

# Bitch Blood

## Spooks

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)"  
x2What? 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).

Lyrics provided by

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