

Bleed It

Blueface

[Intro]

Pull up on your block, then I bleed it

[?] Mike Crook

Blueface, baby

Yeah, aight

Pull up on your block, then I bleed it [Chorus]

Pull up on your block, then I bleed it (Bleed it)

Slidin', if I don't drop somethin', I can't leave it (I can't leave it)

Wock got me po'ed, but this TEC got him leanin' (Got him leanin')

Never let the beef get cold, where's the meat at? (Where's the meat at?)

Pull up on your block, then I bleed it (Bleed it)

Slidin', if I don't drop somethin', I can't leave it (I can't leave it)

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Never let the beef get cold, where's the meat at? (Where's the meat at?)

[Verse 1]

Fuck a handgun, bitch, I brought a MAC in (MAC in)

Gotta keep a technical in case a nigga hackin' (Hackin')

Glock with a dick on my lap, I'm in traffic (Traffic)

My pistol bloated, ready to unload it ('Load it)

Pop up least expected, like a notice (Notice)

Famous Crip, everywhere I go, people notice

I started to notice, you gotta watch the people closest (Closest)

Dozin' off in this Benz 'cause I can afford not to focus

Glock make 'em disappear, hocus pocus (Hocus pocus)

I work too hard, bitch, I'm never lackin' (Never lackin')

I tote pistols, you niggas type in all captions (Yeah, aight)

I really pop it, you niggas need to stop cappin' (Stop the cappin')

[Chorus]

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Never let the beef get cold, where's the meat at? (Where's the meat at?)

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Slidin', if I don't drop somethin', I can't leave it (I can't leave it)

Wock got me po'ed, but this TEC got him leanin' (Got him leanin')

Never let the beef get cold, where's the meat at? (Where's the meat at?) [Verse 2]

Pull up on your block, then I bleed it (Bleed it)

Slidin', if I don't drop somethin', I can't leave it (I can't leave it)

I don't get mad, dumb nigga, I get even (I get even)

You been rappin', I just do this on the weekend (On the weekend)

They don't wanna believe it, so I had to repeat it (Repeat it)

They envy me, I'm MVP, this is my season

Creepin' in the Jeep, turn this bitch to Jeepers Creepers (Jeepers Creepers)
Treat my bitch like a pistol, no such thing as keepers
These bitches throwaways, bust once, then I throw away (Yeah, aight)
I'm a fly Crip, baby, I don't know no other way (True)

Ah-ha-ha

On Schoolyard, bitch, yeah, aight[Chorus]

Pull up on your block, then I bleed it (Bleed it)

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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