

DMX

"Flesh Of My Flesh, Blood Of My Blood"

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[DMX]

Flesh of My Flesh, Blood of My Blood
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All of my niggas get down like wha
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My dogs is dogs with official bloodline
I say stop being greedy, get a plate if you want mine
Why them niggas always force you to take it back to the streets
Can I at least go one year without spitting the heat
Motherfuckers think you sweat till your chest gets messed up
Two days later he's dressed up, let him rest up
He ain't going nowhere, no time soon
Remember high noon, last thing he heard was BOOM
Can I gets some room, or do I have to make me a path
break you in half, fake niggas make me laugh
Yall niggas is funny, still talking about money
And ain't got none, get the shotgun cause you hungry
It's about to get ugly when the lights is out
One, two, three, Hooo, that's three strikes, you're out
His ninth was out, I think they found it filling his head
He in the bag, and I'm over here killing his men

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I no longer see the shadows that once kept me strong
And I'm starting to get that same feeling that kept me raw
Can't afford to trust niggas, cause niggas lust figures
Plus niggas scared to bust niggas, rush niggas
Doing it with the heat, and ain't killing nothing but time

Fucking with the streets you ain't feeling nothing but
mine
Tired of hearing niggas rhyme and don't say shit
Fuck is on a niggas mind, why don't they quit
Sucking my dick, looking for something new
Let you man hold something, with your whole
something crew
You know how niggas do, we don't forget shit
If you were there when it's thin, then you there when it's
thick
No hitchhikers, fuck that, the ride was rough
And if you a nigga that was with us, then that was
rough
A lot of niggas that is with us, ain't cried enough
So now when niggas come and get us we fires them up

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Motherfucker, thought that the X would stop
But I got niggas like 'Yo, who's the next to drop'
From his camp get the stamp, the grand champ, it's
official
Think when you die, how many's gonna miss you
Lean over in your casket and kiss you
Send you on your way with a blessing
And pray that another learned a lesson
Smith and Wesson ended moneys life, now moneys
wife's a widow
'Gave it to him full blast', nah dog just a little
Besides rap, I don't talk, but make plenty of moves
I'll murder ten of you fools, before your ready to
choose
You either win or you lose, and I 'luh' to win
Even if it means I got to shed blood again
Keep a bank account doubling but don't hate me
Really thought that's what you said, would either make
me or break me
No, and it don't take me long to write
Matter of fact I think I'll drop another song tonight
Come on!

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