

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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