

Dmx "Blown Awa"

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From 83rd street to way across town, cats knew how I
got down, 'cause word got around, I was that robbery
kid, with no gun and no mask, catcha nigga out the
door slippin, that's your ass, didn't laugh much 'cause I
didn't have much, life was like a stake, half gas half
clutch, meanin half good and half bad, it was good if I
caught a good vic, if I didn't I was bad, took it out all
my records, I comes through and if niggaz was broke, I
took watches and cellulars, went to jail a few times but
that didn't stop me, all it taught me was how not to be
sloppy, an older cat robbed me, when I was like 10, if
anybody wanted to help, they should've did it then, if
they didn't then all it did was release the beast, so
imma feast on whatever I come across in the streets...

Like The Wind
(like the wind)
God Will Take
(god will take)
All My Sins
(all of my sins)
Blown Away
(will be, blown away)
Like The Wind
(like the wind)
Like The Wind
(like the wind)
Blown...

I had a, S on my chest, fuck the best, did robbery's for
some cats and robbed the rest, other times I came
through with just me n my dog, and clear out the whole
fuckin block 'cause we went hard, I'm back, some
niggaz I knew but some niggaz I didn't, I ain't give a
fuck either way, it was no bullshittin, a cruddy nigga
out to get money, an' a couple of slugs was the only
thing anybody took from me, run up on them cats
smooth like, put it in his left ear, gave up the money n
the jewelery, or get left here, keep thinkin it's a game
we're playin let's get popped, see how much fun your
havin when your heart beat stop, shut 'em down, open
up shop, OH, NO, blew off a nigga top, somebody call

the cops but it's too late, 'cause imma hitchu in the
face, and what kills you is gonna be somethin that you
aint...

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If pain is love, why hide my pain with drugs, choke off
haze, sell addicts coke for days, same clothes no soap
or shade, and I still gotta gun on my hip, for your open
grave, we used to get robbery fix, until our man, got
killed for his whip, on some robbery shit, then I
switched to the weed, and started sellin crack, without
will I pull the steel and put a shell up in your back, I feel
like all my life, I was held up in a trap, like if I go to
heaven, maybe hell will want me back, when all I really
want, is Spreewells up on the 'lac, and a mono big
sittin, wit a head up in my lap, but since no dough don't
spin, and my pants holes gots holes with them, I gotta
fold ya men, it's obvious im in a house of sin, I wish I
could open up the doors and let 'em blow with the
wind...

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