

# Blood Bath

Shy Glizzy

Yeah

They know that talk throat

They know that'll spill she ain't talkin double cup

My little nigga 15 and all he see is blood

And all he see is blood

You got a body, oh wow

Murder for hire, pow pow

Big dog I'm no little Bow Wow

I'm here to take you out for some thou ous

Take him down, we need that (need it)

Murder caught on camera we gon' watch a recap

You lose and you gone bitch there ain't no rematch

You see the packs flying through so shoutout the mailman

But though the mail we send him straight to hell

Hit you with that one hand I feel like Odell

They try to give me the death penalty I'm not gon' tell (No No)

I'm returning all my enemies that's f\*cking real

They don't like me but they gon' have to f\*ck with it

We put that fire on a nigga like a arsonist

I keep my circle select and always one in the head

You see my lawyer Anthony I highly recommend death

What's up hoes, don't make me put this pump to your f\*cking dome

Make ya home, and I got my Michael Myers jumper on

She say come on, told her OK baby I won't take too long

Uh oh, this bitch damn went crazy won't leave me alone

Aye Glizzy Boy why these niggas cappin they ain't really slime

Walk past my nigga a shooter call him 35

Caught a rack, tryna' sell it faster than a apple pie

Gangland, remember dat Itell you Wassas never die

Dollar signs (Ching ching), all the time (all the time)

And all the dimes, they fall in line

Won't never do no snitchin' Nuh uh no sir (Uh uh)

These niggas they be bitches I'm talkin (Young Jefe Holmes)

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They know that spill she ain't talkin double cup

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