

Goodie Mob F Sleepy Brown "Blood"

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Lock the doors.....!!!!

Intro/chorus: cee-lo

It's a shame, when niggas gon' realise we're the same
Helpin the enemy win the game
If you a player, use precision, don't make a decision in
haste
Blood is a terrible thing to waste

(big gipp)

In my flip-flops and socks, i walk blocks confused
Cos my nose ain't right, my sight blind
Smoke, need somethin from my toké
More than half my folk vying for the juice of cooked
goose
In the city of disgust, nuttin new blew in
But almost left your bed, yet i said....
My mind back home, i roam the path in the trees
I give my ankles in the mud for my blood, what
happened was
Something for the ill-minded, even though you're true
Your feet can't fit in my shoes, i got red in my eyes
My old man still don't understand why
The things i do, the way i think
A hot spell and death feel, got the chokers for the low-
low's
Specialisin in the greenery
Code name: cardwell, so what's real?
I still float the sidewalks of abbotsville
Consume smoke with my folks on the low-lean
Blew dixie hill to get a little more pote'
And if ya can't find none of the goodie in the veins
Of the atl, try the wood or the trail

(cee-lo)

I try to make sense outta nonsense each and every day
I got to cos things is kinda crazy round the way
Each word that i say may cut you like a knife
And totally influence and change somebody life

Who me? i'm 19, and best to have seen
What i already seen
Life taught me a lot
That you ain't gotta carry no gun to get shot
Ain't gotta be no jacker for offense from the high
A liquor store on every corner that you walk by
I watch my niggas die for no reasons
In my neighbourhood ain't nothin changed but the
seasons
Them crackers don't give a fuck, then again why
should they
They evil from their head to they toes so how could
they
You could say, the biggest problem in the black
community is lack of unity
I love you but i ain't gon' let you pray for me
So if you must she'd blood so be it
The end is comin i can see it
Yeah, the end is comin i can see it.....
It's in the blood

(t-bu)

Me look at myself and say "damn!"
I use to rock cascade at night and east bound
But now i sit back and take a pull
Take out my pin, i'm ready to get a beer, wet, i ????
????
I'm ready to pay my dues, fool
Why choose to trump me, i never did shit but you label
me the outkast
So even if i was to blast on your punk ass
It wouldn't change my opinion of a customer
That i was to serve like a bird over on the south west
side
And this side better be rollin thick
It's that g-double o-d-i-e m-o-b to infinity ballin
Huh, and callin da wild, cos i don't smile
I keep a grim look and bust a *?poor 6-0 cars?*
Out in their yard without a strap ain't cool
You just a son of your daddy and momma without a
tool, fool
No time for weep, incomplete, my story ain't told to
glorify no glory
I lost my sister age nine doin a crime for a hustle
So she died lookin for that muscle
You wonder why i acts how i do, quiet-type
So i might strike any minute, fool....
Step into zone 3, see
South west atlanta up in this motherfucker deep
Don't sleep, you all, in my cabin braggin

But i can't hear or see see clear
Cos we all on the outside, we're pimpin or homicide
Already so many resting in peace but i can't sleep til i
can believe
I'm ready to die for my cause
I'm good cos i'm true to my blood

(khujo)

I'll blast for my family, don't be mad at me
Was it because i didn't finish c-o-double l-e-g-e?
There's only a punk ass army down while you're
harassin me
Stop takin me thru episode after episode
The reason why i ???? ???? is to keep on punching
holes
In the wall, i had dreams i played ball
Wit the pros, i pop punts and field goals
Droppin them fat guv's in the weight room
Had, so nigga on swole but that was in the days of the
old strole
Now i'm wisin up to the fuck shit, got a new click to run
with
Bays a left at campbelltown plaza, *?foo-ti and c's?*
and ol' south
Oh yeah, i borrow rollerscott tissue when it's sun, and
paper
Completes my grocery list, proceded to my ol' bird
In the kitchen cookin chitlins
Pre-setting the eggs, the fish, the grits, that hit the spot
But this morning i had to punch the clock
Whether it be sittin off in the hills of dixie
Witta pocket full of rocks that icy
Creole, you talkin to me? ettering bastard, put it down
on paper
I put a thermal couple of two on 'burnt out on capers'
Everytime the rubber buck, it was like plus-fools hit
from a potentated salt
Scab a-rab, many hoes suckin on your nuts
That's why i'm stealin your death right now because
Later on you might leave me hangin
Is it the noose rhyme on people's necks when already
tangin
Tight, from the dank is dye, and now, banger who am i
To tell you to stop, but don't be bringin that nonsense
In these hills, brass bop benz in my grill
All the way, confederate man you thought it was fuck
????
You ladies are real ready, it's janky
On edge, it's in the kill
The beast in you divided who? me from him?

You gotta chance but it's slim, it's slim
Just walked out the door but yet and still
You want some ole 9-7-6 gab, slab by slab
Broke my community down to it's knees
Deep burgundy, haemmorage and internally....
B-l-o-o-d.....

Hmm, yeah, uhh

Outro/chorus: cee-lo

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We all blood.....

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