Untouchables

Dmx

[DMX]Uhh (huh) yeah, it is what it is
Yah mean? We untouchable baby
[Chorus]I keep my song in my soul
Blessed my heart and made it go
Tops of our heads to tips of our toes
We're untouchable
Everyday the sun'll shine
Took this dream and made it mine
I'm gettin down one thing that I know (WHAT!)
We're untouchable
We built this Double are thing from the ground up
Another principle of when it's beef, niggaz round up
Gettin' down like what nigga, YO!
That's all it takes and it's like, HERE WE GO!
Thorough type niggaz that control the streets
Rollin deep, holdin' heat, don't even think about sleep
When we creep, niggaz goin' down for the count
It ain't sweet, fuck around and knock money out
Come on fella, you don't want the dog with the camp
Not Old Yeller, a pitbull and dog is the champ
You know better, think about crossin' the line
Hit your sweater, with about ten from the .9
Double are and we get down for life!
Let a nigga KNOW we can go down tonight
From the tops of our heads, the tips of our toes
What! We untouchable, alright?
Yea, WHAT!
[Chorus]Yeah, yeah, YEAH! Be strong..
I represent the have and the have-nots
All the niggaz with the weed spots
And all my niggaz on them cell blocks
We goin' are-you-double-F are-why-D-E
You can't fuck with my army
My niggaz is untouchable, eatin' niggaz like Lunchable
.45 be crushin' you when the bullets be touchin' you
Paul bearers'll carry you
To the cemetery where your momma goin' bury you
Black suit be fittin' you nigga, I got hood degrees
Plus I'm street like powder, milk, and government cheese

If you a runnin' man nigga, then I'ma shoot up your knees
Then it's me against the world, man against machine
S.D.T.S. - stick to my routine
My knuckle game impeccable, crack game incredible
Lawyers for my niggaz who be sittin' in the Federal
Nigga, I'm untouchable
[Chorus]Lyrically I'm, untouchable..
Infa-Red nigga, let's go..
All I can know is 365 days of pain
My name, how to sell cocaine
And I was taught to buy guns so big when I go to the roof

I can aim and shoot down a plane
Infa-Red's my name but fuck all that
Fall back and witness how the streets made me the grimiest nigga alive
I sell you a fake pie, shoot out your fake eye
Give niggaz a break, nah; I gotta chase mine
Don't wear your watch around me nigga I take time
Like niggaz that them blue tried to like
I turn men to mice, canary yellow my ice
And Ruff Ryde on anybody, to be precise
But I handle my business like I'm supposed to
When you go in the precinct, that's the only time you see my poster
But I could post up and get rid of my pieces
I own collies sellin' rocks the size of Domino pizzas
I'm untouchable, nigga
[Chorus]Double R.. whoo! All day..
Yo, aiyyo X let me get 'em daddy - yo, yo, yo
U-N-T-O-U-C-H, A-B-L-E-S
Sheek the new Elliott Ness (no doubt)
Nigga, Bloodline, D-Block; two of the best
Hang the Double are chain from the side of the car
Drive by and put your brains on the side of the bar
Sheek heavy in the hood (uh-huh)
And I don't mean cause I gained weight in the hood (nah)
My aim is good, aiyyo X what they want it to be here?
Our hammer's cocked, outside of the house on the lawn chair
Yeah nigga what? The new rap LeBron's here
Get 'em dog, we the new America's nightmare
And we don't say much, we just get it on
That's why we don't get touched, y'all like a dutch
Hands all on you, I'm tryna warn you
to stay in your place, so you don't get laced
And them pretty ass shades, can stay on your face
[Chorus][Drag-On]Uhh, uhh, uhh, come on!

You motherfuckers got me back on my grizzly, I'm back on the grind
I'm back to the streets, catch a beef, come back with the nine
I'll murder ya man, come back with his shines
I tote two guns, I don't care if you box, I don't care if you blind
I spit in your eye like niggaz is eatin, I'm splittin the pies
Frank Nitty your rap, how gritty am I? The city is mine
Yeah, you get in my way I pity your moms
Yeah, my block is real, my niggaz is armed
My borough is thorough, we bang with each other
I'm switchin' my diamonds and changin' the color
with change of weather, canary in the sun, uhh
I bury ya nigga then bury the gun, X what up?
Me and you is untouchable (uh-huh)
We both had bricks they couldn't sniff cause the coke was uncrushable
Guns is fingerprint-proof, we "Ryde or Die"
You drivin by, we clap at your ride, good-bye
[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/