

Noreaga "Bloody Money Pt. 2"

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intro: Noreaga talking

[Noreaga]

Yo, New Orleans, LA, Va to Queens, I-95, where we
never drive clean
But good, gotta get out the hood, to really make it, now
we kick it
Until our whole team'll take it to another level, another
Rolie wit
Another bezel, like war against God against another
devil
Sustainin, now we rim Moschino, niggaz say we taped
it, switched it
Now it's Cristal, instead of Mystic, Jose, catch me wit a
pigeon and
A gold biscuit, gettin mad lifted, let me find out, it's
sellin dimes
Out my crack house, yeah that's crashed out, let me
catch that
Just like Stackhouse, kick ya back out, have you mad
vexed
Like you did your whole bid, but didn't max out, yo Jose
is
In other words courageous, from South Carolina to D.C.
Yo the NC in Atlanta like Montana, comin out the airport
wit the hammer
Motherfucker, smoke more weed than Chris Tucker, in
Friday
When he treated Worm like a sucker, in three ways
Sell a whole key in three days, the way I know the crack
game'll have you
amazed
In the ill days, yo I drink Lactaid, Jose is sayin chulo,
like Menegay
South side lost royal and royal, grand royale in Ohio,
Cincinnati, Minnesota
Yo from Philly to Connecticut, got niggaz settin in, all
predicate
Like this rap game is pregnant, N-O-R-E, Nore
Stand for Niggaz On the Run Eatin, no matter if they
still treatin

The object of the game is just to stay leavin, hit me on
the Nokio
Let me know if you still breathin, top grenade, ice it up,
cop pies, slice it
up
You really think you nice enough, fuck around wit Trice
Allah
Even seekin scrolls until your world fall in, to my niggaz
gettin they props
Where they supposed to've been, don't rush, take your
time
The best come to those who wait, like Heinz, they be
ketchup and spoil your
keg
Ayyo it's I-95, wit my niggaz lost faith, wha!

Chorus 2x: Nas (Noreaga)
Blood money (That's what this life lead to)
Blood money (That's how my niggaz bleed to)
Blood money (That's what we smoke weed to)
Blood money (That's how my niggaz eat to)

[Nature]
Ayyo, eatin from the same plate, and drinkin from the
same cup
Whoever thought that some much would have to
change
I went to games as a Knicks fan, they had Strickland,
they traded him
Ever since then, son, I hated them, shit's turnin sour in
the N-Y
Half the team hurt, still niggaz get high and rock
Queens shirts
Feinds on the block know me for holdin b's work
Seein chips poppin up in European whips, exceed the
speed limit
Tinted up and weed scented, treatin life like the auto
bomb, never slow up
I'm gettin head for being young and vulgar, fly gifted
Y'all niggaz die over bitch shit, I got some hoes in the
law gettin high
Like Rik Smits, born hypocrit, every now and then be on
some different shit
Switch directions, my bad, quick disception
My first love is for bloody money so skip the extras

Chorus

[Nas]

Now what's a don?, a nigga that's a thug wit a charm,

always on point
As soon as he's on, his goons'll respond, he move right
and fear losin his
life
Mad dime, but never could fit the shoes of his wife
You could tell by the finger nails, clean, hair diced up,
every four days
A weekly routine, where he lived, stay out the hood,
fuck what a nigga say
Out for blood, but yo, lustin the dough, he see snake
smile for way
In the same garden he play, but a true don'll get his
proper groove on
He tell the truth even when he lies, give you a fake
name
Even though his name is Nas, god body, and wide
body, rumble for five
To the S-Class, six niggaz, double your size, either
come wit a plan
To make it happen, 'cause sellin weight or rappin, we
still trapped in a slave
mine
And keep the crackers laughin
(That's what this life lead to)
Chorus

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