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Nivea F/R. Kelly "Blood Thicker"

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Turk:

Stickin' together like glue

Blood is thick so I'm tight

Swimmin' for my people

Don't mind losin' my life

Ridin' or fryin'

Don't matter nigga I'm real

All the time

The red thicker than the clear

Get in the way

And you get maced in the face

50 niggas will chase

Put a end to yo' day

Hit yo' set in the black on black

With Macs

With red dots on 'em

Will leave you flat

Yo' moms with the black on her

On the front level

6 ft. is where you be there goes the men with the

shovels

Blood thicker than water

I'ma keep it like that

Never turnin' my back

And I'ma keep it like that

Much love for my people

They got love for me

Outsiders get outta line

Get burnt up from the heat

I'ma play it how it go

Be down to the finish

Fuck havin' friends cuz friends turn into your enemies

Chorus:

(Juvenile)Load it up slide it in cock it back pop it out.

Load it up slide it in yall die.

(Lil Wayne) Load it up slide it in cock it back pop it out.

CMB226 we all ride.

Baby:

Money and bitches don't mix

Hoes shit got a lotta niggas fixed

That's why I stick with blood thicker than water shit

Me and my brothers split keys

Get me 18 ounces nigga, and 10 g's

Ridin' in convertable Rolls Royce with the HB's

Draped with diamonds and gold hoes love me

Fuckin' right nigga I raised the B.G.

That's why I'm a hot boy on these city streets

Blood thicker than water I know you feel me

Set trip motherfucker we gon' kill ya

Change on ya brain

Lets sneak and then peel ya

I walk light

Uptown

But I still got my ghetto stripes

I creep and peep

Keep my hand on my heat

I ain't gon' let no bitch nigga steal me

I got a world

My main hoe pregnant with my lil girl

I gotta be here to serve her world

Motherfuck snortin' furl

Gimme the rap game lil dick suckin' bitch and I'ma stay

rich

But it's yo' world

Guess what Cash Money Records stick together like

blood and furl

Juvenile:

It's just me and you all

I'm with whatever you wanna do all

Let you floss in my new car

Pop a nigga for you fall

We deal with niggas ass together

Build up all our cash together

Scored our first bag together

And stole our first Jag together

No separation

No outsiders could come between us

2 felonies and misdemeaners got a subpeona

Turnin' state

The Hot Boy\$ carry they weight

Any false movin' the case then the fool losin' his face

???????

Look what we been

Though we did it sin

I'm prepared to do it again

I ain't lyin'

My bloodline is 1 of a kind

Fuck it we all shine

Look and we all blind

This shit is turned bad yeah

You done fucked with my people now I'ma bust ya ass yeah

Wodie, leave that alone, let that go

Best to respect my click or check that hoe

We shine ??

And wax the floor

Blood thicker than water don't you ask no mo'

Chorus

Lil Wayne:

Blood thicker

Water slicker

And ain't no nigga

Slick up in my click

The 226 it consists of tru niggas

We move ya crew be cool or lose nigga

Now I dig

Up in ya blood for my blood

My click thick

And you can't separate bloods

Now when you ride

Ready to die who you with

Yo' real family or some niggas you fool with

Now on you' side, do you really have love

Boy we click tight stick tight that's blood

And guess what

We marchin' a million strong

Terrorizin' you' section black connection is my home

Love is the key

Outsiders can't keep

14 givin' my whole life to CMB

I'ma represent it

Solja rag, Reebok tennis

Stick to click called 226 to the finish

Blood thicker than water that's why my niggas they

harder

Comin' in that water

Off top they grab the choppers and chop

So nigga you better play solo

U get fucked the fuck over

So don't explain to me nigga

Talkin' bout shit that I should

Shut yo' mouth cuz I don't wanna hear it

Off top that trigger get pulled

Puttin' yo' head on flat

Caught slippin' layin' on that back

Niggaz spotted you creepin'

Them chopper bullets start releasin'

Niggas wonderin' why you wet
They found ya dead in the projects
Have people cryin' and thankin'
But yo' body been stankin'
On the ground 16 holes
Shot up head to ya toes
Blood all over ya clothes
Don't fuck with me no more
Now they know
I ain't no hoe
????
They backin' up that CMR come up in that water

Chorus

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