Blood & Tears (feat. Casely)

Sheek Louch & Casely

You ready, you ready? Let's go, let's goI'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 songYeah, 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, yeahI'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 fromI'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.

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