

# DMX, Fright Night

(feat. Swizz/Busta Rhymes)

[Busta Rhymes:]

Attention please, attention please  
Can I have everybody's attention please  
So humorous, we laugh at all ay'all  
The alliance has now been officially formed  
Ruff Ryder, Flipmode, 2000, it's now official baby  
It's another headbanger

[Swizz Beats:]

Swizz Beats, who hits on your streets every six weeks  
I be on the MP so much that my wrist's weak  
Ain't shit sweet, pile 'em in here  
All my thugs in the clubs start wildin' in here  
Now put your bottles in the air, then light your dutches  
Me and Busta keep it tight like liposucion  
Niggas that don't like me get the knife for frontin'  
Cause one night in the club gets your life on crutches  
You got that whodie, I'll cock that forty  
Flyin' in the 5 with the top back on it  
Stop that shorty, I know you love me  
Probably sample one of my beats then owe me money  
Plus you don't know me money, so stop the rumors  
Before you need the janitors to come mop the room up  
Ryde or Die Volume two, smash the charts  
Now put your hands in the air for the black Mozart, OH!

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

(Ohhhh), Now come on  
(Screeeam), Jump baby come on  
Get your hands up, (What!), now all my ladies do it  
Get your hands up, (What!)  
Now let me walk you through it  
(Ohhhh), Now come on  
(Screeeam), Jump baby come on  
Get your hands up, (What!), now all my ladies do it  
Get your hands up, (What!)  
Now let me walk you through it

[Busta Rhymes:]

Y'all niggas try to front, I'll send my crew on a hunt  
Bunch of scheming ass niggas smoking gats and blunts  
Busta Rhymes, Flipmode represent  
For the Ruff Ryder, and my nigga Swizz  
And we gonna be here to present  
Y'all niggas with some other shit to bang in the street  
And block the fuck out, bang the fuckin' floor with your feet  
Before we bang y'all niggas all with the heat  
Feed y'all niggas more gutters like a mutherfuckin' all you can eat  
And make you bounce how poncho will play the congo  
And bang on the bongo, free to bounce on the bongo  
From New York to Colorado, so just follow  
I'm living for today and livin' tomorrow  
Open up your mouth, I got somethin' big for you to swallow  
Blow you through the chest with a hollow  
Like the foul shit you waste and transpired right in front the impalo  
Yo, the general Busta Busta shock and memorable  
You know we precious like minerals, and deadly like burials

[Chorus]

[Swizz Beats:]

Listen, Flipmode and Ruff Ryders bang out hits  
S-W-I two Z's bang out clips  
Bang out chicks, for fun we bang out whips  
Y'all go to war with revolvers that bang out flicks  
Now find me on two-fifth in the summer when it starts  
And iced up, nice cut, new pair of Jordans  
Thinkin' of extortin, nigga your life ain't important  
Your camp hotter than ours?, the fuck y'all snortin'  
My thugs bang out bricks, swing, mix, throw dem grams  
Hash smokers, hopin' more and out of soda cans  
(Yo Swizz, I heard you stole), Whoa! listen man  
Mindin' my business will make you a missin' man  
See the wrist and hand?, got plaques on the wall  
And a fifth in hand, I'll put your back on the wall  
Nigga don't ask me no more about nuttin' you hear  
Just scream and shout and just wild in here

[Chorus: 3x]

New York, they ain't ready for it  
A-T-L, they ain't ready for it  
Oh, Oh, Oh, they ain't ready for it  
Whoa, Oh, Oh, they ain't ready for it  
My ladies  
Millenium  
Guns bustin' plenty of them, y'all hear that