Shot Down

DMX

Grr, arf! Arf!Move on over, I done told ya boy
I'm a G-Unit motherfuckin' soldier boy
And when you gon' get it in your brain
The gate's wide open and the dog's off the chainI be that yung'n with that gun-ness, tellin' ya stop frontin'
I be that yung'n on the run, after I pop some'n
In the Bible I read, death is of the tongue
And if you talk about death enough death is gon' come
Dave taught me how to flow, they shot him in the head
Randy ass was there, now he runnin' scared
Some say I'm gangsta, some say I'm crazy
If you ask me I'll say I'm what the hood made me
Now I can stunt 'til my ass dead broke like JD
Or put a hundred grand on e'ry nigga head that play me
See I'm cool with them Haitian mob niggas
They say sak passe nap boule and rob niggas
The media be tryin' to make a nigga look bad, whats up with that?
See my flick, next to bring Papi and Cat
And Montana, I kill 'em with the grammar
I enhanced in the slammer after bangin them hammers
X what up? (aight!)[Chorus]
You don't live that, you shouldn't say that
Cause what come out your mouth'll get you SHOT, DOWN
Throwin your money around and we don't play that
Get in our line'll get you SHOT, DOWN (nigga)
We know where you hang, we know where you stay at
That bullshit you on'll get you SHOT, DOWN
Here's a few clips that you shouldn't play with
G-Unit, Ruff Ryders'll get you SHOT, DOWNAye yo, fuck y'all niggas talkin' bout, think you playin' wit?
Double are, G-UNIT, the same ol' shit (what!)
Put the fagots in the ring, watch 'em all quit
All y'all niggas is pussy, suck my dick!
Ain't nothin'[but a handful of man still standin'
I remember 50 in a cypher when Onyx was "Slammin" (aight?)
Now we meet again, it's all good my nigga
Back to the street again, it's all hood my nigga
Knock on wood my nigga, we both walk the dog
We ain't get to where we at by luck, shit was hard (aight?)
But once we got through the trials it's all smiles
'til a big type nigga all of a sudden get wild

Now why you gotsta go and take me back to where I came from?
I'ma make you remember, where you know my name from (YYea!)
45th Street, and blaow-blaow Ave.
I done ran through your crew and only let off half, nigga![Chorus]Yeah, word, yeah
If your head ain't offa your shoulders (uh-huh)
You ain't get shot, you got nicked nigga (just nicked)
Cause if my chrome hit a piece of your bone
It's gon' do more than chip, nigga (a lot more than that)
Yea, what the fuck is the problem
The Porsche is red the buckets is Army
30 shot handguns the gutter is starvin (yea)
Niggas like me might rush your apartment (word)
Bloodstains'll fuck up your carpet, brain on the window
I smell murder every time that the wind blow
Tie him to the chair and then knock out his chinbone
I don't want the throne or the crown, I ain't sellin up
You can have the jail or the ground, you ain't in hell enough
I'm the one that flood the gutters
Better tap your man, and let him know P'll love to cut his
And niggas is gettin' shot down, two guns up
Double are, S.P. holdin' D Block down

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