

Blood Of My Blood

Slightly Stoopid

Blood of my blood
Flesher then flesh
All of these people gettin down like this, we original
Nobody dat play
A sweeter type of sugar
Like the rythme naughty bass
And if your gettin cold
Grab your sweater or a vest
To the girl upon the horse
She be the cowgirl then we say

Yo girl yo getty up oh,
Oh who in the hell cares
People over here
Gotta get them outta there
And them original
Lettin the people stare
If you get to load a bowl
I'll go and smoke it in the air
We be the criminal