

DMX, Come Thru (Move)

(feat. Busta Rhymes, Swizz Beatz)

[Chorus: Swizz Beatz - 2X]

When I Come thru Everything gon' Stop
When I Come thru Everything gon' Stop
When I Come thru Everything gon' Stop
Now move.. move.. move.. move..

[DMX]

X comes thru the hood, like here comes trouble
Year of the dog again, first week double
Low in the rider, east coast nigga
Fo' in the rider, street loc nigga
Far for jiggle but like biggie bitches call me big poppa
I got a big dick and I'd a pop her
Yea the kid talk shit but the kid don't front
How ever shit go "Give 'Em What They Want"
I ain't signing shit, love my fans
But Cross this line with the camera in your hands
Cause it could get real ugly real thick
And you like this nigga ?? real quick
Motherfuckin' right, I ain't got time for the small talk
One of us has got to go down, we can't all walk
You know this as well as I do
But I promise you, I'm go hide you and no one will find you

[Chorus (Swizz Beatz)]

[Busta Rhymes]

Stop nigga, hold up, you know I don't quit
You see I'm back and I'm comin' to smash your shit
And ahhla back with the god and bus-a-bus nigga
This time I'm Bringin' the shovel so I can come and dig another grave
For all of you bustards what the fuck you think you doin'
I'll put a stop to your function and anybody movin'
And then I'll fuck up production and any crew you flew in
You ain't with me, you against me, The loser side you chosen
Anyway, word to ears, you niggaz know I ain't finished
I'll Fuck up every hood, and I'm back to handle my business
You niggaz thinking you though like you ate a can of spinach
In till we mash on you faggots and make you change up your image
Flip mode in this bitch, Ruff Ryders is with me
You see we back on the block and yes, we runnin' the city
Now you niggaz know the flow less ain't controlin' the committee
Nothing' should be movin' unless my crew in it, you fell me

[Chorus (Swizz Beatz)]

[DMX]

If there is money, I want half
Niggaz is funny to watch, go head laugh
Ain't nothing to smile about
For real, all niggaz is wildin' out
Niggaz who pound you out
We found you out in distance
Leg missin', head missin'
Something like 28 ?? missin'
And you know how the dessert do a nigga
Brake you down quick, residue a nigga
Can't stop the flow, Niggaz stop and go
When ever I drop, a million out the door
Y'all niggaz know, X got to be fucked with
Y'all run around on some dumb shit with a slump dick
Fuck a bitch, you niggaz know I don't mind scrapping

When I see you I see you what ever happens, happens
This ain't just rappin', niggaz talk a good one
You know what let that go, see me in the hood son

[Chorus (Swizz Beatz)]