

## Marque

# "Bloody Money"

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Chorus:

New York get the Bloody Money, dirty cash  
Live niggas who smoke weed, car seat stash  
You monkey walk, I'm hunchback, sneak quiet  
Talk about me gossip, scared to death when I pop up

I'm fouler than gats that don't bust when they  
supposed to  
Been around you, play close, but wasn't close to you  
The setup was weak, you coming  
I saw you cuttin' corners, snake-type shit  
Tie you up, seal your lip, wrist bleeding  
Cowboy rope, choke your throat  
Put the bogey out in your face  
Now your face laced like ash tray face  
Stay with gat on my waist  
Give the god some space, shoot you up above waist  
If I ain't got beef right here or right there  
Ice-grill stare, shoulda set it off right it off right there  
CNN war report, spread across New York  
Guard him Indian style - knees bent, militant  
Yo the world know Noreaga from Iraq  
Beef with me serious, keep it real, that's that  
Get stabbed in your back, my man Alley Cat  
Little cousin from Jamaica, brown-skin thug  
Thug blood, yo we stuck in the game like it's a drug  
My pops was a thug nigga, was on the streets too  
Uncle Wise been banned since '82  
Back on the streets, A hundred seven got brew  
I see you, come see you, writing scrolls(writing scrolls)  
To the rest of the fam, locked in holes  
At age eight, money come first, snatch purse  
Go to church, yo that's not me, mami I'm cursed  
Iblis glamorous, diabolic, devilish, this game real,  
realer than you think  
Just think, spots get rushed, knots get touched, police  
busts  
Yo what happened? Police kicked door, yo he was  
rappin'  
Your wife - what what! What what! Dressed indecent  
A hundred crackers, son it's the one-ten precinct

## Chorus

Yo time zone, cabron, madicon  
Bitches callin me up, tryin to set me up  
Like Amina and Gina, kid they from Medina  
Emanuel, keep fish scale to sell  
General - clique deep with cartel  
When niggas get locked, who you think they call for  
bail?  
Shorty legs mad smooth, son, I'm left struck  
Pussy plus dick could only equal a fuck  
Fatty bangin', she analyze, my chain hangin'  
We waitin, conversatin', Iblis Satan  
Illegal life, watch police on bikes  
Life still in shame, they monkey wrenched the whole  
game  
A stress day, police watch the twelve "K"  
While I smoked shorty sipped chardonnay  
I lay - lay back, cognac  
And I dont even drink like that, I sell crack  
Yo my ices gleam, type mean, sell to fiends  
Shoot guns, parallel  
Pistal (pistol), bust well  
Kid whatever, desert storm like bad weather  
Clique together, keep gats under the leather  
You lightweight, what? I'm heavyweight hold weight  
Yo it's jail niggas comin' home taking a shit  
Yo illegal business, them niggas got dealt wit  
Got smoked  
God body cat, he sniff coke  
Yo he's old time, thinkin 'bout drinkin' his wine  
Regulatin' 9-9, get my crew out, survive shootout  
Tactics, keep gats under the mattress  
Player hater - my team a bunch of regulator  
Set you up, you wont make it to the elevator  
You never been to jail, I'm jail seen  
Niggas seen, me in jail since thirteen  
Shooting up scenes  
Real niggas take cream

## Chorus 2x

(people giving shout outs)

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