

Flesh Of My Flesh Blood Of My Blood

DMX

Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood
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All of my niggas get down like wha
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All of my niggas get down like whaMy dogs is dogs with official bloodline
I say stop being greedy, get a plate if you want mine
Why them niggas always force you to take it back to the streets
Can I at least go one year without spitting the heat?
Motherfuckers think you sweat till your chest gets messed up
Two days later he's dressed up, let him rest up
He ain't going nowhere, no time soon
Remember high noon, last thing he heard was boomCan I get some room, or do I have to make me a path?
Break you in half, fake niggas make me laugh
Y'all niggas is funny, still talking about money
And ain't got none, get the shotgun 'cause you hungry
It's about to get ugly when the lights is out
One, two, three, ho, that's three strikes, you're out
His ninth was out, I think they found it filling his head
He in the bag, and I'm over here killing his menFlesh of my flesh, blood of my blood
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All of my niggas get down like whaI no longer see the shadows that once kept me strong
And I'm starting to get that same feeling that kept me raw
Can't afford to trust niggas, 'cause niggas lust figures
Plus niggas scared to bust niggas, rush niggas
Doing it with the heat, and ain't killing nothing but time
Fucking with the streets, you ain't feeling nothing but mine
Tired of hearing niggas rhyme and don't say "Shit"
Fuck is on a niggas mind, why don't they quitSucking my dick, looking for something new
Let you man hold something, with your whole something crew
You know how niggas do, we don't forget shit
If you were there when it's thin, then you there when it's thick
No hitch hikers, fuck that, the ride was rough
And if you a nigga that was with us, then that was rough

A lot of niggas that is with us, ain't cried enough
So now when niggas come and get us, we fires them up
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Motherfucker, thought that the X would stop
But I got niggas like 'Yo, who's the next to drop'
From his camp get the stamp, the grand champ, it's official
Think when you die, how many's gonna miss you
Lean over in your casket and kiss you
Send you on your way with a blessing
And pray that another learned a lesson
Smith and Wesson ended moneys life, now moneys wife's a widow
'Gave it to him full blast', nah dog just a little
Besides rap, I don't talk, but make plenty of moves
I'll murder ten of you fools, before your ready to choose
You either win or you lose, and I 'luh' to win
Even if it means I got to shed blood again
Keep a bank account doubling but don't hate me
Really thought that's what you said, would either make me or break me
No, and it don't take me long to write
Matter of fact I think I'll drop another song tonight, come on
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