

## Blind Melon

### "Meaning Of Family"

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[Mase]

Uh, the world is back, World War II  
Harlem World be the clique  
Any nigga don't like it, he's a dick, nigga  
Shit we 'bout to do is the illest shit ever seen  
This what family mean, nigga

[Teamsters]

I'm only tryin' to get my dough right  
Still I'm labeled as a lowlife  
Because I ass-bet when I roll dice  
Put my dick up in yo' wife, raw dog  
Now we got a son on the way  
The call yours, I ignore laws  
Break rules, break tombs, take jewels, make moves

[Blinky]

We don't get along wit' them fake dudes

[Teamsters]

Drivin' me bizerk on beats I burst  
Only thug you know to bring the heat to church (All Out)  
The streets is cursed, I'm eatin' first  
Had these hoes like "he's the worst"  
My peeps is thirst', release the curse or get smacked  
Better run and get your man even though he don't  
react  
When the gun is in his hand  
Better have a team we gon' bit through  
Mad crews even got your moms screamin'  
"Them dudes is bad news"

[Mase]

And if you touched us

[Teamsters]

It can't happen  
His hands is the only thing your man's clappin'  
Don't understand rappin'  
Wanna flow I call it foolishness  
You know how many tunes I grip?

To pay dues and shit  
Check the rules of this, we bruise your clique  
Since your girl can't refuse the dick  
You abuse the bitch, could loose your chips  
And who you wit'? (All Out)  
Ghetto crucifix, we O.T. movin' bricks  
What, what, what (All Out, All Out)  
(All Out, All Out, All Out)

[Meeno]

1 - Family if we blow? We blowin' together  
And if we gotta go? We goin' together  
And if we get dough? We get it together  
And messin' wit' All Out? You cats know better  
Now family if we blow, we blowin' together  
And if we gotta go, we goin' together  
And if we get dough, we get it together  
And fuckin' wit' All Out, you cats know better

[Blinky]

Yo, how can I trust you when I don't even trust myself  
Sometimes I wanna get guns and bust myself  
Put a knife on my wrist and cut myself  
No wife, no bitch, I'll nut myself  
My lust for wealth makes me say fuck my health  
So when I die, respect me when I'm gone  
But while I'm alive, correct me when I'm wrong  
My life, I'm projecting in my songs  
But let me move on  
Half this side of guards ran wit' Cardan  
Thinkin' I'm a god soon gotta sweep that la Loon  
Harlem World baby, say that name forever  
Game cheddar as long as we stay together  
Range your bet on, nigga act up, aim your Berrettas  
Cuz for that money son, I'mma slam whoever, out  
whatever  
You try to stop our reign of terror  
You're guarenteed to fall out  
Fuckin' wit' All Out

Repeat 1

[Teamsters]

What, the only shit you niggas poppin' is the shit that  
you talk  
Get the fuck out the whip now bitch, you can walk  
Wit' the sunroof cracked, yo' I'm twistin' it up  
Pitchin' it up, I think it was the Cris' in the car  
Twenties of hydro, tie ho, duck me for five-oh  
I drive 'till my eyes close  
Me and like five hoes and Buggy, Domma

Gatt for the drive-by, ride by the la-las  
Sayin' goodbye-ha  
It's Indo, bounce the smoke through the window  
Then pearl straight ice grill, my brim low  
Tint those big lips while y'all spit phlegm out  
O.D. is still mo'  
Remote throw the 'em out the belly of the beast  
We put bellies on streets, tellies and tellies in suites  
Throw my stellies on creep, I'm heavy on jewels  
Hey, my niggas havin' yo' fool come back twice  
It's nice and I can belly you for mo'

Repeat 1 until fade

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