

Goodie Mob "Blood Type"

Visit "[Blood Type](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro)

All my niggas out there
Let me tell y'all niggas one thing
As we move into this motherfuckin future
Shit is gonna get realer, shit is gonna get realer man
All my niggas out there
Keep your mind on your paper, baby
And watch these motherfuckin' hoes
'Cause these hoes is bitches
and niggas is bitches too
And you can't trust 'em
So I ask my niggas...

Yo

Yo, cross-breed, 2-5, Arab seed
My life speed, that's why we all smoke weed
Thug mind be inside of the livest niggas
Art of War was designed by the wisest killas
Wrote the thug book, only the truth get spit
Took my hooks like you wrote that shit
(Foul bitch)
Tell them niggas how you rock my jewels, rock my
clothes
Yo i aim red dot when i spot my foe
Taught you how to spit taught you how to breathe on
beats
If it wasn't for me you'd probably be on the street
Fuckin' up packed
Niggas comin at cha wit gat
Same nigga at the show you got watchin ya back
We can shoot out on the roof til we fall on the street
Draw heat and clap til our bodies and the floor meet
Eat your food like animal dog, raw meat
Say my name if you want more beef
...
I don't associate wit niggas who switch
fake thug like Sammy the Bull, turn snitch
Yo my glock kick, ready to spit
Foul shit
Puttin' bulletholes all in your clique
Who you wit?

All my niggas live the thug life
I can't fuck wit niggas if they ain't my blood type
If I don't get you with the knife, then the slug might
Before you bring a nigga in, know his bloodtype
All my niggas live the thug life
I can't fuck wit niggas if they ain't my blood type
If I don't get you with the knife, then the slug might
Before you bring a nigga in, know his bloodtype
What's your blood type?

Yo
Yo Allah -hua
Blaze y'all with nine ruger
?Capital?, stay tuned, I'll be back soon
Mahdi 2-5-to Munafi Kun
When the grass low, all them snakes'll show
Like them niggas in your team that's starvin' the blow
Like a sweet thug on OZ, HBO
Fuckin' wit any clique that's ready to blow
Hot night, catch you backstage, stop the show
Tie you up in the back of the row
They know
Tie you up in the back of the row
And you know
Yo, father rule,
Blood in, power rule
I represent 2-5-to, God-You
Time zone, born alone, die alone
Yo I blaze any nigga wit chrome in my zone
Be the blind justice
Automatic gat never trust it
Only revolvers, climax when I bus' it
A-alike mean one and the same
True hustlers - WHAT? - we understandin' the game
2-5 be my set so what set you claim
My niggas bleed through similar veins
We like blood type one and the same
We like blood type one and the same

All my niggas live the thug life
I can't fuck wit niggas if they ain't my blood type
If i don't get you wit the knife then the slug might
Before you bring a nigga in know his blood type
All my niggas live the thug life
I can't fuck wit niggas if they ain't my blood type
If i don't get you wit the knife then the slug might
Before you bring a nigga in know his blood type
What's your blood type?

Yo a-alike, that mean true to the game

West coast thugs, my niggas like one and the same
Just like east coast, yo we one and the same
Niggas bleed through similar vein
We like blood type, one and the same
We like blood type, one and the same
Tell them niggas who the father to your style is
Yo you started off winnin' the race, but lost mileage
Formula's crime science
Bow down to something far greater
Mahdi, royally your highness
Queen's finest
Buck your all-star lineup
My Artie Clay tear your spine up
Get my shine up
Artie Clay tear your spine up
And get my shine up
Yo, yo, death before dishonor
Y'all niggas smoke too much marijuana
Thinkin' you could be me, take my persona...(trails off)

Visit [Goodie Mob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.