

M.O.P.

"Blood Sweat and Tears"

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Yo
Yo c'mon son
Yo they killin em out there son
They dyin out there son, word up
Yo they killin us son, I'm tellin you
Y'all niggas c'mon that's my word
Y'all better c'mon
Yo wake up son
They dyin son
Yo, c'mon nigga, wake up
C'mon

It took me 24 years to figure out what makes this world
go round
It's not man holding ground with dope sound
We gots to ask
Why do you feel that a meal can make you ill
When you know that Broke Bill can still
See right through your plastic ass
Before crack was a sport and we had thoughts of
getting busy
Before death left, and fame had his way
The town: Brownsville
The place: The Ill
Follow the trail of resh blood drips you'll end up on my
bricks
The Marks:
Home of the warrior thrown home
Our true thugs that's dead and gone
In the hills most effective chrome
Return to these graves
Showin youngsters what I'm facin
Cause we had trouble
We been strugglin since single shot gauges
That's straight ghetto bad luck
But, I done passed up more shit
Than you may ever touch
What, we on sacred grounds
Without the guidance of our fathers
All we know is how to double clutch revolvers
Me and my own staff flaunt a different path
I'm tryin to dip shit minus in your highness

The finest of kickin half
Honest to god, I'm layin down my card
It's been hard, for too many years
Blood sweat and tears

These 3 words
(Man got somethin to say)
Blood, sweat, tears
(MOP Family)
These 3 words
(We went to the death, we knew he was dead and
gone)
Blood, sweat, tears
(We comin all the way from New York City, hear me out)
These 3 words
Blood, sweat, tears
These 3 words
Blood, sweat, tears

Go head nigga
A whole lot changed since my brother left
(I can feel you baby)
And since my mother's death
(I can feel you baby)
But as time past, I could see my life flash
Leavin the body and there's no breath
(I can feel ya)
I chose not to let my beretta swing
Cause I'm a veteran
And I'm livin for the better things
It's cold-hearted B
Check the majority of blacks
They slingin crack, livin in poverty
(True life testament)
What you gotta do is live what your life give
And make the best of it
(Try to see the rest of it)
Cause you could easily fall victim to these streets
And death's most definate
(Blood)
Is for the brothers that died
The mothers that cried
The brothers that tried
All we do is
(Sweat)
Steady puttin to work
Handling dirt
Holding your turf
We all shed
(Tears)
For the loved ones

The thug ones
And all deceased peers
And while these other cats play hard
Im'a praise god
And thank god that I'm here
Blood sweat and tears

These 3 words
(Til the break of dawn)
Blood, sweat, tears
(Birella)
These 3 words
(Til the break of dawn)
Blood, sweat, tears
(21 gun salute)

Ghetto nigga
Street nigga
House nigga
We all niggas
Black on black crime cause niggas drop dimes
You put down yours
But Im'a keep mine
Im'a keep mine nigga
Uncle Sam don't drop his shit for nobody
So nobody gonna take my shit from me
So while you house niggas is fighting for the limelight
I be down here with my niggas
Underground
Dirty
Holdin mine
House nigga
Blood sweat and tears

Blood, sweat, tears
These 3 words
Blood, sweat, tears

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