

Crime Story

DMX

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Who is this I see, coming through, it's like 3 on the a.m
I'ma rob this nigga, and when I'm done, I'ma slay him
For being stupid like, comin' through after 1 or 2
And havin' a gun that he couldn't get to, yeah, that one'll do
Foolish niggas learn the hard way, then I teach 'em
Be in the wrong place at the wrong time, then I reach 'em
Like Jigga said, "Niggas test you when your gun goes warm"
So I keep 'em scattering like roaches, when the light come on
From night 'til dawn, right from wrong, hold no weight
3-57 slugs with a snub nose, trey eight
Settin' all them issues straight, squashing all beefs
To the point where the police was lockin' all streets
They got me trapped off in the building, but you know how that go
I stay fucking with the hood rats, I run up in the rat hole
Run through the hallway, see police, face to face
And being I'm telling you this story, means I caught another case
It's either you or me
And more than likely, it's gonna be you, than me
Aiight? Feel me yo
Day 2 of the saga, this fucking drama continues
Waking up like every 2 hours, looking out my window
Plus I keep the 4-4 pointed at the door just in case
When they bust in, I bust them and I'm gunning for the face
"What a waste of potential" is what my teachers used to tell me
"You can always get a job" and peep shit they tried to sell me
Got me no where but broke and fucked up in the game
But now I got a name, and niggas know my name
Knock of the door "Police! We're looking for a man,
Who killed a couple of cops last night and the reward is ten grand"
I play like a bitch "Its just me here, and I'm not dressed
And that guy sounds kind of dangerous, I hope you make an arrest"
It was a close one, now I know I gotta get outta the city
'Cause I know I'm hotter than lava, I'll holla tomorrow
Hit my dog on the horn, he like "Fuck, you done did?!"

They done ran up in my crib, nigga, patting down my kid!"Put the harness on the dog, load up the weapons
Murder's on my mind, no half steppin'
Motherfuckers want war, you can get it,
'Cause I'm tired of runnin', remember me as the nigga that died gunnin'
Kamikaze mission, C-4 strapped to the chest
Run up in that joint, raw dog, fuck the vest
They can keep theirs, because it won't be the slugs that'll kill 'em
It'll be the raw, or the C-4 as I'm bringin' down the building
When I go, taking a bunch of the motherfuckers with me
I ain't sitting around waiting for them fagot niggas to come and get me
I bring it to 'em, service with a smile
What nigga? Didn't know a dog with rabies was in the cut, nigga?
Now that you finally findin' out what this shit means
I'm at the precinct, 116th
Run up in there
Open up my jacket "You motherfuckers lookin' for me?"
Well here I am "Now you comin' with me"

Lyrics provided by

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