

Flesh of My Flesh, Blood of My Blood

DMX

Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood.
Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood!
Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood;
All of my niggas get down like what.
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My dogs is dogs with official bloodlines;
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 sweet 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 get some room, or do I gots ta make me a path?
Break you in half; fake niggas make me laugh.
Y'all 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, ho, that's three strikes you out.
His knife was out; I think they found it still in his hand.
He in a bag, and I'm over here, killing his man.

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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 wrong.
Can't afford to trust niggas, 'cause niggas lust figures;
Plus niggas is scared to bust niggas - rush niggas.
Doing 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 your man hold something, with your hold-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 every nigga that was with us, they time was rough.
A lot of niggas that is with us, ain't cried enough,
So now when niggas come and get us, we fires 'em up.

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Motherfuckers, thought that the X would stop,
But I got niggas like: 'yo, who's the next to drop?'
From his camp get the stamp, 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 money's life, now money's 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.
Either win or you lose, and I luh to win,
Even if it means I got to shed blood again.
Keep the bank account doubling, but don't hate me;
Really thought that what you said would either make me or break me?
No, and it don't take me long to write;
Matter fact I think I'll drop another song tonight, motherfucker.
Come on!

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