

# DMX, Fuhgidabowdit

[LL Cool J]

Get the fuck out of here, I'm LL Cool  
Soakin wet with bad bitches in the indoor pool

[Redman]

Yo what am I, an animal?

[LL]

Cuz I bagged your's too  
One bad mooley, and you can get pants, schooly  
I'm the G.O.A.T., what I wrote cause fire and smoke  
Think I started on the choir singin solo for the pope  
Tell your mama please, get up off her knees  
You can't wear yellow spandex wit a ass of cottage cheese  
Open toed shoes, feet smell like collard greens  
Toes \*Kriss Crossed\* like she on J. Dupris' team  
Button your sittin up like beach balls in the sand plus  
A mouth full of rotten teeth with a dildo in her hand  
Who the fuck let you in, all my assistants are fired  
Now I'm lookin for some washed up rapper that I can hire  
You know some old school nigga wit a bit of attitude  
Pay him \$1500 to fuck a girl in an interlude  
You say I'm souped up, well, soup is good food  
So what I scratch my nuts, how the fuck is that wrong  
For so glowin, afro pickin  
S-curl hatin, Jamaican rum sippin

[Method Man]

Kid I'll burp on your girl buttcheeks

[LL]

The honey had my nuts like two red beets  
I'm bananas, out of my fuckin mind they won't let me back in  
Cuz I was down before the hype like Dusty Rhodes and Bob Backlund  
Bruno Samartino, Stan Staziak  
Now The Rock and Stone Cold are my favorite maniacs  
The top rooster pluckin, chickens when I'm cluckin  
WWF stands for When and Where we Fuckin

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Yo kid

Fuhgidabowdit

Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, ey, Fuhgidabowdit

Ey, ey, Fuhgidabowdit

Eh, Fuhgidabowdit

[Redman]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

I'm like Menace II Society

I roll through the drive thru like Kane

Jack you for the cheeseburgers and chicken wings, and datins too

See my boys down the ride crack patience too

Bricks, walk around, snorkel down

Maccaroni and cheese Timbs broke out the orphan house

Transportin out, the poison in 'em

Box 'em up in the aisle with the frozen dinners

[Method Man]

And them niggas that ran...

[Redman]

My goal's to get 'em

With the heat seekin flow wit, fo' antennas

Doc's Da Name, that's why y'all fuck wit me

I'm pocket change, the bums don't fuck with D  
Objective in 'em, Carlo inspection sticka  
Check the pen, I write like a X was in 'em  
Teeth grittin, I brawl wit a major league mitten

[Meth]

Where the stash at

[Red]

Yo, yo, punk, M takin me wit him

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Yo, Fuhgidabowdit

Ayo nigga, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, yo, yo, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo dog, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo you heard, Fuhgidabowdit

Ayo you hear me, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo nigga, Fuhgidabowdit

[Method Man]

Yo, this be the Cool J function, music get my blood pumpin  
Down for whatever, which usually means I'm up to somethin  
Who owe me somethin, them niggas in the back frontin  
They rockin cuffs and, put the eight up, rappercussion  
You know my name, so there's no need for introduction  
I'm Mr. Done it all, so none of y'all can do me nothing  
Bitch I'm grown, puffin on that one and bone  
Bet me and Queen Bee be swingin til the honey come  
Backs get blown, trash get thrown  
In headlocks, from this view, I'm fuckin Star Jones  
I'm red hot just like candy, in '95 won the Grammy

[Redman]

Yo, he use it as an ashtray now

[Method]

Niggas can't stand or understand me, yeah

Either or, funky headhunter wild comanchees wit shitty draws

What's that shit, what shit, that shit on your lip

I can't smoke wit ya kid, but I'll save ya the clip...

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Ayo nigga, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, what the fuck, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, Fuhgidabowdit

Uh, Fuhgidabowdit

Ayo dog, Fuhgidabowdit [DMX growl]

Bitches can't stand me, Fuhgidabowdit [DMX growl]

Still pullin out pennies, Fuhgidabowdit [DMX growl]

[DMX]

The shit I see every day brings tears to my eyes  
How I holla at my niggas brings ears to my cries  
Stick niggas for not knowin, then teach 'em somethin  
Bitch niggas talkin bout you from the streets you frontin  
I never liked you, and you, I don't know  
So what the fuck you think is 'sposed to happen, we gon go  
Mono on mono, whatever nigga, I'm gon dust you  
If you can't pick that afro, I'm gon bust you  
Walkin like you was a lil nigga cuz you is  
And don't forget that daddy's gonna always love his kids  
Crackin niggas got the nerve to wonder why I rob, why  
You guys will live while everybody else'll starve  
That pretty shit is played, fuck what your name hold  
Break a nigga off somethin, watch a nigga gain fo'  
Now you layin somewhere cold, stiff as shit

And all that riffin shit, mens will get you hit, bitch

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