

Blood Type

Tragedy Khadafi

[Intro]

All my niggas out there

Let me tell y'all niggas one thing

As we move into this motherfuckin future

Shit is gonna get realer, shit is gonna get realer man

All my niggas out there

Keep your mind on your paper, baby

And watch these motherfuckin' hoes

'Cause these hoes is bitches

and niggas is bitches too

And you can't trust 'em

So I ask my niggas...

Yo

Yo, cross-breed, 2-5, Arab seed

My life speed, that's why we all smoke weed

Thug mind be inside of the livest niggas

Art of War was designed by the wisest killas

Wrote the thug book, only the truth get spit

Took my hooks like you wrote that shit

(Foul bitch)

Tell them niggas how you rock my jewels, rock my clothes

Yo i aim red dot when i spot my foe

Taught you how to spit taught you how to breathe on beats

If it wasn't for me you'd probably be on the street

Fuckin' up packed

Niggas comin at cha wit gat

Same nigga at the show you got watchin ya back

We can shoot out on the roof til we fall on the street

Draw heat and clap til our bodies and the floor meet

Eat your food like animal dog, raw meat

Say my name if you want more beef

...

I don't associate wit niggas who switch

fake thug like Sammy the Bull, turn snitch

Yo my glock kick, ready to spit

Foul shit

Puttin' bulletholes all in your clique

Who you wit?

All my niggas live the thug life

I can't fuck wit niggas if they ain't my blood type

If I don't get you with the knife, then the slug might

Before you bring a nigga in, know his bloodtype

All my niggas live the thug life

I can't fuck wit niggas if they ain't my blood type

If I don't get you with the knife, then the slug might
Before you bring a nigga in, know his bloodtype
What's your blood type?

Yo

Yo Allah -hua

Blaze y'all with nine ruger

?Capital?, stay tuned, I'll be back soon

Mahdi 2-5-to Munafi Kun

When the grass low, all them snakes'll show

Like them niggas in your team that's starvin' the blow

Like a sweet thug on OZ, HBO

Fuckin' wit any clique that's ready to blow

Hot night, catch you backstage, stop the show

Tie you up in the back of the row

They know

Tie you up in the back of the row

And you know

Yo, father rule,

Blood in, power rule

I represent 2-5-to, God-You

Time zone, born alone, die alone

Yo I blaze any nigga wit chrome in my zone

Be the blind justice

Automatic gat never trust it

Only revolvers, climax when I bus' it

A-alike mean one and the same

True hustlers - WHAT? - we understandin' the game

2-5 be my set so what set you claim

My niggas bleed through similar veins

We like blood type one and the same

We like blood type one and the same

All my niggas live the thug life

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If i don't get you wit the knife then the slug might

Before you bring a nigga in know his blood type

What's your blood type?

Yo a-alike, that mean true to the game

West coast thugs, my niggas like one and the same

Just like east coast, yo we one and the same

Niggas bleed through similar vein

We like blood type, one and the same

We like blood type, one and the same

Tell them niggas who the father to your style is

Yo you started off winnin' the race, but lost mileage

Formula's crime science

Bow down to something far greater

Mahdi, royally your highness

Queen's finest

Buck your all-star lineup

My Artie Clay tear your spine up

Get my shine up

Artie Clay tear your spine up

And get my shine up

Yo, yo, death before dishonor

Y'all niggas smoke too much marijuana

Thinkin' you could be me, take my persona...[trails off]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>