

Garbage

"In My Blood"

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Verse 1:

[DMG]

You wonder why,

I hang with these thugs

Whut,

I'm from the hood

Nigga,

I gives a fuck (I gives a fuck)

It's in my blood

Since I was little I been hangin' with these Niggas

And till I die I gon remain with these Niggas

St. Paul in

The M-P-L-S, I hear you callin'

I put it down yes

Now Chris Rock were you at

I heard you say some shit about some blacks

Nigga, this been your ass back

Come see the real deal

Stay in the fields Nigga

These Niggas will kill

This ain't no cap-gun shots, Nigga

This a Glock, pah, pah,

It's death on your block

Knock, knock

Whut's up Nigga?

These sirenes start singing

It's me and Yuk with the L-G in the makin'

It's stinkin', freakin'

Bowlin' on the weekend

Creepin, seekin'

Me, till the currency

Gimme stacks up on mo' stacks

I'm dubble parked for the train

Even your moms know my name

I be the D into the M and the M into the G

And I bring the B-O-M-B-?

Nigga

Chorus

[Yukmouth]

It's In My Blood

Smokin sweets, drink 40's to the suds
And fuckin wit these thugs, Nigga
That's In My Blood
You wonder why us niggas be hustelers
And out there slingin' drugs, Nigga
That's In My Blood
That drug money, stuff that shit up under the rug
And make that Nigga bug, Nigga
It's In My Blood
Niggas like me turn Niggas like you into hustelers
Fuckin wit us, fuckin wit us!

Verse 2:

[Yukmouth]

It's in my veins
Like a chain-reaction
How it all happened
Paps is slangin' crack in the mid 80's
Back in the day when shit was crackin'
Niggas pay 38 for a package
Tightly rappin'
For shippin' and handel'in taxes was added
That's where the A-raps headin'
Even when I sleep they in cavage
Lavage shit
Do automatics with scopes under my mattress
With the dope and the drugmoney,
stuffin' that shit up under the rugmoney
Thug hungry
Takin' drugs only cause we love money
I'm a Nigga, he's a Nigga,
would you like to be a Nigga too
Makin' big scrilla like these Niggas do
You probably be a drugdealer too
Scan and tuned in to the boys in blue
Listen for clues
In the kitchen bakin up Peruvian flake
It takes
28 grams
Multiplied by 36 zips to make
A triple beam brake, a triple beam shake
A hundred grams on the triple beam flake
2.2 pounds to be straight
My Niggas just flew in from GA
Ready to buy 4 kilos
Then drive slow back to Youngstown Ohio
So fuck these rhymes
Let me stick my dick in your ear,
and fuck with your mind
Nigga

Chorus

Verse 3:

[Big Mike]

Niggas betray themselves as low key,
broken down and fabricated
Easily ejaculated, table with and half way faded
Ain't no wars cause they made it
That type of bullshit is outdated
But I played it like I laid it
My partners have always said that
It was set me up
For life
Money, clothes and hoes but road I chose was
Nothin' nice
Niggas know just what it's like to be hustelers
Governors from strugglers
Bitches lovin' us
Blindly chasin' that life we lust
I blush,
bottles, havin' thoughts and iring dreams
Goin' down and roll fast
Tryin' to get what my eyes have seen
Fried of me, huh
Nigga for a hand that got me through these eyes right
to see
But part not I was blind to the point,
not even I could see, or that I could be
Obviously
I wasn't meant for me this type of trickery
Hit me with the type of mystery
Lay it down like history
With the intend of be myself and I
Street desire, easila
Piece of mind, I was least to find
Some sassiness
Hossisiless it gets to shit and praise to the farmer
innercist
Nobody was meant for it, it was deadly
And I was discontent
With the shit that life once sent
Government depend, now most of my time is spent
Escapin' what I love
It's in my blood

Chorus x2

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