

DMX

"We 'Bout To Blow"

Visit "[We 'Bout To Blow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yea, come on
Def Jam yea, come on
Ruff Ryders yea, come on
Def Jam yea, come on
Ruff Ryders yea, come on
Def Jam yea, come on
Ruff Ryders yea, come on

Bloodline, we bout to blow, what!
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow, what!
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow, what!
Man, bitch ass niggaz just don't know
Bloodline, we bout to blow, what!
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow, what!
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow, what!
Man, bitch ass niggaz just don't know

I'm just gonna stick to the script 'cuz you know how that
shit go
Quick to the flip dog, kitten don't let go
Get that shit yo, wrong or right me
Dog for life and it's on tonight
Y'all niggaz make money, money, money
My niggaz take money, money, money
Bloodline, get down 'cuz I love mine
I can put my life on the line at least one time
Cats don't know nothin', but show frontin'
I'm a pump, pump it up like Joe Budden
Dark Man, bang your head with the walk man
Tryna holla at Shorty, you still tryna' talk, man
Sometimes niggaz is worse than the bitches
So I'm a holla at you, but first with the stitches
Cats don't know who you fuckin' with
Till you fuckin' with X and you stuck in shit

Bloodline, we bout to blow, what!
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow, what!
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow, what!
Man, bitch ass niggaz just don't know
Bloodline, we bout to blow, what!
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow, what!
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow, what!

Man, bitch ass niggaz just don't know

Yo, Grease I need this beat, no disrespect
I just got some shit I need to get off my chest
Look around and I see the rap game is a mess
So many chromes, now they gettin' me vexed
Upset and insane in how the game gonna change shit
Soundin' the same, and it's a ma fuckin' shame
While lames think they flow so sick, gettin' excited
Yeah they got a sick flow, its called the ?Young Hoe
Virus?

But, let me fall back into character
B got so hot, never been an amateur
Ask the locals, boy its Lo Co
Never Stop my flow, wanna go pro, you know
Check the history, started with the R's
Now I'm runnin' with the line, four time, no mystery
Dog, tryna position me to get in the door
But since the door don't open wide enough, we rippin' it
off

Bloodline, we bout to blow, what!
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow, what!
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow, what!
Man, bitch ass niggaz just don't know
Bloodline, we bout to blow, what!
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow, what!
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow, what!
Man, bitch ass niggaz just don't know

Dog, gonna be dog, that's how I get down
Step up, nigga, sit down, put your shit down
Clowns ain't even built for the circus
I'm about to pop this nigga, dog, it ain't worth it
Tahhh, yea you right, soon as your man make
It dead at night I'll be there, alright? Then what?
Everything stops, money turns on the light
And pa pop pop pop!

None stop shots ringin' out, cowards hit the ground
I came to get down if you came to get down
Blow the pound up, niggaz wanna what with us
Bloodline and the dog I trust, so for the dog I bust
That thang, catch me while I'm up in the truck with that
thang
Dog get the word, it's a must that I bang
And trust me, I'm gonna do my motherfuckin' thang

Bloodline, we bout to blow, what!
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow, what!
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow, what!

Man, bitch ass niggaz just don't know
Bloodline, we bout to blow, what!
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow, what!
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow, what!
Man, bitch ass niggaz just don't know

Yeah! Come on man, ya niggaz don't know what the
fuck this shit is
Gutter, gutter, gutter, gutter

Visit [DMX](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.