Stomp

[The Roots](#)

It's about flesh and blood
It's about a heart beat that beats strong
It's about a passion
That's unyielding, and
I want you men to know today
It is your dollar
It's your hour
It is your moment
Go take it[Black Thought]
Yeah, speaking of pieces of a man
Staring at a future in the creases of my hand
It reads like a final letter I'm leaving for my fam but
It's written in language they will never understand
A late repentant
Never deviating from a plan
I drive by headed for the valley of the damned
The wheels spin, I'm looking for a sacrificial lamb
Then roll tactics like a soldier out in the SudanListen...Was this a matter of Flesh and Blood?
Yes it was
Does it matter who Win and Lose
Yes it does
It ain't about the most blessed love
When you return to the essence
What is it back to the essence of?
Greatness I wasn't in the presence of
Cause you was fake and never measured up
You just a nigga on his regular
But how far am I ahead of ya
It just as easily coulda been me instead of yaWe gon' fight till we can't fight no more
And when we can't fight no more
We gon' lie down and bleed for a while
We gon' get up
And fight some more
I want you say it with me
Repeat it after me when I say it
We gon' fight[Greg P0rn]
Fuck getting fucked
Immaculate conception
Now what's beef ain't even a question

Calico kisses, cold blood and crime tape
Flirt with death, every night is a blind date
One night stand, payback's a bitch
Shit have you skinny dipping in a pool of your piss
Blood, sweat, and tears, broken teeth and spit
Put the barrel in your mouth
Blow the devil a kiss
Put the knife in ya back cut down to the red meat
Daddy should've let me be a stain on the bed sheets
I'm one shot short of a Molotov cocktail
Kick in the door like welcome to my world
I'm an evil genius when it comes to this dumb shit
Half of the time I'mma keep it one hundred
Don't play chicken when I'm driving them crazy
Get hit in the wing, thigh, breast or drumstick
We like