

Brooklyn Zu

"Blood Is Love"

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[Chorus: 12 O'Clock]

Love is love, we bang with you, cuz
We from the streets, don't die tryin' to eat, blood
We carry heat and wait for beef
Got niggaz that'll stab you and watch you leak, blood
Love is love, we bang with you, cuz
We from the streets, don't die tryin' to eat, blood
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[Buddha Monk]

Yo, bet I ain't worried about none of you cats (nah)
I'll smack you, drag you, stab you then clap you (come here)
Aftermath you, Franklin Shuttle strap you
Bastard you, it's no games with you
So, take ya stickin', drippin', that's smellin Dirty & Stinkin'
Ya sinkin' from fuckin' with them kings of sin
The team that win is Zu carved in every skin
A Few Good Men who refuse to die, never let you win
You Gone with Wind, arm ya men, I'll run through them
Anybody left? Sixteen slugs in him
You can't win, I said it, meant it, live it
Done did it, man, all y'all niggaz just forget it (huh?)

[Chorus]

[Merdoc]

I rock and roll with soul, my A/K/A Sideshow
My niggaz talk in codes, Little Freedom told me "Lock and load"
I'm so wit it, and my style is meal ticket
I let my gun glistens, when I toss ain't no missin'
Pour me some cheap wine, I got livin' on my mind
And I'ma for sure shine, y'all niggaz know the time
Full of street crime, eat, sleep, shit with the nine
Sit back and recline as I burn some good pine

[Shorty Shitstain]

Niggaz ain't used to shit

Niggaz get a little bit of bread they don't know how to
act
I'ma about to start settin' traps for cats like that
A Brooklyn Zu warrior yo holla right back
Yo, niggaz got the game fucked up
Talkin' 'bout this "Bling, Bling" and all this cars and
stuff
Shit I'm 'bout to be evicted
I'm lookin' for the next thing I could stick quick
Buddha give me the gat

[Chorus x0.5]

[12 O'Clock]
Stashbox Mercedes Jeep
Got rocks in the Jesus piece, and the teeth, nigga
Twenty threes on the MB, the Gucci fleece
Von Dutch, pair of jeans and them Puma sneaks
See ya "Scrubs" like TLC
I'm in the Benz on the BQE burnin' trees listenin' to
M.O.P.
Pounds of weed sown in the seam in the seats
Big guns and we yellin' like "Fuck the Police"
Got niggaz that's natural born thieves
And they tie a nigga up from the bottom of his pants to
his sleeves
Tell the truth and you better believe
Put the barrel to ya head right now nigga, dare you to
sneeze

[Chorus]

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