

In My Blood (feat. B. James)

Scarface

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, where 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 sirens 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 double 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]
It's in my blood.
Smokin, sweets, drink forties to the suds,
And fuckin' wit' these thugs, nigga.
That's in my blood.

You wonder why us niggas be hustlers,
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 hustlers.
Fucking with us, fucking wit us! It's in my veins,
Like a chain-reaction.
How it all happened.
Paps is slingin' crack in the mid eighties,
Back in the day, when shit was crackin'.
Niggas pay thirty-eight for a package.
Tightly rappin',
For shippin' and handel'in', taxes was added.
That's where the A-rap's 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 rug money.
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, into the boys in blue.
Listen for clues.
In the kitchen, bakin' up Peruvian flake.
It takes twenty-eight grams,
Multiplied by thirty-six zips to make
A triple beam brake, a triple beam shake.
A hundred grams on the triple beam flake.
Two point two pounds, to be straight.
My niggas just flew in from G-A,
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]Niggas portray themselves as low key.
Broken down and fabricated,
Easily ejaculated, table with, and halfway 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 hos, but road I chose was
Nothin' nice.
Niggas know just what it's like to be hustlers.
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 intent of me, myself, and I.
Street desire, easily.
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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