

F*** Y'all

DMX

[Chorus]

Ay yo fuck why'all niggaz

(Man fuck you too)

Ay yo fuck why'all niggaz

(Man fuck you too)

It's big dog baby

Gettin down like what

See I'm a thorough bread

I don't fuck wit much

Bloodline is

Where the pups at

They off the Grand Champ

Yea what black

Don't nothin move less

Dog say so

Cats clueless

About the way it go

Off the chain I got

At least 3 kills

Even though my last album only did 3 mil

I still give em chill

'cause they feel dog

I can't help what it is

Shit is real dog

You must have thought that

It was a joke or somethin

Now you done fucked around

And got your man choked for frontin

Now hold up playa

'cause I don't play those games

And don't ask me shit

'cause I don't say no names

See what I know I'm taking

To the fuckin grave

So keep knockin 'cause you ain't gettin a fuckin thing

[Chorus x4]

Ay yo

Who we be was off the last joint

But now it's who we see

And we forget the last joint
Cats ain't never walked like X
Even before coochie rapper talked like sex
I've been around since at least 83
So ain't no sense in you motherfuckers hatin me
'cause I'm gon be here when you cats is gone

And other cats is on
Another batch is born
Don't give a fuck
Bout none of why'all
Fuck each and every one of why'all
'cause I done done it all

Been where ya at
Been where ya goin
Then brought it back
I tried to tell ya bout it
But you wouldn't listen
Now I'm gonna take you to the hood
'cause the hood will listen
I wish you woulda listened
'cause then you woulda known
That it's only right
To give a dog a bone

Bitch

[Chorus x2]

Aw Man

There are some things I can't stand
When a nigga holla want to shake my left hand
When a nigga follow 'cause he actin like my man
Nigga might as well swallow 'cause he actin like a fan
And I got balls like you do
Man I got paul to pull through you
Stan don't they know how we do
In to the streets with our hearts to the people
Gots to give a little to get somethin back
And what you usually give see you ain't nothin black
But when you don't give then it won't last
His shit will disappear like wit a nigga that smoked fast
You'll get broke fast
That's the lord's will
Hold up I think somebody's a the door
Shhh chill
You sit right there
I'm gonna answer that
'cause when I finish poppin ain't nobody answerin back

[Chorus x4]

Fuck it

Songwriters

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