

Mtume

"Niggas Bleed"

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[Verse One]

Today's agenda, got the suitcase up in the Sentra
Go to room 112, tell em Blanco sent ya
Feel the strangest, if no money exchanges
I got these kids in Ranges, to leave them niggas
brainless
All they tote is stainless, you just remain as
calm as possible, make the deal go through
If not, here's 12 shots, we know how you do
Please make yo killings clean, slugs up in between
they eyes, like "True Lies," kill 'em and flee the scene
Just bring back the coke or the cream
Or else, yo life is on the shelf, we mean this Frank
Them cats we fuckin wit put bombs in yo' moms gas
tank
Let's get this money baby, they shady, we get shady
Dress up like ladies and burn 'em with dirty 380's
Then they come to kill our babies, that's all out
I got gats that blow the wall out, clear the mall out
Fuck the fallout, word to Stretch I bet they pussy
The seven digits push me, fuckin real, here's the deal
I got a hundred bricks, fourteen-five apiece (uh-huh)
Enough to cop a six; buy the house on the beach (uh-
huh)
Supply the peeps with Jeeps, brick apiece, capiche?
Everybody gettin cream no one considered them leech
Think about it now, thats damn near one-point-five
I kill 'em all I'll be set for life, Frank pay attention
These motherfuckers is henchmen, renegades
If you die they still get paid, extra probably
Fuck a robbery, I'm the boss
Promise you won't rob 'em, I promise
But of course you know I had my fingers crossed

[Chorus]

Niggas bleed just like us
Picture me bein scared
of a nigga that breathe the same air as me
Niggas bleed just like us
Picture me bein shook
We can both pull burners, make the motherfuckin beef

cook
Niggas bleed just like us
Picture a nigga hidin
My life in that man hands, while he just decidin
Niggas bleed just like us
I'd rather go toe to toe with all of y'all
Runnin ain't in my protocol

[Verse Two]

Since it's on, I call my nigga Arizona Ron
From Tuscon, pushed the black Yukon
Usually had the slow grooves on, mostly rock the Isley
Stupid as a young'un, chose not the moves wisely
Sharper with game, him and his crooks, called The Juxs
Heard it was sweet, bout three-fifty a piece
Ron bought a truck, two bricks laid in the cut
His peeps got bucked, got locked the fuck up
That's when Ron vanished, came back, speakin Spanish
Lavish habits, two rings, twenty carats
Here's a criminal, nigga made America's Most
Killed his baby mother brother, slit his throat
The nigga got bagged with the toast
Weeded, took it to trial, beat it
Now he feel he undefeated, he mean it
Nothing to lose, tattooed around his gun wounds
Everything to gain, embedded in his brain
And me I feel the same for this money and diamonds
Specially if my daughter cryin, I ain't lyin
Y'all know the science

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

We agreed to go on shootin is silly
Because niggas could be hidin in showers with mac-
milli's
So I freaked 'em, the telly manager was Puerto Rican
Gloria, from Astoria, I went to war with her
peeps in ninety-one, stole a gun from my workers
And they took drugs, they tried to jerk us
We blazed they place, long story, Glo' seent my face
Got shook, thought a nigga was comin for the safe
Now she breakin, shut up, 112, what's shakin?
A Jamaican, some bitches I swear, they look gay
in a black Range Rover, been outside all day
If it's trouble let me know, I'll be on my way
Please, I got kids to feed, I done seen you make niggas
bleed
Nightmare, this bitch don't need it
Ron, get the gasoline, this spot, we bout to blow this
Get the cash before the cops and Range Rover cats

notice
Room 112, right by the staircase, perfect place
When they evacuate, they meet they fate
Ron pass the gasoline, the nigga passed me kerosene
(uhh)
Fuck it, it's flame-able, my hunger is unexplainable
Strike the match, just what I expected
The dread kid ejected in seconds
And here come two, opposite sexes, one black, one
Malaysian
We in the hallway waitin patient
As soon as she hit the door we start blastin
I saw her brains hit the floor, Ron laughin, I swear to
God
I hit Maxi Priest at least twelve times in the chest
Spint around, shot the chink in the breast
She cryin, headshots put her to rest
Pop open the briefcases, nothin but Franklin faces
The spot's hot, sprinklers, alarm systems
That's when other guests start to slip in
It's time for us to get to dippin
I know them niggas in the Range is on they way up
Flippin, pistol grippin, I load the clip in
The hallway, got real loud and crowded
They walked right past us, I don't know how they
allowed it
The funny thing about it, through all the excitement
They Range got towed, they double parked by a
hydrant
Stupid motherfuckers

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