

# DMX, Edge Of Da Night

The best of y'all niggas remind me of myself when I was younger  
When it was hunger that stopped the nigga from goin' under  
And you wonder, why I pat you on your head, smile  
Look in your eyes and thank the lord for my child  
Meanwhile, somethin' I gotta show you an I hope you can take it  
Gonna leave you in the desert, an I hope that you make it  
Gotta put you on your ass to see what it does to you  
When you stand up an see that I'm just showin' love to you  
Other niggas would put a slug through you, over your ends  
Caps I fucked with are real, but hey  
Those are your friends  
Its just what you got comin' sometimes you don't know  
What you askin' for, did you ask for more?  
Should the casket door swing here, it is done  
An thought you was a killer, you swore you'd never run  
Nigga died with his gun still up in the holster  
It is comin' in the air? Yeah its getting' closer

I see life through many shades of grays and blacks  
I could take that an hit 'em with the blazin' tracks  
When I make that you fake cats have violent dreams  
Takes another dog to be able to hear my silent screams  
The devil got a hold on me an he won't let go  
I can feel the lord pullin' but he movin' dead slow  
Let 'em know that amidst all this confusion  
some of us may do the winnin'  
But we all do the losin' its just who does the choosin'  
Easy goin up or down what have you been provin'?  
Jus that you were fuckin' ground  
Bitch seen the bullshit, but never spoke on it  
An I know that deep down you really don't want it  
I woulda traded the chance of bein' the child with a father  
Movin' talent and bein' able to survive when its harder  
My balance on the high beams of life, keep my dreams in strife  
That's why I hit these motherfuckin' streets at night  
Come on!

There's a lotta shit that I let slide, cuz its outta my hands  
Lotta niggas I let ride, but its not in my plans  
An a lot of my mans is not seein' through the fog  
Families by the truckload, fleein' them to the morgue  
Full moon, arooooo, the howlin', grrrrrr  
an growlin', shhhhhh, an prowlin'  
Don't know love, can't show love  
That means you gonna need more love  
than on old thug, but hold up, roll up  
Talkin' out the side of your mouth is  
what's gonna is what's gonna let niggas know  
Why you bad in your house, an they lie up to your spouse  
Told her it was suicide, but you an I  
Both knew the truth, for we'd never die  
Listen nigga, if you scared, get a dog, but be prepared, for the mob  
Cuz you dead up in the fog, an that's your head by the log  
I can smell it in the air, I can tell when its there  
This is hell an we both here  
Can you feel it? Tell me yeah