

# DMX, Untouchables

(feat. Sheek, Syleena Johnson, Infa-Red, Drag-On)

[DMX]

Uhh (huh) yeah, it is what it is  
Yah'mean? We untouchable baby

[Chorus: Syleena Johnson]

I keep my song in my soul  
Blessed my heart and made it go  
Tops of our heads to tips of our toes  
We're untouchable  
Everyday the sun'll shine  
Took this dream and made it mine  
I'm gettin down one thing that I know (WHAT!)  
We're untouchable

[DMX]

We built this Double R thing from the ground up  
Another principle of when it's beef, niggaz round up  
Gettin down like what nigga, YO!  
That's all it takes and it's like, HERE WE GO!  
Thorough type niggaz that control the streets  
Rollin deep, holdin heat, don't even think about sleep  
When we creep, niggaz goin down for the count  
It ain't sweet, fuck around and knock money out  
C'mon fella, you don't want the dog with the camp  
Not Old Yeller, a pitbull and dog is the champ  
You know better, think about crossin the line  
Hit your sweater, with about ten from the .9  
Double R and we get down for life!  
Let a nigga KNOW we can go down tonight  
From the tops of our heads, the tips of our toes  
WHAAAAT! We untouchable, AIGHT?  
Yea, WHAT!

[Chorus]

[Cross]

Yea, yeah, YEAH! Be strong..

I represent the have and the have-nots  
All the niggaz with the weed spots  
And all my niggaz on them cell blocks  
We gon' R-U-double-F R-Y-D-E  
You can't fuck with my army  
My niggaz is untouchable, eatin niggaz like Lunchable  
.45 be crushin you when the bullets be touchin you  
Paul bearers'll carry you  
to the cemetary where your momma gon' bury you  
Black suit be fittin you nigga, I got hood degrees  
Plus I'm street like powder, milk, and government cheese  
If you a runnin man nigga, then I'ma shoot up your knees  
Then it's me against the world, man against machine  
S.D.T.S. - stick to my routine  
My knuckle game impeccable, crack game incredible  
Lawyers for my niggaz who be sittin in the Federal  
Nigga, I'm untouchable

[Chorus]

[Infa-Red]

Lyrically I'm, untouchable..  
Infa-Red nigga, let's go..

All I can know is 365 days of pain  
My name, how to sell cocaine  
And I was taught to buy guns so big when I go to the roof  
I can aim and shoot down a plane  
Infa-Red's my name but fuck all that  
Fall back and witness how the streets made me the grimeiest nigga alive  
I sell you a fake pie, shoot out your fake eye  
Give niggaz a break, nah; I gotta chase mine  
Don't wear your watch around me nigga I take time  
Like niggaz that them blue tried to like  
I turn men to mice, canary yellow my ice  
And Ruff Ryde on anybody, to be precise  
But I handle my business like I'm supposed to  
When you go in the precinct, that's the only time you see my poster  
But I could post up and get rid of my pieces  
I own collies sellin rocks the size of Domino pizzas  
I'm untouchable, nigga

[Chorus]

[Sheek]

Double R.. whoo! All day..  
Yo, aiyyo X let me get 'em daddy - yo, yo, yo

U-N-T-O-U-C-H, A-B-L-E-S

Sheek the new Elliott Ness (no doubt)  
Nigga, Bloodline, D-Block; two of the best  
Hang the Double R chain from the side of the car  
Drive by and put your brains on the side of the bar  
Sheek heavy in the hood (uh-huh)  
And I don't mean cause I gained weight in the hood (nah)  
My aim is good, aiyyo X what they want it to be here?  
Our hammer's cocked, outside of the house on the lawn chair  
Yeah nigga what? The new rap LeBron's here  
Get 'em dog, we the new America's nightmare  
And we don't say much, we just get it on  
That's why we don't get touched, y'all like a dutch  
Hands all on you, I'm tryna warn you  
to stay in your place, so you don't get laced  
And them pretty ass shades, can stay on your face

[Chorus]

[Drag-On]

Uhh, uhh, uhh, c'mon!  
You motherfuckers got me back on my grizzly, I'm back on the grind  
I'm back to the streets, catch a beef, come back with the nine  
I'll murder ya man, come back with his shines  
I tote two guns, I don't care if you box, I don't care if you blind  
I spit in your eye like niggaz is eatin, I'm splittin the pies  
Frank Nitty your rap, how gritty am I? The city is mine  
Yeah, you get in my way I pity your moms  
Yeah, my block is real, my niggaz is armed  
My borough is thorough, we bang with each other  
I'm switchin my diamonds and changin the color  
with change of weather, canary in the sun, uhh  
I bury ya nigga then bury the gun, X whattup?  
Me and you is untouchable (uh-huh)  
We both had bricks they couldn't sniff cause the coke was uncrushable  
Guns is fingerprint-proof, we "Ryde or Die"  
You drivin by, we clap at your ride, good-bye

[Chorus]