Niggaz Done Started Something

Dmx

Yo, ayo let's get papers and pop more with holes up in skyscrapers
In condominiums, overlooking our drug capers
New York City, know only way to play is gritty
I want cheddar, so we can front up in the 850My whole comity like to puff L's and look jiggy
Who wanna test this? My semi leave you chest less
And ain't shit that you can say to me when you be breathless
Young, but I done did shit that you won't doSo go ahead wit the bullshit you blab about goin' through
I got niggaz who pump on your block and in your spot
Who sit next to you? Protectin' you? But they'll murder you, playa
Don status, nigga we gettin' chipsesis
And bad bitchsesis, frontin' in eclipsesisAyo, Mase and The Lox we takin' knots from the out of state spots
Any nigga make it hot, get found in vacant lot
You don't really wanna come try, the one guy
Who stay dumb high from blunt lye the rack of sing-sing alumni
Who got more beef than a Islamic farmSo I pack enough sonic arms to neutralize atomic bombs
It's not a nigga in your gang want it
My AK slay gays, spray strays wit niggaz names on it
Often I bug, then we'll soften a thug
Have a chump coughin' blood, fill his coffin with slugsYo, you know I got enough guns to wreck a nation
Any nigga wave a Tec at Mase, and, have a explanation
You bring your crew and 'em and I'm doin' 'em
Then I'm beatin' 'em down with aluminum, then I'm puttin' two in 'em
You can't touch me, I've been devil sent, wanted for embezzlement
A lot of other things, but that's irrelevantIf you love the money, then prepare to die for it
Niggaz done started somethin'
You can lay in the flames, or hug the sky for it
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Niggaz done started somethin'Yo, check out the kid that get coke like Sosa
Never turned down chocha be in the Costa
Rica, sippin' margaritas with a mami
Cleanin' my Tommy, showin' love to my army
Whenever The Lox find rippy blocks, we kill 'em
Yeah I hear niggaz, but I still don't feel 'emAnd this for the listeners, and prisoners
And them jealous rap cats that prefer dissin' us
My 16's be so real, you can feel 'em in your vain
Like Ramello's pops from SugarhillJ be the 'cause for the kiss at your wake
Cartel lips, spittin' clips at your face, we started from the bottom

You'll see bad niggaz pardon, whatever we can do it at the Garden
Word life, this shit is real big
I'm makin' niggaz blow trial even if they not guiltyI want a palace for my thugs, wit oriental rugs
Green bags from drugs, get wacked for the love
Twenty niggaz batter me, still couldn't shatter me
I'm only gettin' up, splittin' up your anatomyOfficial lock family, grants niggaz handin' me
I want the finer things, and I hope you understandin' me
Sittin' at the table, plannin' and plug the fan in
Let the sweat dry off and then grab your cannonThink you smartest, and retaliate the hardest, regardless
If you a thug or a rap artist, respect me like Pesci
And if rap was hockey, I be Gretzky, puffin' Nestle
Any ya niggaz done started somethin'
Actin' invincible like you God or somethin'If you God, then I'm a makes a lot till you rot
And if you a playa, then play for everything you got
And if you a thug, then start bustin' off shots
And if you a dog, you better bite before you barkIf you love the money, then prepare to die for it
Niggaz done started somethin'
You can lay in the flames, or hug the sky for it
Niggaz done started somethin'Don't came at me with no bullshit, use caution
'Cause when I wet shit, I dead shit, like abortions
For bigger portions, of extortion then racketeering
Got niggaz fearin', fuck what you heard, this what you hearin'How much darker must it get, how much harder must it hit?
See if your hardest niggaz flip, when I start a bunch of shit
I like pussy, but not up in my face, so gimme three feet
'Cause when we creep, no more than three deep, niggaz see sheepBloodhounds found your shit buried in the mud
Following traces of gun powder, residue and blood
A positive ID is impossible, so you know
John Doe is what they gonna' be puttin' on that tag on your toeNow who gonna tell yo mother, her baby's under a cover in the morgue
Stiff as a log, sniffed out by the dogs
Son of a hard headed nigga that wouldn't listen
So you got what you came for what's that?Surgery wit the chainsaw, I hit the fuckin' streets
'Cause like I said before ain't nothin' goin' down until I eat
Mu' fuckers think it's all about impressin' bitches and stressin' bitches
Well, I'm testin' bitches game, adressin' bitches, and caressin' bitchesAnd dealin' with mu'fuckers on all levels
What I'm dealin' with is all devils
Fuckin' with snakes, runnin' with niggaz you call rebels
I got an army of 730 niggaz, dirty niggaz
That come through and worry niggaz 30 niggaz that like to bury niggazAnd scary niggaz get it all the time
'cause what they got is all of mine
Your man was talkin' shit until I pulled the nine
And if I don't know you, I don't fuck with you
And if you with my man, then he gettin' stuck with youAnd gave it the money

'Cause I just lost my mind when he crossed the line
Sent his back through his chest then I tossed the nine
Boss of crime, Black Gotti, I stack bodies wit the black shotty
Bitch-ass niggaz who act snotty, get itThese niggaz is for real, these niggaz ain't playin'
This ain't no fuckin' game, you think we playin'? Ruff Ryders

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