

# Catz Don't Know

DMX

Uh, it's that real shit yo  
Grrr! Can't stop  
Gotta eat  
Stepping on, my feet  
Spread love, think it's sweet  
Uh, uh, uh all you catz don't know Yeah baby, shit's about to jump off and  
Lookin' for the bus to bring in my man from up north  
Been like three years since when got knocked  
Since he got caught  
Punked up like five new blocks, holding down for it  
Kept a nigga straight with money in the books  
And them bitches is crooks who look out for other crooks  
Took him shopping, money in his pocket is straight  
Dropped him off at the wife's crib after we ate  
Our estate was the next move for me  
Had to make that nigga chill for at least two to three months  
Cause when it's on, it's on  
He didn't care  
It's like slow down baby  
The money ain't going nowhere  
Keep in touch though and show how much your ass is with it  
The dope flow is there and in a minute you can get it (come on)  
You gotta watch a nigga just coming home in a game  
Cause on the low we may just be trying to go against the grain I never figured this nigga would pull this shit that  
he pulled  
What is strange is the change that niggaz go through  
When they're locked down and really can't hack it  
A motherfucker like me handles a bid like a jacket  
Strap it on my back, niggaz ain't built like me  
And by the end, niggaz was like "Yo, why you killed Mike, D?"  
Wasn't me, but yeah he had it coming to him  
Used to be my dog, so I let my cousin do him  
Sent him out of state with like half a brick down to my spot in VA  
Cause the money comes quick  
Half of that got fucked up before I even got the check in on him (damn)  
But things happen so I really wasn't wreckin' on him (damn)  
Got him up out of there and sent him down a little further  
Ain't heard from him in two months, murder, murder  
And from the next flight thinking I might have to steal something

This hungry shit will make a nigga want to kill something (come on) Listen, money is missing and it's hectic  
(what?)

Found the safe, checked it  
Shit looks detected (what?)

Just what I expected when I got no word from him  
Asked around but ain't nobody heard from him (uh-huh)

But money talks and most niggaz is snakes  
So it wasn't long before his man was ready to take

Me to where he was at, checked my gat  
Threw in a four clip, pumped myself up  
Cause I can't go for that bullshit (come on)

Fuckin' with my last load of cash ain't the issue  
It's just real fucked up when your man tries to diss you  
Takin' back for niggaz in New York and how they told me so

Now I got to knock his boots, he owes me dough  
Layin' up with a hoe, then he hit me with the sob story (come on)  
The famous "Oh you didn't know I got robbed!" story (come on)

Told it's to me he should be grateful to  
Fuck that bitch! Look at what she made you do

Now there's love lost and a double cross  
Pointed at that bitch, turned her braids into sauce  
So you want to be with him (uh) and talk to me like I'm silly (yeah)

Five bottle of Mo on the floor, boxes of phillys (uh)  
Ten g's in the shoebox under the bed

And for every g I put a fuckin' slug in his head  
And from then, the moral of the story if you missed it

Is that the grain will always be there  
Just never go against it You cats must not know

Songwriters

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