

Trina Moe

DMX

What?
Uhh
What?
C'monAea yo
Bounce to that Trina Moe
Niggas about to blow
Bouncin' straight out the door
Here we go, here we goBloodline, scratch all day, match all weight
Only dogs eatin' is us we snatch all plates
Err, err, err, get him boy
Click, click, pop the leash, hit him boy
Niggas brag about waggin', we stop the tails
X-drop an album, niggas droppin' sales
Niggas can't fuck with the dog, forget about it
Money went up against the dog, read about itMan listen, you cats better walk easy
I'm on some positive shit but I still walk greasy
Ain't nothin' changed, still ain't sweet
Stand on one block, but I own the whole street
And on the whole street is dirty niggas wit funny moves
Leavin' your house with bloody boots, we cruddy dudes
Rest of them ass kissers, is sensitive ass niggas
Fourth album, and I still get in that ass niggaAea yo
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Here we go, here we goIt's dark and Hell is hot, flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood
And then there was X
Got niggas like what's next and then
Hit 'em again, you cats ain't never gon' win
I was here before most of y'all careers were born
I'll be here when y'all careers are gone, still strong
Difference between right and wrong is me
Niggas talk shit, but you can't MCWe already know how much your watch is worth
Talk about, helpin' the hurt, savin' the church
Won't you brag about helpin' out where you come from

And give brothers a job that really want one
Gotta think about that shit you said, you don't mean it
I done listened to that shit you said, but I done seen it
Most of you cats is type funny
But when it comes time to feed the hungry, gon' get type uglyAea yo
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Here we go, here we goMan I'm already knowin', like y'all niggas is knowin'
You can't fuck with dog, bust a cap, scrap or flowin', what?
Seein' is believin' and well, let's just see
I ain't even gon' speak, one million the first week
Aight, let's ask the streets, how many sold?
What? Three niggas, three months to go gold
C'mon esse, keep it real holmes
You fuckin' with the dog, you already knowThis ain't nothin' new, fuck is you mad at
15 million, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah
Rest assured, I'm best abroad
You can test Billboard, 'cuz the, rest are frauds
I got 18 years under my belt, rappin'
Let me see, you was three, I was makin' it happen
Next time we bump heads don't be hard headed
Show some motherfuckin' respect bitch, or you'll all get itAea yo
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