

Spooks "Bitch Blood"

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It ain't no mistakin'
Rappers out now be fakin'
I thought it was a {...}
Then why the fuck he shakin'?
This nigga scared
Oh, I thought he was weird
Back-bone connected to the bitch-bone, yeah!

That's why he be mumblin'
Fumblin', not rumblin'
I thought he spoke German
His bitch-ass be stutterin'
So what's the situation?
Yo, I had a revelation
Fuck up the patient?
Yeah, start the operation!

(Chorus):

"Stick to the script, read it like we wrote it
Don't switch the pitch, bitch you can quote it
We sense nonsense, ... just dilute it.
Bitch blood pumpin' through your veins and we knew it
(watch out now)"

x2

What? Look at you, gettin' all your feelings, tryna think
of a way to downplay anything I say
You just a bitch, acting like you ain't a bitch, hoping
never be exposed for being a bitch
Soon as you find yourself in the company of individuals
who, for the most part, got they shit together
You start talking about cool shit that other people do,
then stuck yourself in they shoes like we gonna think it
was you.
But you're not that clever. (Stupid) You can't slip past
our radar, not even in stealth mode, 'cos once you
cross the threshold you zapped with a barcode. so no
we all know and you can never go incognito.
'Cos your ID reveals your past and untold truths, you're
a bitch-blood carrier, you're not contagious but nobody
wants to be around you.

(Chorus)

Now you done fucked up, bro let me tell you, y'all on some bullshit, that's why shit fell through. Reneging on contracts, got kinda yeisty, saw dollar signs 'cos I was on MTV.

Talking that dumb shit, you want half for publishing? Bitch work for hire, now you gets nothing. Tracks wasn't that good, ... album's done anyway. Fuck around, need you just like old management: told Ming go solo? You fucked your own self, that was a no-no, go 'head with that bullshit, your touch ain't platinum, you had us and Daewon, tell me: what happened?

Industry sources said that your label dip came from the Spooks. Oh, that's the playing field? Nigga, you bitch, thought it was all sweet? Save all that rap and I'll see you on a dark street.

(Chorus)

Implant {...}
You hold the strobe light
Take out the heart, yo!
Divulge the big knife
Go get the funnel
You got the blood bowl
Bitch blood spillin' and, oh...!
We stealin' your soul.

No courage!
Thick blood
Y'all black as porridge.
Disbarred, mentally fradulent, you thinking it hard!
{...}
Chop a nigga lifeline short, you livin' too long!

(Chorus)

(Some lyrics missing, all help appreciated. I know at least some of them are contained in the booklet for S.I.O.S.O.S Volume 1, but I don't have it to hand).

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