Pump Ya Fist (feat. Swizz Beats)

DMX

Uh, ha, haPump ya fists like this, c'mon

Pump ya fists like this, c'mon

Pump ya fists like this, c'mon

Pump ya fists like this, c'monYou're rockin' with the

Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggie

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Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggieCheck it, I don't walk, I stalk, livin' foul like pork

Shuttin' down underground streets of New York

Hawk is what them niggaz call me, 'cause they all be

Suckin' my dick and on my motherfuckin' balls, GI know the half, so I laugh with 'em

A blood bath went I let the fuckin' raps hit 'em

Full clip, but only half did 'em

That's all it took, another crook, taking out over a dirty look I bag niggaz but niggaz that try and shot dead

You're only takin' a fuckin' thing from me with hot led

You know my style fagot, 'cause I'm always schemin'

In jail, niggaz holdin' a sink screamin'Police, but you got no peace

Yo, was that you big man, and a lot mo' grease

All I gets is that, 'cause niggaz want none of this

Back streets are like track meets 'cause I'll be runnin' thisPump ya fists like this, c'mon

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Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggieI got a ball type of ill flow that still go for days

Don't you know I could kill yo' ass in many ways

Watch you die slow like as much as you blink

Leave you in yo' crib till the neighbors know this'll stinkYou's a blood link inc, write my name on the wall

Dog men X, def till the ball

Jump niggaz call, beggin' for their life

And I just fucked that bitch that you call your wifeShe life in strife and that's just how I want ?em

In this fuckin' me see my man get upon ?em

That's why I creep 'em, lay ?em, slide

Takin' mad motherfuckin' holes on the rideLike the skin fly, like the Ferrari merkin', urchin

Blast your ass 'cause, you're jerkin'

My dick my reck, most buss the teck

I'll fuck in yo' back, blast through your neckPump ya fists like this, c'mon

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Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggieThe way that I'll be flippin' niggaz can't understand Niggaz be like, ?Dog, I thought I was your man??

You shouldn't have thought and that's what you get for thinkin'

Think because I'm near you I wouldn't get you niggaz stinkin'I'm the only all spring of a bad beam

Motivated by mad greed, I make the pad bleed

A bad seed from a rotten apple

Preacher talk shit get popped in the chapelFlavour like Snapple, you can all get some 'cause it's all good in that hood that I'm from

I be the nigga dumb, and do ?em real dirty

Me and my peeps, oh my peeps is 7.30Out to lunch for ever, won't be back

Don't know how to act, so we attack in the back

Mutherfucker, that's how that do

That's how that do, that's how that do babyPump ya fists like this, c'mon

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Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggieGo, go, go, yeah

Songwriters

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