

## **Busta Rhymes**

### **"Bleed The Same Blood"**

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(Yeah!) We all bleed the same blood  
(Yeah!) And we beat on the same drum  
(Yeah!) It's not about where ya at  
(Yeah!) It's about where you come from  
And I'mma keep on thuggin 'til the day I DIE!  
(Yeah!) Oh yeah (Yeah!)  
(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!)

Unstoppable, yo, Maino!  
Ran up in Atlantic, told 'em let me go  
Smack my A&R and grabbed him by his throat  
Playin with my life'll get you yellow-taped  
Runnin in and out of church like I'm the yellow Ma\$e  
All-black fleet like when Obama get in  
Missiles aimed at yo' building like Osama livin  
"Fuck 'em all" is what I'm screamin from that Mase'  
seat  
(How About Some Hardcore) like it's '93  
Think deep, feel the pain in my homie's face  
And only then you'll understand why my homies bang  
Strapped up, this is us, fuck a deal nigga  
Gun boys be like "Maino is a real nigga"  
Yeah, me and Bust bleed the same blood  
Handcuffed to the bus, we the same thugs  
Never fear, just know that I'mma ride for ya  
All black baby welcome to my mafia

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(Yeah!) Oh yeah (Yeah!)  
(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!)

I gotta tell somebody yeahhhhh

I'm passionate about gettin this money  
Handlin those that be plottin on takin it from me  
Some of these niggas forgot I be makin it funny  
We're spendin like my fingers rotten then papercut

bloody  
In case you ain't knowin we back dominatin the country  
Until I make these niggas black with the strength of a  
monkey  
Balenciaga boss, bitch address me as Mister  
Eat salmons and tortellini down at the Bella Vista  
We move in silence bitch you better whisper  
And sizzle the street with the heat until it hella blister  
So much bottles, got 'em for every drinker  
So much head I be callin mami a heavy thinker  
Victorious like a nigga conquered another nation  
Buyin bottles and drinkin to drown the sufferation  
Could give a fuck about your plan, watch how I handle  
that  
If it ain't YMCMB or Conglomerate, cancel that!

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(Yeah!) Oh yeah (Yeah!)  
(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!)

I gotta tell somebody, yeahhhhhhhh

So inspirin when a nigga doubt  
Look around and see how niggas try to count me out  
Only if niggas stepped in my shoes and took a walk  
And thought of shit I sacrificed I wouldn't have to talk  
And I'm like a bitch's blouse on a clothesline  
And treatin how I stumbled on another goldmine  
While embracin what God be havin for me  
You can never stop what is destined, I hope you're  
happy for me

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