

Blood & Tears (feat. Casely)

Sheek Louch & Casely

You ready, you ready? Let's go, let's go I'm from the land where has no hope for tomorrow, no,
no

I think back and cry at the bathroom still a lie, chill, chill,

I can hear, let them hear, sing a song...

Thank you, thank you, love it isn't there, chill, chill, Yeah, took a long time, wasn't over night

Always had to fight, money wasn't looking right

Me and my mama grinding, every day's a struggle, more bills than juggle

Outside is trouble, no... the... just getting bigger

But I ain't mad at you paps, you're still my nigger

Had my low jobs, sold my low cracks, but I really want my boys heard or wax

Had flash backs, homies getting killed, blood getting spilled

Jails getting billed, shit's twisted, real statistic

Being a rapper, this wasn't realistic

Drug dealer was, triple bean, cocaine, you ain't gotta spit it sixteen

Had big plans for my whole team, we gonna pop off no matter how hard it seems

I'm from the land where has no hope for tomorrow, no, no

I think back and cry at the bathroom still a lie, chill, chill,

I can hear, let them hear, sing a song...

Thank you, thank you, love it isn't there, chill, chill,

Ladies, sing the song Yeah, now I'm rolling in the S class

Big houses, signs, no trespassing

Free at last, Martin Luther King, yeah, vip, Louie 13

Spending money on that rose gold, big diamonds, club in the... hole

Money can't fold, gotta lay it out, two chicks, which one got a weight it out?

Got ammo on me, in case we gotta spray it out

Know what I'm about, too many damn chairs, too much hustling for papers all these damn years

Now I got it, I'm a keep it, yeah I'm from the land where has no hope for tomorrow, no, no

I think back and cry at the bathroom still a lie, chill, chill,

I can hear, let them hear, sing a song...

Thank you, thank you, love it isn't there, yeah

Yeah, I ain't forget where I'm from, I breathe hip hop down to my last lung

For the Dj's that play my records, yo

For my fans that show me love at my show, yeah

For my homies that stuck with me

People on the radio stations who fuck with me

Who can't be real, and they act dumb

Thank you, tell them where I'm from I'm from the land where has no hope for tomorrow, no, no

I think back and cry at the bathroom still a lie, chill, chill,

I can hear, let them hear, sing a song...

Thank you, thank you, love it isn't there, chill, chill,

It's not what I hear, too many tears

It's not what I hear, too many tears, tears, oh, oh, blood, tears, oh.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>