

# DMX, Intro (Live At Woodstock)

Interviewer: Yo I'm sayin, these Ruff Ryder Niggas.

DMX: Dog

Interviewer: I heard these niggas is for real

DMX: Dog. That's my man and them

Interviewer: But I heard these Niggas is like suppose to be lockin down the industry on some shit, c

DMX: Dog that's my mans and them

Interviewer: Eh

DMX: So what I'm doin'

Interviewer: right, right

DMX: my mans and them is doin, because

Interviewer: right.

DMX: that's my mans and them, ya know

Interveiw: I feel ya

DMX: Now ya feel me?

Interveiw: I feel ya

DMX: So you know when you fuckin with me

Interveiw: right, right

DMX: you fuckin wit

Interveiw: oh oh, what are ya doin now?

DMX:

Told y'all niggaz

Ya just don't listen

Why must you be hard headed

Tried to explain, but ya didn't hear me though

Ya know, grrrrr

Uh

One two one two, come through run through

Gun who, oh you dont know what the gun do

Some do, those that know are real quiet

Let me think you wanna try it, fuck around and start a riot

Niggas gonna buy it, regardless because Im the hardest

rap artist and I'ma start this

Shit up foreal, get up and feel, my words

I make herbs split up and squeal

Ill is all Ive been hearin lately

Niggaz hate me, wanna duck tape me and make me

put their brains on the wall, when I brawl

Too late for that 911 call

Niggaz stay beefin but a lot of them bluffin

But not me because I'ma nigga that can get out of them cuffs

You think a lot of them tough

Not just for frotin

When I hit them niggaz like 'What you want?'

the battle turns into a hunt

With the dog right behind niggaz chasin em down

We all knew that you was pussy

but I'm tastin it now

And never give a dog blood

because raw blood

I have a dog like one bitin whatever

All up in ya gut

Give it to them raw like that

and ain't no love I do em all like that

Four right up in they back

Clak Clak

Close your eyes baby, it's over

Forget it, happened in front off your buildin but

nobody knows who did it

What

Where my dogs at?

What what

Where my dogs at?  
Uh  
Where my dogs at?  
What what  
Where my dogs at?  
Uh  
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What what  
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Uh  
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What what

Niggas is pussy  
Keep me runnin from the werewolf, owww  
Howling at the moon on the roof  
Eh, ah, no, get em  
Ten niggas on him, hope God's with him  
Give me the bat, let me split him  
I'll have em where the pillow and the casket won't fit him  
Only reason I did him, he wouldn't fight back  
Tried to strike back  
Left him like that, layin up with the white hat  
Gettin right back at ya when I snatch ya  
up out the grave, nuthin but bones and ashes  
Hittin niggaz with gashes to the head  
Straight to the white meat but the street stay red  
But this girl gave me head for free  
Cause they see, who I'ma be by like 2003  
That Nigga D took it there  
He thought it was a joke  
He went through like 20 G's and thought that  
I was broke, stupid  
That's what you get for thinkin and eventually  
found that's what you get for stinkin  
Blowin up the spot when you rot  
plus if it gets hot they know you dipped  
for four squared blocks  
Hit em with the ox to the grill  
Eh, ah, kill nigga kill  
Yet still they don't know I'ma rob who  
That dog DMX is a muthafuckin problem  
Aight