

Bloodshed

"Bluntz & Bakakeemis"

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{Yogi}

Aiyo I used to roll 30 deep thru the Boogie Down
Now it's just me, my tech and like 30 rounds
Plus the Rhythim Blunt stuck up, mutha uck
(The Might Ha: Hit him the head Voo)
Word to Uncle Buck

{Antionette}

Aiyo, bring up ya weight, make moves state to state
No debate, Antionette's been hot since '88
What? Niggas floss since I made Who's The Boss
Big Yog, had the stove, now the Holocaust is mad
drama
Mad scama, drinkin Bahama mammas,
eatin niggas up like Jeffrey Dhama
Illegal self dirty cats, niggas duckin down from the
claps
No shorts, no acts
Sittin pretty like Frank Nitty, forgive me
New York shit is in me, mad love for my city
All hail the Queen of the C.R.U.
My peeps call me too, they killin till I'm thru
Get hit between the eye like Moe Green with the shit
that ya fiend
Hold the scars up with Mabeline, check the seed
Young dums laced impressed me, but how I get the
lex with the she
Aiyo I used to be shy, but now I speak my mind
I used to pack eights, but now I pack a nine
I used to be the girl known for dissin MC Lyte
But now that shit is squashed and everything's allright
I used to be a female that was straight up hardcore
Flipped R&B just to hit the dance floor
Figured out quick that's as soft as I can get
But now I'm back and harder than a dick

{Tracey Lee}

Shit is sick, so hit ahead nigga
No run of the mill nigga, but a real nigga
With flows wetter than gold diggers
I flow niggas like Frank Glims the name list

L-Rocks, for all the changes
But the game with the game flow
Playin to Pakistan
Last of the real premiere nigga with the mass appeal
Niggas know the fact, that I got mad skills then Hova
Mic like a rover, R.N.F. for life, I told ya
I set off like the bridge is over
A wild nigga who be killin more cats than Villanova
Hittin in ease with lyrical styles open willies
Than sippin on fifth sarilly, in the sixth under series
You know the staff with me, is suppose to blast with me
& bullshit
That comes out of the mic, from studio pulls to pull
pitts
With full clips, get devoured like that
Count stacks, and house niggas with the power like
snaps
Rollin hard deep, to weak niggas who wanna start beef
Me and the Cru, this how we do it in the East,
muthafucka

{Chadeeo}

Now let me tell ya niggas, what's really goin on
Lyrical tornados, hurned and brainstormed
But I flows for now, and gunfire later
Leave a hole in you the size of a crater
Rape paper chase, got lives gettin erased
Now I grab mics, plugged them in front of my face
Represent Cru, with rhymes or gunsparks
Whatever it takes nigga, till death do us part

{Jim Hydro}

When my Cru be comin thru, ya better recognize
You don't know the steez, then analyze
Niggas be playin, so if they want flag
We hit the tags, and the black R rags
I got the steel, to keep it real
Stayin strapped, with the gats
Puerto Ricans and blacks, we heat sacks and bluntz yes
I know
One to the two to the Jim Hydro

{Chadeeo}

Bringin it down a level on the lay back side
This chaz attitude is a Jeckel & Hyde
With no matter what, you step up
Aiyo my wild side, will have to arrupt

{Yogi}

Cuz we comin equip with the loaded Bronx Bomber
Ya wanna step up better wear a suit of armor

And the bulletproof vest, if you try to see me
The Rhythim Blunt a smoke ya then grab a Bakakeemi

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