

DMX, Damien (Live At Woodstock)

[DMX]

New York, where you at?
I don't hear you!!

Uh!
Def Jam! What?
Uh!
Ruff Ryders!

The Snake the rat, the cat, the dog,
how you gon' see them if you livin in the fog

My nigga TP creep with me
The Snake the rat, the cat, the dog
how you gon' see them if you livin in the fog

DMX (Damien)
Why is it every move I make turn out to be a bad one
Where's my gaurdian angel
need one, wish I had one
(I'm right here shorty and I'ma hold you down
and tryin' to fuck all these bitches I'ma show you how)
But who?
(My name D like you but my friends call me Damien
and I'ma put you into somethin' about this game we in
You and me could take it there
and you'll be the hottest nigga ever livin')
That's a givin'
(You'll see)
Thats what I've been wantin' all my life
Thinkin' 'bout my little man so I call my wife
Well your dada is about to make it happen
"What you mean my nigga?"
I'm about to make it rappin'
Today I met this cat
He said his name was Damien
He thinks that we're alot alike and wants to be my friend
"You mean like Chuckie?"
HaHa yeah just like Chuckie
"Dada looks like we both lucky"
Yeah

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(Hey yo D)
What up D
(You a smooth nigga, I seen you
but nobody knew who pulled the trigger)
Yeah, you know it's always over doe
(You sure, I could've sworn it was over a hoe)
Na, na that ain't my style
(May you stay frontin' but you still my man
and I ain't goin' say nothin', got yo weed go 'head smoke) What?
(go 'head drink it) what? (go 'head 'n fuck shorty
you know I can keep a secret
I'm about to have you drivin'
probably a Benz, but we gotta stay friends

Blood out, blood in)
Sounds good to me, fuck it, what I got to lose
Hmm ANY NIGGA WOULD CHOOSE
Got me pushin' the whips, takin' trips across seas
Pockets stay laced, nigga I push G's
For that nigga I would bleed, give him my right hand
Now that I think about it yo, that's my man

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