

Gambino Family

"Make'm Bleed"

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Featuring C Murder Fiend Mr. Serv On Silkk]
[Silkk]
Huh what!
These niggas have got me so and so.
Shit they can't get out of.
Man shit.
Picture I got my niggas Gambinos.
Serv On Fiend.
The whole No Limit niggas behind me.
This ain't about no rappin no more.
Fuck that.
Why yall wanna start with us?
Fuck a rap fuck a rhyme nigga fuck a dollar.
I gots to get a nigga now.
This ain't no motherfuckin threat.
This some real shit bitch.
I'm military minded, motherfuckin livin the life of a
soldier
I gots to eat, now picture streets keep a nigga like me
rollin
So yall done fuck with my dollars now I gotta take off
my suit and my
tie
Bitch every nigga that fuck with my click, automatically
them niggas
goin have to die
They done fuck with my dogs and I gotta break jaws
like I break laws
Got them niggas all fucked up havin them have to sip
through a straw
Walk up to his casket nigga laughing, put a slug up in
his jacket
Tell him if I ever see him again even if it's hell, I think
about it
started blasting
Oh they don't know, but I bet they goin know now
When I get to bust niggas duck, ??????????
The rubbers still there, then they confined to a
wheelchair
Is he asleep, wakin him up, remember me
I go to war

[C-Murder]

I make em bleed nigga
Nigga what nigga
Make em bleed nigga
Nigga what
Watch my enemies bleed nigga
Make em bleed nigga
Make my enemies bleed
Watch em bleed nigga
What nigga what
Make em bleed nigga
Hm, watch my enemies bleed nigga
Watch em bleed

[Fiend]

??????, womp womp
Them bullets that ricochet have them niggas chomp
chomp
And that goes for anybody that wanna do sumpn
sumpn
Aint no almost dyin for nothing
No lying or bluffin boy, I'm high and I'm dumpin niggas
Soldiers prepare for war and rest in peace
??????, so run up the streets
Showin up for heat, makin it hot until it burns
Steady combat for sure it better to learn
Capital F-I E-N last letter D
Aint no nigga out here goin up and wetter me
Fiend, Silkk The Shocker, Gambinos and Mr. Serv
Smokin away our nerves, compressions and by the bird
You ain't heard, on the one seven them niggas do dirt
And I bet my serve occur yall felt my every word
When I observe love to see you coppers solve me
Remember I see murder before murder done saw me

[Mr. Serv-On]

Now motherfucker ask yourself, do you want your
motherfuckin life to
be fair
I didn't think so, when I close my eyes and crush my
tank
You better pray to your favorite saint that I'm shooting
blanks
Sorry for you, that ain't possible
Cause when Pheno get Gotti to go to war to be between
us nigga, it
aint droppable
If it's possible before the trip
Let me split your chest so I can feel the stress you feel
when you
look me eye to eye
Surprise, everybody around me tonight without a tank
dies

Until you cowards realize my military intellect
Engraved to me like a dead nigga name on a bitch
neck
Select one more three and you get a nigga like me
The S to the E to the R to the V
Believe in this war shit you better believe that bitch
Get against the war I'm do or die, battle ready
Always holding this motherfucking tank steady
[C-Murder]
Nigga I make em bleed nigga
Nigga nigga what
Make em bleed nigga
Huh, I make my enemies bleed nigga
Nigga make em bleed nigga
Make em bleed
Make em bleed
[Pheno]
Deliver me father from this war all my enemies wicked
devils with
shovels
Wanna destroy me over jealousy
Losing my faith, my every step I see a stumble
So much envy from niggas who hold they nuts wishing I
crumble
When they start some hell
Try to escape the shadow of my death
Know that it's coming for me could be my last final
breath
How long will it last
Till my fortyfive is empty
Got no mercy for niggas I'm innocent till proven guilty
Who the fuck niggas takin us for
Better be ready for war
Cause I'm clutching uzi machines to blow up your car
(BOOM!!!)
[Gotti]
Let the tables turn nigga, deadly bullets burn
When will you bitch niggas learn you got to earn your
stripes
Nigga my life aint right
It's quite bland living on the streets, I'm playin for
keeps
I never let you bitch made niggas worry me
I got a team of young breeders catch us killing
machines
Quick to run up your dreams
With fully automatic mini fourteens by any means
We bloodin up your scene, talkin bout beef
I take this war shit deep, ready to die
For what I believe is mine, see the money in my eye
Goin squeeze the four five and I'm blastin till my last

day
Label me a thug breeder till my grave
[C-Murder]
I make em bleed nigga
What what what
Make em bleed nigga
Nigga what
I make my enemies bleed
Nigga what
Make em bleed nigga
My enemies goin bleed
I make em bleed nigga
Nigga what nigga what
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I watch my enemies bleed nigga
Huh, watch em bleed
My enemies goin bleed

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