

DMX, Against The Grain

Yo, remix joint...

(I gots to make a move and make it soon

I gots to take a block and make it boom)x2

Goin Against the grain... Know what im sayin? Ye-yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, 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 (thats my plate!)

He didn't care

It's like slow down baby

The money ain't going nowhere (what?)

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

Watch a nigga just coming home in a game

Cause on the low we may just be trying to go (go down) against the grain

[Chorus]

I gots to make a move and make it soon (uh-huh!)

I gots to take a block and make it boom (come on!)

I gots to make a move and make it soon (what?)

I gots to take a block and make it boom (come on!)

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 man, so I let my cousin do him (we open up shop! It's four in the mornin!)

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

But things happen so I really wasn't wreckin' on him

Got him up out of there and sent him down a little further

Ain't heard from him in two months, murder, murder (aahhh!)

And from the next flight thinking I might have to steal something

This hungry shit will make a nigga wanna kill something (fo-fo!)

[Chorus]

Man, listen, money is missing and shit is hectic

Found the safe, checked it

Shit looks detected

Just what I expected when I got no word from him

Asked around but ain't nobody heard from him (cash long!)

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

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
The famous "Oh you didn't know I got robbed!" story
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 wanna be with him (uh) and talk to me like I'm silly
Five bottle of Mo on the floor, boxes of phillys
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 the grand is always gonna be there (why nigga?)
Just never go against it