

Notorious B.i.g. "Niggas Bleed"

Visit "[Niggas Bleed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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
Believe them niggas brainless
All they tote is stainless
You just remain as
Calm as possible, make the deal go thru
If not, here's 12 shots, we know how you do
Please make yo killins 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
Lets get this money baby
They shady, we get shady
Dress up like ladies
And burn em with 30 380's
When they come to kill our babies
That all out
I got gats that blow the wall out
Clear the mall out
Fuck the fallout
Word is Stretch, I bet they pussy
The seven digits push me
Fuckin real
Here's the deal
I got a hundred bricks, 14-5 a piece
Enough to cop a six, by the house on the beach
Supply the peeps with Jeeps
Brick a piece
Capiche?
Everybody gettin cream
No one considered a leech
Think about it now, thats damn near 1 point 5

I kill em all I'll be set for life
Frank pay attention
These muthafuckas is henchmen
Renegades, if you die they still get paid
Extra probably, fuck the 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 muthafuckin beef
cook
Niggas bleed just like us
Picture a nigga hidin
My life in that man hands, while he jus decidin
Niggas bleed just like us
I'd rather go toe to toe with alla y'all
Runnin ain't in my protocol

[Verse Two:]

Since it's on, I call my nigga Arizona Ron
From Tuscon, push the black Yukon
Usually has the slow grooves on
Mostly rock the Isley
Stupid as a youngin, chose not to move wisely
Sharper with game, him and his crooks, caught a ?
jooks?
Heard it was sweet, bout 350 a piece
Ron bought a truck, 2 bricks layed in the cut
His peeps got bucked, got locked the fuck up
Thats when Ron vanish, came back, speakin spanish
Lavish habits, two rings, 20 carats
Heres a criminal

Nigga made America's Most
Killed his baby's mother's 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 you dying
Specially if my daughter cryin, I ain't lyin
Y'all know the signs

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

We agreed to go in shootin' was silly
'cause niggas could be hidin in showers with Mac millys
So I freaked em
The telly manager was Puerto Rican
Gloria, from Historia, I went to war with her
Peeps in 91, stole a gun from her workers
And they took drugs, they tried to jerk us
We blaze they place, long story
Glo seent my face, got shook
Thought a nigga was comin for the safe
Now she breakin, shut up, 112, whats shakin
A jamaican, some bitches I swear
They look gay
In a black Range Rover
Been outside all day
If its 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
Ron, get the gasoline
This spot, we bout to blow
Lets 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 pass me kerosene
Fuck it, its flammable
My hunger is unexplainable
Strike the match, just what I expected
The dred 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 MaxiPriest at least 12 times in the chest
Spint around, shot the chick in the breast
She cryin, headshots put her to rest
Pop open the briefcases, nothin but Franklyn faces
The spots hot, sprinklers, alarm systems
Thats when other guests start to slip in
Its time for us to get to dippin

I know them niggas in the Range is on they way up
Flippin, pistol grippin
I know they clippin
The hallway, got real loud and crowded
They walked right past us
I dont 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

Visit [Notorious B.i.g.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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