

## **DMX Feat. Big Stan "We Bout To Blow"**

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

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Def Jam, yeah  
(Come on)  
Ruff Ryders, yeah  
(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?)  
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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 nothing, 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 fucking with

'Til you fucking with X and you stuck in shit

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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 getting me vexed  
Upset and insane in how the game gonna change shit

Sounding the same, and it's a ma fucking shame  
While lames think they flow so sick, getting excited  
Yeah, they got a sick flow, it's called the, 'Young hoe  
virus'  
But let me fall back into character  
B got so hot, never been an amateur

Ask the locals, boy it's Lo-Co  
Never stop my flow, wanna go pro, you know  
Check the history, started with the R's  
Now I'm running 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

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

None stop shots ringing 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 motherfuck'n thang

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

Gutter  
Gutter  
Gutter  
Gutter

