

The Story

Dmx

From black gangster soundtrack[dmx]
I'm always talking shit, cause wherever I go I walk in shit
And now they got me on some stalking shit
Broad daylight, niggaz is crying, 'but I don't want anyone to blast'
So from the roof I pick em off like a scab
And watch the slug bust a thug like a watermelon
He shoulda thought about that before caught a terror
And now another kid grows up without a daddy or a mommy
Cause at the funeral I hit up the caddy,
It's the army for real niggaz with nothing to lose
Cause when it's time to go you don't get to choose
I make the muthafuckin rules and I enforce it,
Shorty's people was loose hand so he lost it
I took the joints and tossed them, in the river,
At the same spot that I dumped
This kid that didn't wanna give a nigga the combo, to the safe in the crib
Look, money, that's why I did what I did{2 niggaz talking.....}[dmx]
Mad stressed and I'm about to have a breakdown
It's time for pops who got the store on the corner to have get a shakedown
He hasn't paid for protection in like two months
So I figured I'd leave him wit like two fronts
I break up shit to let him know that I'm real
Reminder, I know where you live so don't squeal
Told him, next time I come, have some paper for me
Don't fuck around and turn into another caper for me
Cause though he's cool all that cool shit stops
And I be in the crowd talking bout, 'yo who killed pops? '
It's a shame, he was caught up in the game and couldn't play it
So I smoked him, I asked him 'who's the man' and made him say it
Three times, and that's how many times I hit him
A nigga was acting like he didn't have to pay so I did him
Yo I think this shit is going to my head (for real)
But let that be a lesson, don't pay dues and you dead{2 niggaz talking.....}[dmx]
A little birdie told me that the feds were on to me
And they wanted to do something real wrong to me
So I broke out, blazed the l for a while
Checked my sources and found my name was on file
Under gun for hire and extortion, but yo I never use
The same joint twice as a precaution and I heard this kid tried to set me up

He knew I knew so he tried to wet me up
See he was under investigation for drugs
They set up all types of phone taps and bugs
Then when they bagged him, money went out, reprints (he was my friend)
Said they'd let him go, all he had to do was snitch
And I know now he wish they would have kept him
Cause it was sweet how I crept him, wet him up then left him
And that's for mufuckas that don't know
Go against the grain and you feel the pain
Aight yo?

Lyrics provided by

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