

Dr. Hook**"Flesh of My Flesh, Blood of My Blood"**

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[DMX]

Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood

FLESH OF MY FLESH, BLOOD OF MY BLOOOOOOD!!!

Chorus: DMX (repeat 2X)

Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood

All my niggaz get down like what

[DMX]

My dogs is dogs, with official bloodlines

I say "Stop Being Greedy," get a plate if you want mine

Why do niggaz always force you take it back to the streets? (c'mon!)

Can I at least go one year without spittin the heat? (uh-huh)

Motherfuckers think it's sweet until you get yo' chest messed up (uhh)

Two days later he's dressed up -- let him rest up (WHAT?)

He ain't goin nowhere, no time soon

Remember "High Noon"? Last thing he heard was BOOM! (boom!)

Can I get some room or do I gots to, make me a path? (uhh, uhh)

Break you in half -- fake niggaz make me laugh (uhh)

Y'all niggaz is funny, still talkin bout money

and ain't got none -- get the shotgun cause you hungry (woo)

It's about to get ugly when the, lights is out

One, two, three -- hoe that's three strikes you out! (uhh)

His knife was out -- I think they found it still in his hand

He in a bag, and I'm over here, killin his man! (c'mon!)

Chorus: repeat 2X

[DMX]

I no longer see the shadows that once kept me strong (uhh)

And I'm startin to get that same feelin that kept me

wrong (uh-huh)
Can't afford to trust niggaz cause niggaz lust figures
(UHH)
Plus niggaz is scared to bust niggaz, rush niggaz
(WHAT?)
Duelin with the heat, and ain't killin nuttin but time
Fuckin with the street, but you ain't feelin nuttin but
mine (c'mon!)
Tired of hearin niggaz rhyme that don't say shit
(c'mon!)
Fuck is on them niggaz minds, why don't they quit?
(c'mon!)
Suckin my dick lookin for somethin new (UH)
Let your man hold somethin witcho' hold somethin crew
(UH)
You know how niggaz do -- we don't forget SHIT
If you was there when it's thin
then you there when it's thick (c'mon!)
No hitchhikers, fuck that, the Ryde was Ruff (WHAT?)
And every nigga that was wit us, that died was Ruff
(WHAT?)
A lot of niggaz that are wit us, ain't cried enough
(WHAT?)
So now when niggaz come and get us, we fires em up!
(c'mon!)

Chorus: repeat 2X

[DMX]
Mother..fuckers, thought that the, X would stop
But I got niggaz like, "Yo, who's the next to drop?"
From his camp, get the stamp, grand champ, it's
official
Think when you die how many's gon' miss you (c'mon!)
Lean over in your casket and kiss you (UH)
Send you on your way with a blessin;
and pray that another learned a lesson
Smith and Wesson ended money's life, now money's
wife's a widow (WHAT?)
(Gave it to him full blast?) Nah dog, just a little
Beside rap I don't talk but make plenty of moves (uh-
huh)
I'll murder, ten of you fools before you're ready to
choose (uh-huh)
You either, win or you lose, and I, love to win
Even if it means I gotta shed blood again (c'mon!)
Keep the bank account doubling, but don't hate me
Really thought that what you said would either, make
me or break me? (WHAT?)
Knowin it don't take me, long to write
Matter of fact, I think I'll drop another, song tonight!

(c'mon!)

Chorus: repeat 2X

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