

DJ Clue, Who's Next

When I creep through
Niggaz is see through
Just like negligee (Uh!)

Verse 1: DMX

Ain't no talkin cause there ain't much that the dead can say
Long as I'm walking I be strappin my dogs (Uh!) (Whooooo-hooo!)
Rackin the hogs
Desert Eagle packin the morgues (What?)
Metal slabs with yellow tags on toes it's
What happens to those that (Uh!)
Chose to be foes and (uh-huh!)
Bet his man knows
But yo, we only get stronger (Uh!)
And the amount of time we're facing is only gettin longer
Get the mayor on the horn! (Clue!)
(What!) It's time for shit to go down (Uh!)
Strapped for the show down (Uh!)
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 (Whoo!)
Shoulda seen what I gave this nigga
Two vests couldn't save this nigga (Uh!)
The way I laid this nigga
Played this nigga
But thats what I'm good at (uh-huh!)
Layin niggaz out in fightin' pits and f**kin' hoodrats (Ha ha!)
Where's my f**kin' hood at? (Whoo!)
Cripple niggas like switches (Uh!)
Rip on niggas like bitches (Uh!)
Then pour niggas in ditches (Uh!)
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 (Aight!)
Triple what a nigga thought
But thats 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 motherf**ker droppin' shit

Chorus: DMX

If it ain't ruff it ain't me (Uhh, c'mon!)
If it ain't ruff it ain't D (Uh!)
M to the X
Most y'all niggas is strait sex (What?) (shots)
Next?!

Chorus

Verse 2: DMX

Plenty of niggaz know dirty is how I do 'em
Put buck shots, from a thirty right through 'em
Cause ain't none of y'all muh'f**kers built for war
And I lay down the law (Clueminati!)
When I spray down the door
F**k around on my name will be 95-B-64-11
(What?) On a three-and-a-half to seven (C'mon!)
When even up north I put niggas to waste
So you wanna stop the violence?

Get the f**k out my face!
Parole before peeps hit the board off
Bitches is f**kin but I sleep with the sawed off
I got shit to do, rules to break, crews to break
Before the news to break, I got dudes to take
I don't joke cause Jokers is cards
And cards are what I pull
Infra red with the clip full
No leash on the pitbull (Ha ha!)
That shit is hot like the wax off a candle stick (C'mon!)
But how I handle shit
Is to dismantle shit (C'mon!)
De-de-de-de-de
Like Popeye when it's Spinach time (Clue!)
Runnin' through two niggaz like the tape at the finish line
What's your crew, gonna do when I put the pressure on
And it hurts, wannabe gangstaz in skirts (Aight!)
And the bitches comin' all out them niggaz
One false move and their moms'll read about them niggas
And they wives'll be without them niggas
Matter of fact, I'm tired of talkin money
Throw your joints up, scrap, bitch (Ha ha!)

Chorus 2x

Outro: DMX & DJ Clue

(DJ Clue!)
Niggaz won't creep in the streets with me
(Desert Storm!)
Cause you know what f**kin with these streets would be
The Professional Part 2!
Muthaf**ker! (Ha ha!)
Uhh, huh-uh (My nigga Ray! DMX! My nigga D-Wha!)
Pa-pa-pa-pa nigga!
(Yo Ruff Ryders! Word up!)