

Martella Paolo

"It's In My Blood Part II"

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(DMG)

Yeah.

Make sure that shit be playin real loud.
(Me and Yuk you know.)

Verse 1 *(DMG)*

Uh
now once again
me and my nigga
It's In My Blood
we straight killas
I be the D and to the M an the M and to the G
comin from the M-P-L-S, S-T-P
all say it wit me
St. Paulin
southside niggas
forever ballin
lead you to the circle, meet niggas wit purple eyes
can't forget my niggas who live on the north side
Could you club what?
G-D's
throw up yo fins nigga
it's all mighty
now what it is, it's part two nigga
it's brand new (brand new)
juss fo' you
Now where you from nigga?
I'm from the Mid-West
Who want some nigga?
I leave yo shit wet
Now is it you nigga?
You got the balls?
Well bring it on nigga, I kills 'em all
I thought you knew nigga
Oh you ain't hear the first?
It's In My Blood nigga
but now it's way worse
It's In My Blood.

(It's In My mutha fuckin Blood! Nigga!)

Chorus *(Yukmouth)*

It's In My Blood

smokin sweets, drink 40's to the suds
and fuckin wit these thugs nigga

It's In My Blood

you wonder why us niggas be hustalas
and out there sellin drugs nigga

It's In My Blood

that drug money, stuff that shit up under the rug
and make them cops bug nigga

It's In My Blood

niggas like me turn niggas like you into hustalas
fuckin wit thugs, fuckin wit us!

Verse 2 *(Yukmouth)*

Regime life

shit trife nigga

slangin China white at night

get light nigga

2 point 2 pounds of white

my shit tight nigga

What yo grip like?

Ship like a half a million when I'm fuckin wit mics

bustin on mics

wit 5 mics to back it

kick the acrofacts on the cracks while my nigga D flip it
backwards

Regime killas nigga

the captain

the king of crack and still rappin, bubble up makin
moves

you niggas still jackin

that's why I'm livin ill, steel packin

dive on top of niggas and feel like Action Jackson, wit
my 9 mill

blastin

a real assassin, juss invite me to your mansion homie

I bet a nigga'll come back that same night as a mask

man demandin money

pandamony

see my fam is hungry

eat a can of phony emcees, then dump they ass in San
Antoni

cuz niggas bologney like Oscar Myers

Mobb attire

makin cops retire the way I, hurdle over barber wire
fence this

I pimp shit
relentless
the Guinness Book World Record holder, for fuckin over
the most bitches
Regime shit, the thug preachable
individual-ly, put niggas faces up on the obituaries
I was taught to get the doe
It's In My Blood since I was crawlin on the rug
and pops was in the kitchen rockin up drugs
Yes sir!
Back then, I knew who I was, a thug
and still a thug until they make me feel the slugs nigga
It's In My Blood!

(Chorus) 2x

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