

Intro

DMX

Interviewer: Yo I'm sayin, these Ruff Ryder Niggas.

DMX: Dog

Interviewer: I heard these niggas is for real

DMX: Dog. That's my man and them

Interviewer: But I heard these Niggas is like suppose to be lockin down the industry on some shit, on some power shit.

DMX: Dog that's my mans and them

Interviewer: Eh

DMX: So what I'm doin'

Interviewer: right, right

DMX: my mans and them is doin, because

Interviewer: right.

DMX: that's my mans and them, ya know

Interviewer: I feel ya

DMX: Now ya feel me?

Interviewer: I feel ya

DMX: So you know when you fuckin with me

Interviewer: right, right

DMX: you fuckin wit

Interviewer: oh oh, what are ya doin now?DMX:

Told y'all niggaz

Ya just don't listen

Why must you be hard headed

Tried to explain, but ya didn't hear me though

Ya know, grrrrrUh

One two one two, come through run through

Gun who, oh you don't know what the gun do

Some do, those that know are real quiet

Let me think you wanna try it, fuck around and start a riot

Niggas gonna buy it, regardless because I'm the hardest
rap artist and I'ma start this

Shit up foreal, get up and feel, my words

I make herbs split up and squeal

Ill is all I've been hearin lately

Niggaz hate me, wanna duck tape me and make me
put their brains on the wall, when I brawl

Too late for that 911 call

Niggaz stay beefin but a lot of them bluffin

But not me because I'ma nigga that can get out of them cuffs

You think a lot of them tough

Not just for frotin

When I hit them niggaz like 'What you want?'

the battle turns into a hunt
With the dog right behind niggaz chasin em down
We all knew that you was pussy
but I'm tastin it now
And never give a dog blood
because raw blood
I have a dog like one bitin whatever
All up in ya gut
Give it to them raw like that
and ain't no love I do em all like that
Four right up in they back
Clak Clak
Close your eyes baby, it's over
Forget it, happened in front off your buildin but
nobody knows who did it
What
Where my dogs at?
What what
Where my dogs at?
Uh
Where my dogs at?
What what
Where my dogs at?
Uh
Where my dogs at?
What what
Where my dogs at?
Uh
Where my dogs at?
What what
Niggas is pussy
Keep me runnin from the werewolf, owww
Howling at the moon on the roof
Eh, ah, no, get em
Ten niggas on him, hope God's with him
Give me the bat, let me split him
I'll have em where the pillow and the casket won't fit him
Only reason I did him, he wouldn't fight back
Tried to strike back
Left him like that, layin up with the white hat
Gettin right back at ya when I snatch ya
up out the grave, nuthin but bones and ashes
Hittin niggaz with gashes to the head
Straight to the white meat but the street stay red
But this girl gave me head for free
Cause they see, who I'ma be by like 2003
That Nigga D took it there
He thought it was a joke
He went through like 20 G's and thought that

I was broke, stupid
That's what you get for thinkin and eventually
found that's what you get for stinkin
Blowin up the spot when you rot
plus if it gets hot they know you dipped
for four squared blocks
Hit em with the ox to the grill
Eh, ah, kill nigga kill
Yet still they don't know I'ma rob who
That dog DMX is a muthafuckin problem
Aight

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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