

## Ararat

### "Block Bleeder"

Visit "[Block Bleeder](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Chorus (All):

I got them whole thangs, I got them liters,  
I got them fat pounds cuz I'm a block bleeder,  
Said I got them whole things, I got them liters,  
I got them fat pounds cuz I'm a block bleeder

(Smitty Da Pimp):

Wake up every mornin', smilin', know I'm feelin' good,  
Cuz I know I'm bout to go and bleed my whole fuckin'  
hood,  
Got that crack, got that weed,  
Water and syrup, what'cha need?  
Seventeen-five for a ki,  
But twenty-nine-five for the A-1 D,  
Drop my drop, makin' mine knock,  
Got your block, I'm makin' it hot,  
Ain't no sellin' out in the Dirty South, even in the drop a  
nigga got clout,  
You wanna a hood? Cook my rock,  
Whether you wanna sell or get turned out,  
Got that shit they talkin' about, that fire syrup and fire  
rock

Chorus (.5x)

(Insane):

This a Menace Entertainment thang,  
Insane be the nigga down to bleed the block,  
Make mad cash then I leave the spot,  
I don't give a fuck if you like my rocks,  
I'ma sell 'em til' the muthafuckin' spot get hot,  
Give it to the next head do it again,  
What'cha workin' with nigga? Twenty or ten?  
Gimme my cash before I crack your chin,  
I ain't got time to be fuckin' around,  
Gotta get my pound then break 'em down,  
Gotta bag up the zone then meet my rounds,  
Make sixteen hundred then it's goin' down,  
Me and Black Menace nigga, how that sound?  
Boss nigga hook ya up with them liters nigga,

Makin' money now we all block bleeders nigga,  
With them heaters nigga,  
Gotta see a nigga,  
To believe a nigga

Chorus

(Threat):

When I see the block is bloody bleedin', I'm not leavin',  
Til' I'm receivin' mine, fuck doin' time,  
Gotta escape the cops, gotta make a drop,  
Even in a system that'll make ya plop,  
Put your hustle down and it's gone get worse,  
Get'cha purse and get out Dogg, or catch a hearse,  
Whichever come first,  
I'm down on E, rush in the dark  
but I'm heartless gotta keep puttin' it down,  
Drop the P's or I'll knock the G's off,  
Ain't no stoppin' if you knock my knees off,  
All about my G's dog you better ease off when it comes  
to Threat,  
Drop the P's or drop the G's ain't no stoppin' me

Chorus

(J-Dawg):

Twenty-One five is what it's gone cost you to see me  
nigga,  
Thirty-six ones to get sold,  
Muthafucka gonna bleed the block,  
And besides the glock, and nigga on with that syrup,  
Make a muthafucka lean like a six four Chevy when it's  
hot, drop,  
Put that ass on the ground,  
Smokin' a lil' herb if you will,  
Nigga want that kill? Cuz I got them pounds,  
N.O. to Texas on to Memphis,  
Nigga won't stop til' the blood bank empty,  
Bitch I'm a dog to put that simply,  
Got more blow than Monica Lewinsky,  
Ain't no nigga out'chea gone pimp me,  
Nigga fuck that you can keep your front,  
If you supply it, then I can buy it nigga,  
holla me at the first of the month,  
Ya heard me?

Chorus

Visit [Ararat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

