

DMX, Go For Dat

[DMX]

Ok! Uh, yo, yo, grrr, yo, uh huh
You know how we do, (Talk to 'em baby) nahmean
Smack niggas around (Talk to 'em baby) nahmean
Let 'em know, (Talk to 'em baby) it's my motherfuckin house nahmean
Talk to 'em baby (Let these motherfuckers know aight)

[DMX]

Aiyyo, don't fuck with dog, dog is a beast
X, only nigga get love in the streets
Shit done fell off straight from the horse (uh-huh!)
Bullshit, gettin four mics in the Source
I can't respect that, it's just how I feel
You know the truth when you hear it, it's for real
Come on, what the deal? Like it don't show
Wooo! Yall niggas gon' feel it when you comin back
Man, (uh!) you niggas play too many games
Too many jokes, what I said? Too many names
Provoke situations, but do me the same
And I'll show how a nigga stay true to the game (aight!)
You gots to be more careful, (uh!) like Terry Woods
I'm a nigga that can pass through every hood
Up to no good, that show you wool
Bitch, X got pull, that's how I get down, pitbull

[Chorus: Lil' Scrappy]

Watch that nigga; get stomped the fuck down
Watch that ho; get dragged the fuck out
Damn that nigga; get knocked the fuck down
Bitch ass nigga; get laid the fuck out
Do somethin nigga; to get you stomped down
Do somethin bitch; to get you dragged out
Do somethin nigga; to get you knocked out
Step up bitch, get laid the fuck out

[DMX]

Stop the bullshit cause ain't nothin funny
Yall cats is only in this for the money
It's all good when the check drops
But it's back to the hood (uh-huh!) when the check stops
You never left, you ain't gots to worry about comin back
Wooo! Yall niggas gon' feel it when you comin back
And I'll be there doin my thing
Fuckin wit cruddy niggas keep pumpin the game
Ask around, difference between me and you
Is I get at 'em, my friends you know what I do
Listen, don't play with me that way
Cause faggot, I can end it all today, fuck what you sayin (what?)
Play fair with men, act like one
Talk like a bitch and get smacked like one (yeah!)
Got rabbit in 'em, get jacked like one
Make the call, hit me back like done

[Chorus]x2

[DMX]

You always been the son type nigga
Scared to pull a gun type nigga (uh-huh!)
Talk shit and run type nigga
Seek through the fake shit and sniff out the bullshit
From a mile away so put the smile away
X gon' give it to ya, I go hard
Bitch, my name rings bells in the yard
Check my resume, track record is official

