

Young Bleed

"My Balls and My Word"

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featuring Maxminelli

(Maxminelli talking)

Say check this out Bleed, look Concentration Camp in
this bitch
gettin heavy, ya heard me? We all foldin paper nigga,
you
Lucky Nuckles, that nigga Loc, Big Happy, Lee Tyme,
you know me
Maxminelli I'm foldin paper nigga, an Boo, an we layin
low
cuz that's what Lay Low do, ya heard me?
I'm tellin you, by the time that nigga OG come out of
Paris
we gonna have somethin real swole to fold
my nigga down in Bam foldin paper, my nigga Poola
my nigga Big Poola Mic
an we be bout ta let em know what's the motherfuckin
count say!

Chorus x1 (Maxminelli)

The mutha fuckin count don't stop, an they don't quit
Shit a nigga can't fuck wit, you can't fuck wit
You only live once that's how its cut,
So where the weed Young Bleed lets get tore up!

Verse 1-(Young Bleed)

The ghetto got me givin up no love, tod ya this mornin,
you gotta know a nigga yearnin,
niggaz stole from the stop an go,
an seperate my weed from the seeds,
an roll an optimo,
an saddle up my cattle cuz lets roll boy,
an every nigga I know, livin it up like a cowboy,
shootin up some shit, for the fuck of it an I'm lovin it,
I got a tray-80 for rainy days, an I'm huggin it, an
muggin,
while I'm sippin on a young tre-deuce, four-five,

all the way live, wit my homies wanna ride, southside,
got yo mouth wide,
buggin for nothin, try to twerk somethin nigga
or hurt somethin nigga,
look here, I be yo Huckleberry playin it rough,
quick on the draw like the last outlaw,
killin 'em softly,
hollerin dawg get off me,
tryin to boss me, an cost me a grip,
an got the nerve to get flipped wit a nigga,
but see Trix is for kids, silly rabbit,
she gotta have it, tryin to give it here, I won't have it,
ya heard me fool,
only cool dawg puttin it down,
ain't gonna clown, while I'm smokin on a pound, my
niggaz say.

(chorus) x2

Verse 2-(Young Bleed)

I'm gettin blind, juss for piece of mind,
call it a crime, cuz I'm steady dodgin one time,
an eye for an eye,
tryin to survive in this life of sin, niggaz can't win,
steady ballin, but fallin,
slowly but surely livin non-holy
down an dirty by my stress, but that's
the way it is when you livin nappy like that,
afrodizeact, chronic, an phat chronic sack,
make you react, an flash back, reachin for yo gat,
parinoid,
tattoo an scar playin the cards you dealt,
ain't nothin left, but to go forself,
life in the ghetto,
ask no questions tell no lies, livin uncivilized,
until you realize, you stuck still paralyzed,
full of that weed, an a shadow of doubt
wit out, cloudy can't tryin to figure who it tell on,
the pistol packin Jesse James got the precious 9 for
center snipe,
tryin to maintain, the ways of the game,
plain an simple, pop a pimple on the face of the earth,
an keep bailin, ain't no tellin who the next to be a felon,
nigga look keyed, he wiped the blood, sweat an tears
of fear,
they got me in here, tryin to steer clear,
hollin bout.

(chorus) x2

Verse 3-(Young Bleed)

Criminal minded, you've been blinded,
lookin for a way to get out, but can't find it,
stop tryin, daily,
but it's like you'd rather play me,
instead of pay me,(say what?)for my brush,
got me stressin wit a Smith an Wesson,
never good for rushin in police protect me, ugh,
so what's a young nigga to do, at age 22
it's you against me, an me against you,
to be continued as life goes on, in the panic zone,
searchin for the twilight, we learned to fly by night,
gettin high as a kite, takin a bite, outta crime,
design, the shadow man came an losin all state of
mind,
an blind to the fact, gettin money for crack, an powder,
money an power every hour, on the hour,
a coward dies a thousand deaths,
but a soldier dies once,
incarcerated, menatatin like a monk,
wit visions of prisons, for livin life do or die on the
street,
man doubtin the world wit funk beats,
holdin my heat,
smokin on a blunt, waitin for the first of the month, ta
watch the
jackers get clunked in this mutha fucka.

We don't stop, an we don't quit,
shit a nigga can't fuck wit, you can't fuck wit,
you only live once that's how it's cut,
so where the weed Young Bleed let's get tore up

An say we don't stop an we don't quit,
shit a nigga can't fuck wit, you can't fuck wit,
you only live once that's how it's cut,
so where the weed Young Bleed let's get tore up

Cuz Lay Low don't stop an he don't quit
shit a nigga can't fuck wit, you can't fuck wit,
you only live once that's how it's cut,
so where the weed Young Bleed let's get tore up

An Big Happy don't stop an he don't quit
shit a nigga can't fuck wit, you can't fuck wit
you only live once that's how it's cut,
so where the weed Young Bleed let's get tore up

An Young Bleed don't stop an he don't quit
shit a nigga can't fuck wit, you can't fuck wit

you only live once that's how it's cut,
so where the weed Young Bleed let's get tore up

Cuz C-Loc don't stop an he don't quit
shit a nigga can't fuck wit, you can't fuck wit
(what ya got) makin money
(get them thangs when a nigga come up) make money,
make money
you only live once that's how it's cut,
so where the weed Young Bleed let's get tore up

Yeah, tryin to tell you, cuz we the sickest god damn it
(echos off

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