

Blown Away

DMX

Like the wind (like the wind)
God will take (god will take)
All my sins (all of my sins)
Blown away (will be blown away)
Like the wind (yes)
Like the wind blow

Yea, uh
From 80 school street to way across town
Cats knew how I got down cause word got around
I was that robbery kid with no gun and no mask
Catch a nigga out the door slippin' that's yo ass
Didn't laugh much cause I didn't have much
Life was like a stick half gas half clutch
Meaning half good and half bad
What was good if I caught a good vic if I didn't I was bad
Took it out on my regulars
I come through and if niggaz was broke I took watches and sneakers
Went to jail a few times but that didn't stop me
All it taught me was how not to be sloppy
An older cat robbed me when I was like 10
If anybody wanted to help they should've did it then
But they didn't and all it did was release the beast
So I'm a feast on whatever I come across in the streets

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bloooooooooooooooooown

I had a "S" on my chest fuck the vest
Did robberies with some cats and robbed the rest
Other time I came thought with just me and my dog
And clear out the whole fuck block cause we when hard
I bag some niggaz I knew and some niggaz I didn't
I ain't a fuck either way it was no bullshitting
I'm a cruddy niggaz out to get money
And a couple of slugs is the only thing anybody took from me
Run up on a cat smooth like put it in his left ear
Give up the money the jewelry or get left here
Keep thinking it's a game and play let's get popped
See how much fun you having when your heart be stopped
Shut 'em down open up shop oh-oh no-oh blow off a nigga top
Somebody call the cops but it's to late
Cause I'm a hit you in the face
and what will kill you will be something that you ate

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If pain is love why hide my pain with drugs
Choke off haze and sell attics coke for days
Same clothes and no soup to shave
And I still got a gun on my hip for your open grave
We used to get robbery vics
until my man got killed for his whip on some robbery shit
Then I switched to the weed and start selling crack
But I will pull a steel and put a shell up in ya back
I feel like all my life I was held up in a trap
like if I go to heaven maybe hell will want me back
But all I really want is sperwells up an a lap
And a model bitch sitting with a head in my lap
But since no doe don't spin
and my pant hole got hole within I got to fold ya men
It's obvious I live in a house of sin
I wish I could open up the door and let 'em blow at the wind

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