

Capone-N-Norega**"Bloody money"**

Visit "[Bloody money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus:

New York get the Bloody Money, dirty cash
Live niggas who smoke weed, car seat stash
You monkey walk, I'm hunchback, sneak quiet
Talk about me gossip, scared to death when I pop up

I'm fouler than gats that don't bust when they
supposed to
Been around you, play close, but wasn't close to you
The setup was weak, you coming
I saw you cuttin' corners, snake-type shit
Tie you up, seal your lip, wrist bleeding
Cowboy rope, choke your throat
Put the bogey out in your face
Now your face laced like ash tray face
Stay with gat on my waist
Give the god some space, shoot you up above waist
If I ain't got beef right here or right there
Ice-grill stare, shoulda set it off right it off right there
CNN war report, spread across New York
Guard him Indian style - knees bent, militant
Yo the world know Noreaga from Iraq
Beef with me serious, keep it real, that's that
Get stabbed in your back, my man Alley Cat
Little cousin from Jamaica, brown-skin thug
Thug blood, yo we stuck in the game like it's a drug
My pops was a thug nigga, was on the streets too
Uncle Wise been banned since '82
Back on the streets, A hundred seven got brew
I see you, come see you, writing scrolls(writing scrolls)
To the rest of the fam, locked in holes
At age eight, money come first, snatch purse
Go to church, yo that's not me, mami I'm cursed
Iblis glamorous, diabolic, devilish, this game real,
realer than you think
Just think, spots get rushed, knots get touched, police
busts
Yo what happened? Police kicked door, yo he was
rappin'
Your wife - what what! What what! Dressed indecent
A hundred crackers, son it's the one-ten precinct

Chorus

Yo time zone, cabron, madicon
Bitches callin me up, tryin to set me up
Like Amina and Gina, kid they from Medina
Emanuel, keep fish scale to sell
General - clique deep with cartel
When niggas get locked, who you think they call for
bail?
Shorty legs mad smooth, son, I'm left struck
Pussy plus dick could only equal a fuck
Fatty bangin', she analyze, my chain hangin'
We waitin, conversatin', Iblis Satan
Illegal life, watch police on bikes
Life still in shame, they monkey wrenched the whole
game
A stress day, police watch the twelve "K"
While I smoked shorty sipped chardonnay
I lay - lay back, cognac
And I dont even drink like that, I sell crack
Yo my ices gleam, type mean, sell to fiends
Shoot guns, parallel
Pistal (pistol), bust well
Kid whatever, desert storm like bad weather
Clique together, keep gats under the leather
You lightweight, what? I'm heavyweight hold weight
Yo it's jail niggas comin' home taking a shit
Yo illegal business, them niggas got dealt wit
Got smoked
God body cat, he sniff coke
Yo he's old time, thinkin 'bout drinkin' his wine
Regulatin' 9-9, get my crew out, survive shootout
Tactics, keep gats under the mattress
Player hater - my team a bunch of regulator
Set you up, you wont make it to the elevator
You never been to jail, I'm jail seen
Niggas seen, me in jail since thirteen
Shooting up scenes
Real niggas take cream

Chorus 2x

(people giving shout outs)

Visit [Capone-N-Norega](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.