Get Your Shit Right

Dmx

[dmx:]Grrrrrrr
Grrrrr
Grrr
[jd:]Yeah.
[chorus:]To all my bitches in the spot lookin' real fly
An' all my niggas wit the corner locked gettin' high
An' all my playas world wide it's the shot or die
Getcha paper, getcha dough, getcha shit right
[x2]First off, y'all niggas know I don't slouch
An' as a kid I done did the shit you talkin' about
I'm from the south
Ya heard
Where niggas fly birds outta impalas
Live lavish
From atl to dallas an' the little palace
Goin' once, goin' twice
Everyday, livin' nice
In the grey wit the ice
Makin' money rollin' dice
Livin' the life
That y'all dream of
Puttin' niggas outta buissiness like sony did to sena
You seen us
The green stuff
An nuttin' else that's all I collect
I got the hots like the lox
Money, power and respect
An' I can damn the check
That any of y'all niggas spit
I stay hittin'
I ain't bullshittin'(he ain't bullshittin')
Nigga
Wit more glitter
Than m.j.
It's all pimp play
When it comes to me
An' y'all muthafuckas know how jd gets down
An' those who don't it's a new sheriff in town
Feel me now

[chorus x2][mad rapper:]Yo, let me tell you were I'm at ya'll
Shits kinda sad ya'll
If you ride the buses or trains
Watch ya back ya'll
Who think he stallin?
I still ain't ballin'

An' I got wild bills
An' a crowd that keeps callin'
My dogs wanna hang(bark)
My bitches wanna bang
But it don't mean a thang
When all you got is change
That's why my women ain't dimes
Not even close to nines
Sorta like fives and sixes
Wit scars and stiches
Type of bitches that spit in yo' face like alomar
Broke hoes without a car
Snatchin' fruit from salad bars
Which one of y'all come on, test me now
Me not goin' nowhere, you don't impress me now
So next time you see me up in them clubs
I'm probably scemin'
While you at the bar
Brick hard and fiendin'
I wait for 4 o'clock when yo' drunk ass is leavin'
Cause I paid to get in
An' now I gotta pray teethin'
[chorus x2][dmx:]Niggas goin' to parties
Thousand dollar shoes and jewels
You begets what I be wantin' so I be bringin' the tool
Tryin' to snatch up all that ice that you came in
An' nigga d be flippin', yeah, money, it's the same shit
What you thought
Cause you bought
A joint
You might be able to creep a nigga
When he ain't on point
An' I can see it in yo' eyes that you comin' closer than tryin'
An' every step you take brings yo' ass closer to dyin'
An' I don't flow wit the dough
Cause money comes and goes
Gimme the love of my thugs
Hoodrats and hoes

An' I'm good
Cause muthafucka I'm stain' in the hood
An' I'm gon' rip till I'm stiff like wood
You wishin' that you could
Keep it as real as me
An' you gon' know that the pain that you feel is me
When I get ill it be
Some next shit
Darkman
Muthafuckin x shit
Wreck shit
For respect bitch
[chorus x4]

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