

DMX, Dope Money

What, what?

(This goes out to the general public)

Yo.. you over there Styles? - Yeah dog

(Anybody sleepin on us)

Second album nigga - two guns up nigga

Real L.O.X. - blaze!

"We Are the Streets" nigga, y'all know who the best

(C'mon) Fuck y'all niggas wanna do - what, what?

(Let's go)

[Verse One]

Couldn't live the life I live (yo why's that)

I could die any minute, I get high every minute

Fuckin with snake niggas, and sleepin with foul bitches

Came through in the latest whip with two pounds in it

Pull over where the hustlers be (and why's that)

Cause I get chills when you talk of hustlin ki's

So I'm always where the powder be at (what it mean)

I can blow five bricks to ten in an hour if that

Stay away from where the cowards be at (why's that)

Time is money god, and you can't get an hour back

Or I would do it again to get the power back

Have Godfather status, make niggas bow to that

You could all shine and glitter and keep the ones

Fives and tens, for twenties and up, we dummy it up

Make a lot of money, look bummy and what

Cause money aint shit, respect is everything

So if I kill niggas dead, don't ask me shit

I smoke blunts to the head, so don't pass me shit

I'd rather die from a bullet, than a nasty bitch

They say the good die young, all that mean to me

is that the hood die young, we call it the last days

What you know about coppin a house to fight pits in

Or blowin weed smoke on the cops that write tickets

Henny iy up, shit we can semi it up

Have a picture of you on the wall, 'In Memory Of'

Stay in sync with the hood, gray minks with the hood

We tryin' to get money like chinks in the hood

They ask me how I'm doing now - I tell 'em better than them

And if your man front - he can get eleven in him

And if you told them once - then you better tell him again

Ay yo, now let's see

Who you know fuckin with Sheek Luc, Jadakiss, and S.P.

[Chorus: The L.O.X.]

From dope money to rap money, back to dope money (C'mon)

From loaded guns to empty ones, over dope money (Let's go)

We got the car house and the smoke, with the dope money (C'mon)

All my niggas that died, over dope money (Let's go)

Bust your nine niggas, side by side niggas (C'mon)

If we get the RICO law, we go run and hide niggas (Let's go)

Death is the only thing that might divide niggas (C'mon)

So don't fuck around with them Ryde or Die niggas (Let's go)

[Verse Two]

Basically speakin, all I know your face will be leakin

I rap full time and still pump bass on the weekend

A nigga hoppin all over the map - and what you learned

That niggas with long paper take longer to crack

That's why every chance I buy me a gat

Why you rather buy you a chain - I aim at your brain

Nigga, robbery is all we know, so how we gon go broke

when we could always take all y'all dough

And then fly out to Cuba and get in the coke fields
Die off the buddha, fifty with fifty mill
Bring drama cause Gianconna got Kennedy killed
If you come through in a jet, then you frontin to us
Cause when the coke price was up - it was nuthin to us
We got blocks full of heroin - weed and dust
Seen bullets pop off - cause of greed and lust
And when the big dogs die - who gon feed the pups
My niggas is here, so you know the circle is tight
I circle the block, and cut off the lights - pray to Christ
And when the cops come, we don't care, we got shotguns
And niggas with the most ice, get the hot ones
Stay on your job, nigga I'ma stay on mine
And if I lose my voice nigga, I'ma flow online
And by next year, we should have a thousand guns
Nigga Ruff Ryde, Ryde or Die Volume One

[Chorus]