Tales From The Darkside

Dmx

And now, the tale from the Darkside
I got to remind y'all niggas what the flow is all about
It's about this, anywhere from forty-eight and up
Straight, you feel me? Fifty fifty
Aiyyo, I gots to hear the beat so I can eat, aight?
If I can't live, you can't live, ain't nothin' sweet
Bitch ass niggas think it's all about Versace
A week later them niggas talkin' about, ?Yo, X got me?
I thought he was my man but he act like he ain't know me
I knew he had the joint but I didn't wanna make him show me
That nigga be buggin', stickin' cats up and random
Doin' his dirt and disappearin' like the Phantom
Niggas can't stand him but ask me if I care
'Cuz what I used to give a fuck about just ain't there
And ain't nothin' fair, I knew this for a long time
That's why with every wrong crime comes anotha strong rhyme
And that's mo' time under the belt, you felt what I had
And I shouldn't have even done it, that's what made this shit sad
I'm doin' bad but if I gots to feel it, you gots to feel it
And if a nigga can't afford it, I gots to steal it
And that's how real it gets when this shit hits the fan
You still tryin' to get the man, first catch up with the man
Then we gon' see what'chu made of
If your shit ain't pumpin' Kool-Aid, what you afraid of?
The monster under the bed, fill ya with four slugs to the head
Or ya babies' mother missin' for a month, found dead
Worms comin' from places you stuck ya dick in
Maggots got the bitch covered and the smells sick'nin'
Plastic don't hide the smell for too long, I do wrong
And so I don't have nightmares I forget about it, move on
Keep gettin' my groove on 'cuz that shit could fuck with'chu
Keep dwellin' on it and it's gonna get stuck with you
Niggas try their luck with you 'cuz they smell ass
And money, if you pussy, I'm gonna be able to tell fast
Some cop I'm about to smack across the face in this robbery
I'm on a robbin' spree and ain't no stoppin' me
On this real, that's why a nigga stay writin'
'Cuz kid this shit is real, what you think we play fightin'?
You must of saw som'thin' funny or never saw som'thin' bloody

Or you don't know, I'll bring it to your door 'cuz I'm cruddy
Like puddy, when I hold you niggas, I mold you niggas
I done told you niggas that I been owed you niggas
For that shit you did that you wasn't built for
Shit, I guess you didn't know you do get killed for
I done filled niggas up with the extended clip
It's like I blew this joint down with the extended rip
Or that non-stop when the bomb drops
I'ma take it from where you at and then end up on ya moms' block
From here to Comstock, niggas gettin' bust wild
Cell cagers last night from lock out just died
Ain't no where to hide, ain't no wear to run
What more can they do to a man that ain't been done?
A mind is a terrible thing to waste
Especially if it's all over the place, your mind all over his face
How do brains taste when they mixed with gun powder?
Semi to fully automatic makes the gun louder
I got som'thin' to fix pain when I kicks game
'Cuz I'ma float off more tracks than they sixth train
You 'bout to get flamed, from ash to ashes to dirt
You gon' go with the dough that your life was worth, motherfucker

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