

DMX, Gotti Style

[Ja Rule]

Aaaaah

What

Niggaz don't want it

Yeah

Ja Rule

DMX

Def Jam niggaz hah

Mutherfuckers better stay the fuck out of our way

Understand that, knowmean?

We doin this shit straight gangsta style, Gotti style nigga

Fuck y'all

Uh, uh, uh

Ja's the torture

The high class, toss to D

Grimy and gritty, outer limits in this inner city

Niggaz is definately assed-out, fuckin wit me

End up wit a gun in your mouth, straight cheese

I should bust em

Cuz see me killin you don't mean nothin

I'll put you through a lifetime of sufferin nigga

Then you'll learn that bridges ain't made to be burned

Drug money is rightfully earned, well deserved

Some rules just think, are fit for takes

And Ja's rules make em large, that you fatefully break

Unless you wanna get spanked, with the 9 fully loaded

We can murder each other, meet at the Crossroads

And if I die tonight, in the immortal words of Pac

My niggaz gonna hunt you till you drop, believe that

Niggaz is capable of all that, take your mom for ransom

Give little kids back, that's the way we do things

Never leave shells, never drop names

Roll with the game as it change

Ja's to blame, I'ma let this world share my pain

In my demise you can put it on my grave

"Here lies a lost soul of rage, seen brighter days

And outta darkness done graduated, may he lay"

And this I swear, here in Hell we don't play fair

Cross the line, with my nine I'll be bringin you here

Motherfuckers

[DMX]

Check it out y'all

Check it out, check it out

Check it out y'all

Check it out, check it out

Check it out y'all

Check it out, check it out

Check it out y'all

Uh, GRRRRRRRRRRRR

I make moves that get me where I'm goin

Break fools that act like they knowin how it's goin

Dizamn, with the dizark, cuz that's that kid

Unmask that kid, look at that bastard kid

That don't mind having to break shit or take shit

That mutherfucker, if you ain't me you ain't shit

You fuckin faggot

You know I coulda been stuck it to you

Nigga I would even think about fuckin wit you

But I bet now your man is thinkin twice bout who to fuck wit

Shit is gettin bad, I'm robbin niggaz I grew up with

And I know it's just a matter of time before I get shot

I'ma torture this niggaz little sister and make him watch
Give a nigga a little room, now he's tryin to house shit
But I bet you look back on some mouse shit
When I put this in your mouth, bitch
Aaaah, a nigga bein broken off quick
Yeeck, is the sound he makes chockin off dick
How you feel, he eatin with a straw he has to suck through
Fuck me? No fuck you, now I gotta touch you
Fuckin bitch suckin dick like a jockstrap
Put them glocks back
Tryin to be the first punk to have shot that
Get that? Got that? You know where you gonna be layin right?
I'm tellin you, hah, you know what the fuck I'm sayin right?
You will respect this, cuz it gets reckless when I cut the
Dun-nun-nun-nun-nun-nun, be like "What the--No"
But it's too late cuz the heat-seaker done found the heat
The concrete done found your meat
Cuz hittin the ground still hot from steam comin off
Eyes rolled back in his head, and coughin up chunks of flesh
Then niggaz'll roll with his monstrous death, beatin punks to death
Ain't nuthin left but the memory of what used to be your life
Funeral payments, and dried up blood on my knife
Y'all motherfuckers don't understand, when it's on it's on
Hoping the casket was changed, cuz your eyes is gone
I know I'm wrong, that's why I did my dirt and slid
But you made it happen, with that bullshit you did
Now you want peace? Well take a piece of this ammunition
And get your ass tugged out the Hudson by some old man fishin
My mission is almost complete
This message will self destruct in two seconds
Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeep