

## Claps Donald

### "Make'm Bleed"

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[Silkk]

Huh, what!

These niggas have got me so and so.

Shit they can't get out of.

Man, shit.

Picture I got my niggas Gambinos.

Serv-On, Fiend.

The whole No Limit niggas behind me.

This ain't about no rappin no more.

Fuck that.

Why yall wanna start with us?

Fuck a rap, fuck a rhyme nigga, fuck a dollar.

I gots to get a nigga now.

This ain't no motherfuckin threat.

This some real shit bitch.

I'm military minded, motherfuckin livin the life of a  
soldier

I gots to eat, now picture streets keep a nigga like me  
rollin

So yall done fuck with my dollars now I gotta take off  
my suit and my tie

Bitch every nigga that fuck with my click, automatically  
them niggas

goin have to die

They done fuck with my dogs and I gotta break jaws  
like I break laws

Got them niggas all fucked up havin them have to sip  
through a straw

Walk up to his casket nigga laughing, put a slug up in  
his jacket

Tell him if I ever see him again even if it's hell, I think  
about it

started blasting

Oh they don't know, but I bet they goin know now

When I get to bust niggas duck, ??????????

The rubbers still there, then they confined to a  
wheelchair

Is he asleep, wakin him up, remember me

I go to war

[C-Murder]

I make em bleed nigga  
Nigga what nigga  
Make em bleed nigga  
Nigga what  
Watch my enemies bleed nigga  
Make em bleed nigga  
Make my enemies bleed  
Watch em bleed nigga  
What nigga what  
Make em bleed nigga  
Hm, watch my enemies bleed nigga  
Watch em bleed

[Fiend]

??????, womp womp  
Them bullets that ricochet have them niggas chomp  
chomp  
And that goes for anybody that wanna do sumpn  
sumpn  
Aint no almost dyin for nothing  
No lying or bluffin boy, I'm high and I'm dumpin niggas  
Soldiers prepare for war and rest in peace  
??????, so run up the streets  
Showin up for heat, makin it hot until it burns  
Steady combat for sure it better to learn  
Capital F-I E-N last letter D  
Aint no nigga out here goin up and wetter me  
Fiend, Silkk The Shocker, Gambinos and Mr. Serv  
Smokin away our nerves, compressions and by the bird  
You ain't heard, on the one seven them niggas do dirt  
And I bet my serve occur yall felt my every word  
When I observe love to see you coppers solve me  
Remember I see murder before murder done saw me

[Mr. Serv-On]

Now motherfucker ask yourself, do you want your  
motherfuckin life to  
be fair  
I didn't think so, when I close my eyes and crush my  
tank  
You better pray to your favorite saint that I'm shooting  
blanks  
Sorry for you, that ain't possible  
Cause when Pheno get Gotti to go to war to be between  
us nigga, it  
aint droppable  
If it's possible before the trip  
Let me split your chest so I can feel the stress you feel  
when you  
look me eye to eye

Surprise, everybody around me tonight without a tank  
dies  
Until you cowards realize my military intellect  
Engraved to me like a dead nigga name on a bitch  
neck  
Select one more three and you get a nigga like me  
The S to the E to the R to the V  
Believe in this war shit you better believe that bitch  
Get against the war I'm do or die, battle ready  
Always holding this motherfucking tank steady

[C-Murder]

Nigga I make em bleed nigga  
Nigga nigga what  
Make em bleed nigga  
Huh, I make my enemies bleed nigga  
Nigga make em bleed nigga  
Make em bleed  
Make em bleed

[Pheno]

Deliver me father from this war all my enemies wicked  
devils with  
shovels  
Wanna destroy me over jealousy  
Losing my faith, my every step I see a stumble  
So much envy from niggas who hold they nuts wishing I  
crumble  
When they start some hell  
Try to escape the shadow of my death  
Know that it's coming for me could be my last final  
breath  
How long will it last  
Till my fortyfive is empty  
Got no mercy for niggas I'm innocent till proven guilty  
Who the fuck niggas takin us for  
Better be ready for war  
Cause I'm clutching uzi machines to blow up your car

(BOOM!!!)

[Gotti]

Let the tables turn nigga, deadly bullets burn  
When will you bitch niggas learn you got to earn your  
stripes  
Nigga my life aint right  
It's quite bland living on the streets, I'm playin for  
keeps  
I never let you bitch made niggas worry me  
I got a team of young breeders catch us killing  
machines

Quick to run up your dreams  
With fully automatic mini fourteens by any means  
We bloodin up your scene, talkin bout beef  
I take this war shit deep, ready to die  
For what I believe is mine, see the money in my eye  
Goin squeeze the four five and I'm blastin till my last  
day  
Label me a thug breeder till my grave

[C-Murder]  
I make em bleed nigga  
What what what  
Make em bleed nigga  
Nigga what  
I make my enemies bleed  
Nigga what  
Make em bleed nigga  
My enemies goin bleed  
I make em bleed nigga  
Nigga what nigga what  
Make em bleed nigga  
I watch my enemies bleed nigga  
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