

# DMX, 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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My 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 BOOM  
Can I gets some room, or do I have to make me a path  
break you in half, fake niggas make me laugh  
Yall 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, Hooo, 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 men

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I 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 quit  
Sucking 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 hitchhikers, 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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