Shut Em Down

Dmx

[intro:]
Straight up nigga
Motherfuckin' south side nigga
Brooklyn what!
Word up
Yeah
Shut 'em down!
Yeah
Shut 'em down
Shut 'em down
Yeah
Onyx featuring dmx
[hook:]
Shut 'em down
Shut 'em down
Shut 'em down [4x]
[verse 1:]
Yo shut 'em down start the violence
We wilin' wilin' sling back his body found
Washed up on coney island
When I rolled up, this niggas heart slowed up
That killa froze up, when I pulled up jumped out with the pump-pump
Thirty-two shots and ducked out
So look out
Left that cat for dead his body smoked out
Cause when I fall y'all killas a kill me kid
I'm goin' all out
Lifes a bitch, fuck it, got the gun bust it
Gmae play, gotta play by the rules or your own cannot be trusted
Don't try to test, abide your chest, put five inside your vest
Have you layin' with a dead rest
Shoulda known when you was lookin' in the eyes a death
And I swore forgiveness when I did this
There was not no witness but he should understand
Cause even God got a shit list
[verse 2:]
Beat downs anonymous
I spit like a shiny silver nanabus(?)
Niggas fond of us

We the kind that rush, those that hold back
Takin' your whole stack
Grimy street cats
Niggas bald head like kojak
Go gat for gat
Coat that
You could smoke that
Or cut black dust
Makin' your whole fuckin' stove crack
Betta know me
1-3, one and only could be never phoney in any ceremony
I'l tear you homey
Shut 'em down, shut 'em down, shut 'em down
Shun sees takin' your time
Makin' your mind
Got this nigga on the low
Defecatin' with rhymes
Breakin' your spine
Got you movin' from the flurry, time to worry
I'ma bury the bullshit
I'ma bury the bullshit
I'ma bury the bullshit
Feel my full clip
[hook]
[verse 3: dmx]
Aiyyo I bet you this muthafuckin' double barrel will blast his face
Be on the look out for a basket case
Niggas pumped you up to watch you get beat
Had you thinkin' shits sweet
Now you up shit's creek
Cause your shits weak
How much is your life worth to someone important
Cause I be extortin'
Kidnap for ransom is some shit you don't want to get caught in
From back in the days of gordon
Niggas was gettin' robbed
The guy from rikers height stayed on his job
With his own little mob
Was it worth goin back to the earth so soon
Worth makin' my shit go boom
To your own doom, from the graveyards
Till there's no room
Fuck you know about a pine box
Money goin' out with nine glocks
On top of that same nigga when they pull with they nine shots

Feel like killin' for your crew
I ain't gon' rest
It don't take a whole lot to flip your vest
Then watch your lungs spill out your chest
You best get on some act your age shit
You a little kid
That run for faces
More niggas get killed like that
[verse 4: sticky fingaz]
Mad man sticky f-i-n-g-a-z
The crazy cajun blazin' bullets for days and days
Grazin' amazin' I'm the glazin' ason purple hazin'
Hard to be pahsin' lord with all this hell I'm raisin'
God of the underground, I'm gunnin' 'em down with a thunder pound
We gonna shut 'em down
We turn we gonna shut 'em down
We turn we gonna shut 'em down
We turn shit dumb quick gun click
Lyin' in the vine
Persed the line on your dick
In the morgue admit it dogs
I'm the rottweiler my glock holler
Fuck cocaine killer I sniff gun powder
So all you real willies throw your roleys in the sky
And all the crooks rob the place outside
I'm so hype, I tkae your life, betta have my doe right
Fuck my life, I don't need no mic!
The new album
Bring it
Motherfuckin' may
[hook 2x]
That's that shit
Bring me on point
About to shut down the whole industry
Official nasty
Dmx
We wreckin' everything
So shut up, or you get shut down like the rest of them
Pussy

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