

DMX, Get At Me Dog Freestyle

Intro: Styles:

What! Niggaz can't fuck with us

DMX:

Get at me dog. My niggaz

Styles:

That's my word!

Verse One: DMX

I'm the type to kick back and look at shit,
'cause crooked shit gets me amped
And what you don't know, will get you locked in sleep away camp.
Grand champ and raise more hell, than a Sorrel
See you at the peephole, bustin' at the doorbell
Though I wasn't coming without mine
You put me on the front line because you doubt mine
Bet your and lost yours, you come to get your I tossed yours
And it cost yours, fuck y'all niggaz stupid, I'm the boss dog
What more dirt must I do, plus my crew
Busts at you, and you be like "What's that ooh"
What's that Clue, do I bring the noise what
Destroy these mutts, is these niggaz toys or what
Bring all the pretty niggaz thinking they shitty, what a pity
Lemme show them niggaz shitty some pity, but for fifty
A motherfucker will get a bullet to hum to him, put the gun to him
Hit 'em with something that comes to him, bet it runs through him
Look at what I done to him, no more smiles
Got the whole top half of his head, running wild
But you don't hear me though, so I turn out the lights
We can take it to the streets dog, turn off the mics
If you want war, then you want more, than you can stand
And this 44, will leave you with your dick in the sand
Who the man, and now you cats know for real
Get at me dog, (bark), what the deal

Verse Two: Styles

Y'all niggaz fucking with the L.O.X.
Your stuck on a rock
Got that Alcatraz flow
You just don't know
Lifetime kid caged in blazin'
Any type of rapper or federal agent
Paniro the made man, blade man
Stand up type of guy, your living a lie
Niggaz wanna be pretty and fly but kiddies will die
The dogs run the city, bet fifty on mine
Two grams for you to sniff, how silly am I
Got a lot of jokes don't, kill yo ass won't I
Maybe not if the spot is filled up with po 9
Many niggaz get it confused, blame the rules
Only ask the how's not the who's
Better off busting your tool, then we might get the crew
But as far as rap goes, you a motherfucking fool
If you don't want chips, you should have stayed in school
You and 8-ball nigga, you wanna play pool
I'll put you in the side pocket, look at the size of my rocket
Styles don't lie, cop the work then clock it
Boxes full of boots, jeans, suits and watches
Niggaz don't pump if they can't make a profit
Stop it, before we pull it back then cop it
Vacant lot niggaz come through then we lock it
(WHAT, WHAT, WHAT)

Verse Three: Jadakiss

With no glocks I'm in your town with five locks
Take five blocks, come back with five trucks, with knots
It's the L.O.X, three niggaz that listen and watch
And nigga you know, whenever we spit, it's hot
It be that new flow, my niggaz, fly niggaz
Always high niggaz, ready to die niggaz
As far as I'm hearing, y'all doing a lot of comparing
Lemme get the one clearance like a sample
'Kiss is the champ and I know that you don't wanna get stamped
Left somewhere cramp, so when it rains, you get damp
Niggaz is done, since poppy raised his son
When bringing in drums, to bring all g's to bums
Whether you can flow or not ain't the issue
You don't Jay to kiss you, his lyrics pierce the gristle
Take a puff then a swig
Think about how I'm gonna
hold it down for Big, my motherfucking nig
Your money is low, and your flow been late
While I be coming through with new shit with tint plates
The only higher than money, is respect
The only thing hotter than my click, is a tek
So when I hit you with these last bars around your neck
You gonna know never to fuck around with L-O-X nigga
(WHAT, YEAH)

Verse Four: Sheek Luchion

My bank account be doubling
While you niggaz stay in trouble and
L.O.X. stay fly
Three niggaz jig-I
Shit you never seen before, Feds hit the repo law
Kingpin, 10 mil. each of us popular
It's Sheek baby
Chicks hate to see me on the Soul Train
With Don Cornelius
And all they got is alias
To work with
To catch Sheek, y'all niggaz besta work quick
Now that I'm eating right, plus living well
So nowadays when I burp, it's fettucini you smell
Ain't that right poppa-san, used to push a Nissan
With a black master full 850 full suspension
While you collect your pension, I ain't worked in years
My stomach is fat from Puerto Rican food, while yours is scarce
Small black haired, chinky-eyed Puerto Rican mama
Keep them laced in the scadda, half the closet on product
I learn things, just by watching y'all niggaz make the wrong moves
Now I know what not to do, to make more than y'all fools
Y'all think we ignorant, 'cause we don't budge unless we benefit
Cats that take the light that's scarce and see what's at the end of it
P.H. me, because a nigga wisks me up in Jake B.
Your shit be so-so, low pro.
On a bus before the cars show
On some old joystick shit, no mirrors
I can see behind me through the cameras
Flip plates, make the whole block go bananas