

D-X-L (Hard White)

DMX

Holiday styles

Bitch, I get you shot in the head or shot in the neck

If I ain't gettin' proper respect

I don't care if you rap, I still spit in your grill

I don't give a fuck, never have, never will If it ain't on your hip, then you're lookin' to die

I ain't tryin' to be the nigga that's gonna look at the sky

Ask God why I'm broke, bitch, I'm cooking the pie

We all gon' die, sooner or later, matter of time My niggaz sell crack, with a package of dimes

Hundred or more, in front of the store, waitin' to bubble

Brand new nine, and an eight in a bubble

I put sixteen above ya neck, I love my set Niggaz think they a thug, then thug to death

(Uh-huh)

'Cause the P gonna squeeze till no slugs is left

(What)

You know I'm good with a hundred of 'dro, gun and an O

You think your shit butter? Hop in front of this toast Yo, aiyyo, aiyyo

I say what I want, fuck what y'all think is cool

And I hate cops, 'cause most y'all was dicks in school

No pussy gettin' niggaz tryin' to cuff the God

Play Sheik out in the yard, but that shit too hard My dough too long, nowadays my flow too strong

What y'all make in a year, I kick that for a song

Check my car, I don't care, I don't play fair

Keep some shit in the stash box, then get me the chair And it don't buck shot and the blast is hard to hear

I'm a true thug nigga, bring it straight to your crew

Small yell when I rap, I'm basically talkin' to you

You see the pain in my eye? Nigga, the flame in my eye? I'm tryin' to leave my kids some real fuckin' change
when I die

From rappin' or tellin' some cat to reach for the sky

I'm that hunt down nigga, with the four pound nigga

Bounty hunt your whole crew till my bullets go through, what? Yo, yo, yo, yo all I need is a big gun and a Coupe
that's crazy quick

A nice house with five rooms, maybe six

A town where money is coming, eighty bricks

Break 'em down to all twenties, is a crazy flip Bet you never even felt the heat

Till I put the M1 next to your waves and melt the grease

Streets help niggaz, niggaz don't help the streets

Y'all use beats for help, we help the beats Who want it with me? Who want it with Sheek? Who want it with P?

If I say so myself, it's a wonderful three

Be in the hood with all your jewels in the glove box

Same niggas that-a rob you love L.O.X.
(Uh)All types of burners, even snub glocks
(Uh)
Nice size tees you could carry in your sweats
(Uh)
Find your man dead in the trunk of a car
(Uh)
It's Jada responsible for breakin' your heart
(Uh)
UhCreep through the streets
For some of y'all rappers, that's mighty hard
Me the Security? Protectin' my body? I let my shotty guard
Put chill pills in brains, bullets like Tylenol
Make niggaz drowsy from the blood loss, got 'em noddin' offAnd take casket naps, fuck that you shoulda never
let this bastard rap
All I know is cold winter, hot slugs through your snorkel
No parents, tale from my horror's no moralsRaised in the wrong era, with no guidance
So you dyin'? It's no problem, no lyin'
Drag's fire, so ya hamburger beef? I french-fry 'em
To drag done ate your foodLike I know to raise your dukes so guard your chin up
Drag barrels, but shit, I spit-bubble your skin up
Drag scorch niggaz for dinner but season 'em well
I don't brag I let the streets tell po'-po' now you see he fellUh, uh, now you motherfuckers
Know what my name means when you hear it in the streets
(Uh)
Y'all bitches fear it cause you weak
You wanna hear it? I make it speak
(What?)
You ain't ever bust a gun, but there's a lot of greasy talkin'
(Uh-huh)
What the science behind that son?
(I don't know)
A lot of easy walkin'I bust shit down got down kick down shot down
(uh,uh, uh, uh)
Ain't tryin' to talk about what I got now, but I got now
(What)
I ain't never sold a brick, I done stuck niggaz up
(C'mon)
And for talkin' too much shit? I done fucked niggaz up
(Uh)It can get "Dark" for real, and I think you already know that
(Uh-huh)
Well think about it with the brick in your hand before you throw that
Now don't act, cause actin' might get you rollin'
With what you ain't ready to handle
(Uhh)

All that's left of your memory, is a candle
(Woo!)It happens quick fast nigga, to bitch ass niggaz
Talkin' reckless behind your back, them kiss ass niggaz
(Uh)

From the rap shit to the street shit, I keep shit tight
Let them cats spit that weak shit
(What)

I'm dog for life, niggaThey gon' need extra guns and extra blocks
(They wanna Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde)
They gon' need extra jails and extra cops
(They wanna Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde)
They gon' need extra pits and extra glocks
(They wanna Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde)
They gon' need extra chains and extra watches
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