We 'Bout To Blow (feat. Big Stan)

DMX

[DMX]
Uhh Uh Uhhhh!
Yeah!
Def Jam Yeah!! (come on)
Ruff Ryders Yeah!! (come on)
Def Jam Yeah!! (come on)
Ruff Ryders Yeah!! (come on)
Def Jam Yeah!! (come on)
Ruff Ryders Yeah!! (come on)[DMX x 2]
Bloodline, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Man, bitch-ass niggaz just don't know[DMX]
I'm just gonna stick to the script 'cause you know how that shit go
Quick to the flip dog, kitten don't let go
Get that shit yo, wrong or right me
Dog for life and its on tonight
Why'all niggaz make money, money, money
My Niggaz take money, money, money
Bloodline, get down 'cause I love mine
I can put my life on the line at least one time
Cats don't know nothing, but show frontin
I'm a pump pump it up like Joe Budden
Dark Man, bang your head with the walk man
Tryna holla at shorty, you still tryna talk man
Sometimes niggaz is worse than the bitches
So I'm a holla at you, but first with the stitches
Cats don't know who you fucking with
'til you fucking with X and you stuck in shit[DMX x 2]
Bloodline, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Man, bitch-ass niggaz just don't know[Big Stan]
Yo Grease I need this beat, no disrespect
I just got some shit I need to get off my chest
Look around and I see the rap game is a mess
So many chromes, now they getting me vexed
Upset and insane in how the game gonna change shit
Sounding the same, and it's a ma fucking shame

While lames think they flow so sick, getting excited
Yeah they got a sick flow, its called the "Young Hoe Virus"
BUT, let me fall back into character
Be got so hot, never been an amateur
Ask the locals, Boy its Lo-Co
Never Stop my flow, want to go pro, you know
Check the history, started with the are's
Now I'm running with the line, four time, no mystery
Dog, tryna position me to get in the door
But since the door don't open wide enough, we rippin it off[DMX x 2]
Bloodline, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Man, bitch-ass niggaz just don't know[DMX]
Dog, gonna be Dog, that's how I get down
Step up, nigga, sit down, put your shit down (AIGHT!!!)
Clowns ain't even built for the circus, I'm about to pop this nigga
(DOG, It ain't worth it)
Tah, yeah you right, soon as your man make it dead at night
I'll be there, aight?? (then what??)
Everything stops, money turns on the light, and Pa Pop Pop Pop!!![Big Stan]
None stop shots ringing out, cowards hit the ground
I came to get down if you came to get down
Blow the pound up, niggaz want to what with us
Bloodline and the dog I trust, so for the dog I bust
That thang, catch me while I'm up in the truck with that thang
Dog get the word, it's a must that I bang
And trust me, I'm gonna do my motherfuck'n thang[DMX x 2]
Bloodline, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Ruff Ryders, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Vacant Lot, we bout to blow (WHAT!)
Man, bitch-ass niggaz just don't knowYeah! Come on man, ya niggaz don't know what the fuck this shit is!
Gutter

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