

We 'Bout to Blow

DMX

UHH UHH UHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Yeah!!

(3x)

Def Jam Yeah!! (come on)

Ruff Ryders Yeah!! (come on)

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

(2x)

I'm just gonna stick to the script cuz 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

Y'all niggaz make money, money, money

My Niggaz take money, money, money

Bloodline, get down cuz 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

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

(2x)

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

B got so hot, never been an amateur

Ask the locals, Boy its Lo-Co

Never Stop my flow, wanna go pro, you know

Check the history, started with the R'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

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

(2x)

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)
TAHHHH, 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!!!

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 wanna 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

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
(2x)

Yeah! Come on man, ya niggaz don't know what the fuck this shit is!

Gutter (4x)