

M**"Bloodsport"**

Visit "[Bloodsport](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

turn them headphones up
yeah
to my man Nigga No yo
Killa Bee
no doubt

[Prodigy]

I kick that progress
and to that dumb nigga god bless
I know you can't sleep or rest behind that bullshit
now you rock the best scared to death while you walkin
fuckin up the talkin we straight up New Yorkin
we blowin niggas
heart attack stroking niggas
provoking niggas shittin all over niggas
you rollin thick but sure the Mobb rollin thicker
get that liquor, turn your back ice pick ya
but fuck that
stickin with the gat is quicker
scared to come around my corner, you ass nigga
do a jaw way all day fake shit
what you gonna do outta town, play bit(ch)
and run like a faggot switch take the whole shit
and show the world don't sweat it baby girl
I gotta hem
and pull the gat like a stem
you all fucked up like a off beat blend
I send message that you couldn't read clear
try to play the front but you got stuck in the rear
take it as a letter but I'm not sincere

yo
this ain't rap, it's bloodsport
your life cut short, you fell short
pressure's on high, full court
my team form killer instincts and fire arms
dangerous stuff mine's brainstorm wars
a life of a wild rebel, who run wild
klik (blaow-blaow) nigga lay down (blaow) fool stay
down
appear, disappear, a hydro cloud

while you running at the mouth a hundred miles, I'm
out
Mobb Deep style from the depths of Hempstead
get ninja'd
I creep quiet, keep the live nigga inchin'
listen, who are you to throw your fist in?
hit like a bitch, run like a faggot an take the whole shit
that's it
I had to pass here with shit
It's time for showtime, let's see how deep things get
you want to talk tough and get all delinquent
you find yourself all bloodied up and shameded
me and my man pioneered this violent nigga rap shit
bust a gat, give me no fear of that, I'm laughin
what's up there? let's take you there and touch
something
I'm a maniac, brainiac, fanatic at that
capable of combat, P counterattack
in some hot wheels, sendin shots out the back
it was a foul way to go, Kicko
you know the ropes so...
bloodsport motherfucker

ay yo the rockweiler
chew in chew out ass niggas, pull em on your collar
and let the lights dimmin
and you'll be swimmin in a puddle of reality, juice
fatality too
this rap is the bitch, you shouldn't marry the two
to the set of prenumtual
got paid in too comfortable
it's all good, we don't want to humble
and while you shinin in the spotlight
I got this dot right
the aimed right a stoplight
the trife life, ain't no part two's
when it's over it's over you hit
now send your soldierly stool

nigga, bloodsport

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