

# DMX, Grand Finale (Murda Mix)

[Vita]

If ain't rough, it ain't me  
Tales of the darkside, grand finale

[Ja Rule]

Ready to die, cuz only I know where it's in  
And if lie to dough, then it's kill in my soul  
For my love and dough, don't make it no better  
Mami, don't flirt wit the iron and hit 'em whoever  
A nigga that flips the weather, any Rule, J-A  
Fuck wit me, it's Murda, I-N-C  
Feel her, nigga, feel a hole to meet  
(if it ain't rough, it ain't me)  
Holla at me, my real niggas, get down, ready to kill niggas  
We don't touch no more, we kill niggas  
Give me what it takes to throw my guns together  
Fast up, hit 'em up, towards the hot beretta  
You should know better, when obviously they don't  
So the shit, sure to get you one in your throat  
By the time, you realize that shot's the truth  
It's too late, they reminiscin' over you, my Lord

[Method Man]

Watch them young guns that take none, nobody safe from  
The Friday, the 13th, ghetto Jason  
Itchy trigger finger achin', snatch your ass out that S-Class for fakin'  
Forty four blast, it's a bloobath, take your first step down a thug path  
Ain't no love here, just slugs here, kids know the half, you get plugged here  
That's just impossible, for the weak to last, now behold the unstoppable  
Third eye watchin' you, watchin' me  
Throwin' rocks from the penalty box, cop a plea  
Young g, we was born to die, don't cry for me  
Just keep the heat closely, and ride for me  
Cuz we family, for better or worse, you and I  
From the dirt, you snatch purse, so hard it hurt  
To be here, and each year, I'm pourin' out some beer  
For deceased peers, holdin' fort  
Police line, do not cross, they found his corpse  
In the loft, wit the head cut off, and butt naked  
Homicide, the crime method, add another  
Killer verse to the murder record, the grand finale

[Nas]

Hot corners, cops wit warrants, every block is boring  
Friday night, gettin' bent, lick a poem  
My dog, not even home a month yet, and blaze a girl  
in the stomach, he robbin niggaz who pumpin  
Lil' Blood got popped, by the Group Home cat  
Everybody nervous in the hood, pullin they gats  
Fiend yellin out, who got those? Go and see  
shorty snot-nosed, he don't floss but he got dough  
Thug faces, fugitives runnin from court cases  
Slugs shootin past for the love of drug paper  
Queens cap peelers, soldiers, drug dealers  
And God'll throw a beam of lightning down cause he feel us  
May the next one, strike me down if I'm not the realest  
The Mayor wanna call the SWAT team to come and kill us  
but, dogs are friends, if one see the morgue, one'll live  
to get revenge, and we ride to the end  
Bravehearts blow the lye with Henn, and still rise  
Took alive with live men, my man got three six-to-eighteen's  
and only five in, the Belly of the beast Didn't wanna hear the shit  
I tried to tell him on the streets  
It's irrelevant, the beast love to eat black meat

And got us niggaz from the hood, hangin off his teeth  
We slangin to eat, bringin the heat  
Bulletholes, razor scars is the pain in the street, huh

[Chorus: Vita]

If it ain't rough, it aint' me  
Down for dice, is what you told me  
If it ain't rough, it ain't me  
See, chick from the other side, grand finale

[Vita]

My dogs for life, call for life, now who be the job like fuck Totti  
Slim weight, petite, body, down for my niggas, quick to pull a shotty  
Sprayin' everybody, lacin' the whole party  
Holdin' wall when my niggas hung, wit I rush  
Like boys that I do know, it's me I trust  
Now watch how I tie bust, guarantee I be sittin' down  
Waitin' to hear up, wit the blast  
Got you niggas snitchin' weed in my stash, high flow  
Over the bitch who knows to stash weed  
Cold for you bitches who try to oppose me  
Hot Totti, same chick in Belly  
Ooh, if it ain't it ain't me

[DMX]

Uhh, I've lost my grip on reality or so it would seem  
Pinch myself to wake up, cause I KNOW it's a dream  
Niggaz that don't know me see me and think I'ma rob em  
Niggaz that know me well see me and think I'ma problem  
I'm just a nigga that's misunderstood  
But word to God I turn your last name to Underwood  
Cause if I see it, I'ma take it and run with it, that's me  
What type of bullshit is this nigga on? That's D  
The dog come and getcha outside  
The more blood flows, when I plug holes with the snub nosed  
Gun blows, bullets whistle, wouldn't miss you  
Hit you all up in your mouth like it tried to kiss you  
Drama, it's right here, how MUCH YOU NEED?  
Beat you down with gat see how MUCH YOU BLEED  
How MUCH YOU PLEAD, for your life, you was a killer  
And all the bitches comin up out that ass you feelin, gettin realer  
Now beg for your life, one more time, one more crime  
one more nine, c'mon cry nigga  
It's over! This is the shit, that hits hard  
You either the last one standing, or the last one to fall