

Slippin' (Re-Recorded)

DMX

Ay yo I'm slippin', I'm fallin', I can't get up
Ay yo I'm slippin', I'm fallin', I can't get up
Ay yo I'm slippin', I'm fallin', I gots to get up
Get me back on my feet so I can tear shit up Ay yo I'm slippin', I'm fallin', I can't get up
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Ay yo I'm slippin', I'm fallin', I gots to get up
Get me back on my feet so I can tear shit up I've been through mad different phases like mazes, to find my way
And now I know that happy days are not far away
If I'm strong enough I'll live long enough to see my kids
Doing something more constructive with their time than bids
I know because I been there
Now I'ma there sit back and look
At what it took for me to get there
First came the bullshit the drama with my Mama
She got on some fly shit so I split
And said that I'ma be that seed
That doesn't need much to succeed
Strapped with mad greed
And a heart that doesn't bleed
I'm ready for the world or at least I thought I was
Bagging niggas when I caught a buzz
For thinking about how short I was
Going too fast, it wouldn't last but yo I couldn't tell
Group homes and institutions, prepared my ass for jail
They put me in a situation forcing me to be a man
When I was just learning to stand without a helping hand
Damn, was it my fault, something I did
To make a father leave his first kid at seven doin my first bid
Back on the scene at fourteen with a scheme
To get more cream than I'd ever seen in a dream
And by all means I will be living high off the hog
And I never gave a fuck about much but my dog
That's my only muthafucka I had offered my last
Just another little nigga headed nowhere fast Ay yo I'm slippin', I'm fallin', I can't get up
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Get me back on my feet so I can tear shit up That ain't the half shit get's worse as I get older

Actions become bolder, heart got colder

Chip on my shoulder that I dared a nigga to touch
Didn't need a clique cause I scared a nigga that much

One deep with the pit starting shit for kicks
Catching Vicks throwing bricks gettin by being slick
Used to get high to get by used to have to puff my L

In the morning before I get fly

Ate something a couple of forties made me hate something

I did some coke now I'm ready to take something

Three years later showing signs of stress
Didn't keep my hair cut or give a fuck how I dressed
I'm possessed by the darker side living the cruddy life

Shit like this kept a nigga with a bloody knife

Wanna make records but I'm fucking it up

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Get me back on my feet so I can tear shit up Wasn't long before I hit rock bottom

Niggas talking shit was like damn look how that rock got him

Open like a window

No more endo

Look at a video

Sayin' to myself that could've been yo

Ass on the TV

Believe me, it could be done

Something's got to give

Gots to change cause I've got a son

I gots to do the right thing for shorty

And that means no more gettin' high, drinkin' 40s

So I get back looking type slick again

Fake niggas jump back on my dick again

Nothing but love for those that know how it feel

And much respect to all my niggas that kept it real

Kept a nigga strong, kept a nigga from doing wrong

Niggas know who they is and this is yo fucking song

And to my boo who stuck with a nigga through

All the bullshit you'll get yours because it's due Ay yo I'm slippin', I'm fallin', I can't get up

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