

Intro

DMX

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 for real, get up and feel, my words
I make herbs split up and squeal
Ill, is all I've been hearing lately
Niggas hate me, wanna duck tape me and make me
Put their brains on the wall, when I brawl
Too late for that 911 call
Niggas stay beefing but a lot of them bluffing
But not me because I'ma nigga that can get out of them cuffs
You think a lot of them tough? That's just a front
When I hit them niggas like 'What you want?'
The battle turns into a hunt
With the dog right behind niggas chasing 'em down
We all knew that you was pussy
But I'm tasting it now
And never give a dog blood, 'cause raw blood will have a dog bite
Biting 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 (Clack, clack)
Close your eyes baby, it's over
Forget it, happened in front off your buildin' but
Nobody knows who did it
(What)
Where my dogs at?
What what
Where my dogs at?
Where my dogs at?
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Where my dogs at?

What what Niggas is pussy
Keep 'em running from the Werewolf, oh
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, strike back
Left him like that, laying up with the white hat
Getting right back at ya when I snatch ya
Up out the grave, nothing but bones and ashes
Hitting niggas 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 ran through like 20 G's, thought that I was broke, stupid
That's what you get for thinking and eventually
Found that's what you get for stinking
Blowing up the spot when you rot
Plus if it gets hot they know you dead
Four squared box
Hit 'em with the ox to the grill
Eh, ah, kill nigga kill
Yet still they don't know I'ma rob
That nigga DMX is a motherfucking problem
Alright

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