head
I scare the biggest and the baddest
Step up my nigga see if you can handle this
Before I leave I scream Mr. FUCKIN MAGIC
And scratch off in my Navigator laughing (HA HA)

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