

# Intro

## P. Diddy

Yo I'm sayin, these Ruff Ryder Niggas  
Dog  
I heard these niggas is for real  
Dog. That's my man and them  
But I heard these Niggas is like suppose to be lockin down  
The industry on some shit, on some power shit  
Dog that's my mans and them  
Eh  
So what I'm doin'  
Right, right  
My mans and them is doin, because  
Right  
That's my mans and them, ya know  
I feel ya  
Now ya feel me?  
I feel ya  
So you know when you fuckin with me  
Right, right  
You fuckin wit  
Oh oh, what are ya doin now?  
Told y'all niggaz  
Ya just don't listen  
Why must you be hard headed  
Tried to explain, but ya didn't hear me though  
Ya know, grrrrrrUh  
One two one two, come through run through  
Gun who, oh you don't know what the gun do  
Some do, those that know are real quiet  
Let me think you wanna try it, fuck around and start a riot  
Niggas gonna buy it, regardless because I'm the hardest  
Rap artist and I'ma start this  
Shit up foreal, get up and feel, my words  
I make herbs split up and squeal  
Ill is all I've been hearin lately  
Niggaz hate me, wanna duck tape me and make me  
Put their brains on the wall, when I brawl  
Too late for that 911 call  
Niggaz stay beefin but a lot of them bluffin  
But not me because I'ma nigga that can get out of them cuffs

You think a lot of them tough  
Not just for frothin  
When I hit them niggaz like 'What you want?'  
The battle turns into a hunt  
With the dog right behind niggaz chasin em down  
We all knew that you was pussy  
But I'm tastin it now  
And never give a dog blood  
Because raw blood  
I have a dog like one bitin whatever  
All up in ya gut  
Give it to them raw like that  
And ain't no love I do em all like that  
Four right up in they back  
Clak Clak  
Close your eyes baby, it's over  
Forget it, happened in front off your buildin but  
Nobody knows who did itWhat  
Where my dogs at?  
What what  
Where my dogs at?  
Uh  
Where my dogs at?  
What what  
Where my dogs at?  
Uh  
Where my dogs at?  
What what  
Where my dogs at?  
Uh  
Where my dogs at?  
What whatNiggas is pussy  
Keep me runnin from the werewolf, owww  
Howling at the moon on the roof  
Eh, ah, no, get em  
Ten niggas on him, hope God's with him  
Give me the bat, let me split him  
I'll have em where the pillow and the casket won't fit him  
Only reason I did him, he wouldn't fight back  
Tried to strike back  
Left him like that, layin up with the white hat  
Gettin right back at ya when I snatch ya  
Up out the grave, nuthin but bones and ashes  
Hittin niggaz with gashes to the head  
Straight to the white meat but the street stay red

But this girl gave me head for free  
Cause they see, who I'ma be by like 2003  
That Nigga D took it there  
He thought it was a joke  
He went through like 20 G's and thought that  
I was broke, stupid  
That's what you get for thinkin and eventually  
Found that's what you get for stinkin  
Blowin up the spot when you rot  
Plus if it gets hot they know you dipped  
For four squared blocks  
Hit em with the ox to the grill  
Eh, ah, kill nigga kill  
Yet still they don't know I'ma rob who  
That dog DMX is a muthafuckin problem  
Aight

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