

## **Son Doobie f/ Sick Jacken**

### **"Blood"**

Visit "[Blood](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Sick Jacken] Sick side [DJ FM] {\*scratching\*} "Sick, Jack-en" --> Big Duke (Verse 1) [Sick Jacken] My clique sticks tight cause my dawgs I grew with Some are life time, yo this ain't, some new shit I'm on some Sick Symphonies down for life shit I like it Got my fam with me, my dawgs, I rock mics with You might think it's all business What the fuck is this It's music first, that's why we got in this Cats from legit end corrupt when it Gets spread in this camp That's how we avoid the bad endin' This player played enough, and it's to know This game ain't right I'm on my twenty eighth season And still breathin' Got Cats on these streets that wanna see me bleedin' But I Party and bullshit til it's time for me to be leavin' Believe in no one outside the bloodline All kinds of swine tryin' to infiltrate mine My mind's ready for that It's deadly, in fact, my block Prepared me for that, it's not steady of times [Son Doobie] Yo, I'll knock out, hop out, six hundred with the top down Hostile, I'll rock out, .45 stick ya bars out Fall out, lucked out, ain't worthy of a strong bout Stomp out, chop down, motherfuckers just drop down (KABOOM, BOOM, BOOM) Drop ya ass, pull the drop out Locked down, pop out the trunk, yo, hold the spot down Watch y'all washed out Crews went the wrong route Calm down, I'll knock out punks With they palms out (DING, DING, DING, DING, DING) First round, you get bombed out I brought out, I shot out my double pump, yo, stop now Hot out, case the streets, wipe the blood, a hot town Lock out, pop, blaow, them niggas tryin' to cop out Chop ya jaw, flip ya gun pound Goin' all out Motherfuckers, feel my call out Toss out, what now, make niggas wanna walk out I'll come out, dumb in twenty fours, with the stock out Hook: DJ FM {\*scratching\*} "The facts Behind the violent acts" --> Guru {\*scratching\*} "Wild on the streets, I try to maintain" --> Havoc "All on the block, stays hot" --> Inspectah Deck [Verse 2: Son Doobie] Yo, I wake up, shake up, fuck you and turn the pain up I'll scrape up, wait up, shot ya face, you got ate up I change up, straight up, your motherfuckers just gave up (187) Til them crack niggas pay up I came up, way up, kick my

feet, put my leg up I blaze up, lace up bullets, hate All  
you fake fucks Wake up (Wake up...) Bust a flame, why  
you lay up I'll aim a, .38 plate, yo, to your face, what  
(FEE, FI, FO, FUM) The place Watch me taste, but I  
made up, weight up But them others took a paycut  
Raise up, ace up my sleeve, please, I came up Say  
what, I'll save up cash and bring my case up (DUN,  
DUN-DUN-DUN, DUN) This Puerto Roc is caged up I'll  
make up Hey love, pull a gun, from my waist, what  
They stuck Gave one When you bring up my name up  
I'll weigh up the dope, chop the coke while they played  
them (Played them...) Repeat Hook {\*DJ FM  
scratching\*}

Visit [Son Doobie f/ Sick Jacken](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.