

DMX, Can't You See (Freestyle)

When I creep through
Niggaz is see through
Just like negligee
Ain't no talkin cause there ain't much that the dead can say
Long as I'm walking I be strappin my dogs
Rackin the hogs
Desert Eagle packin the morgues
Metal slabs with yellow tags on toes it's
What happens to those that
Chose to be foes and
Bet his man knows
But yo, we only get stronger
And the amount of time we're facing is only gettin longer
Get the mayor on the horn!
(What!) It's time for shit to go down
Strapped for the show down
Wet up yo crib, kick the door down
Know you schemin' so I gots to get you first
Put you right up in a brand new hearse
Could be worse
Shoulda seen what I gave this nigga
Two vests couldn't save this nigga
The way I laid this nigga
Played this nigga
But that's what I'm good at
Layin niggaz out in fightin' pits and fuckin' hoodrats
Where's my fuckin' hood at?
Cripple niggas like switches
Rip on niggas like bitches
Then pour niggas in ditches
They ain't found half the bodies that a nigga caught
Or should I say a nigga bought
Cause ain't nothing like getting' paid for, a nigga sport
Triple what a nigga thought
But that's just how shit be
I know that one day they gon' try that shit wit me
But just as long as I'm on top of shit
You ain't stoppin shit
And ain't a motherfucker droppin' shit