

# DMX, Keep Your Shit The Hardest

[Chorus(2x):]

What y'all want me to do  
Keep your shit the hardest  
It's about to go down  
Niggaz is ready to start this war that's for sure  
Nigga come and get it  
Ride and die why  
Cause my niggaz is wit it

I want Monopoly money but I ain't even half way there  
Do a dirt and a nigga gotta take the backway there  
What it is is the biz and its dirty  
You'll get rich but life expectancy is about thirty  
Take the business to the hallways, driving up for four days  
On parole with warrants that'll send me back the raw way  
If I get caught across Jersey state lines  
Figure this 98 and I been runnin since 89  
So that's like 9 years delinquent time  
You speakin crime than you know  
9 years you owe it's not 9 years you gonna go  
No probation or parole more time doin nothin  
They roam to yard writin rhymes an frontin  
Carry niggaz greasy because I'm built like that  
Burry niggaz easy cause they get kilt like that  
If you ain't in it wit me than you in my way  
But either or you will respect mine  
And leave tech 9 and leave it for dude  
The realest you gonna feel is when you face your death  
Sorry I didn't know nigga don't even waste your breath  
Coppin pleas not D why you flippin  
Nigga know the only thing I'm really scared of is slippin  
Letin a nigga catch you when I got my gaurd down  
So I keep em up  
Noddin of with one eye open  
I can it freak but theres a time when i'm close 'em both  
Lead poisonin i'm a get hit with an overdose  
So I don't drug thing crud thangs  
Think I don't know a slug stains, or blood blaze  
Raw gun playin drama  
Sadness to another niggaz momma  
I'm a be the the one that puts you up inside the trauma  
These are troublesome times  
And the crime prevails  
And the dark side keeps a niggaz ass in jail  
Bada-boom-bada-bing some of this and some of that  
Gotta boogie for a minute but you know i'm coming back

[Chorus(2x)]

Try to show niggaz but I can only hope they see  
You a little nigga fit right up in a 6 by 3  
Layin' up like this  
Lips sewn shut eyes closed  
Niggas walk past the casket damn shorty nice pose  
You was ballin nigga till your ass got balled out  
Called out by some disrespectful ass niggas that go all out  
I bet you thought it was real funny  
Until it had to get cruddy  
Me walkin off leavnin you with all this bloody  
What he gonna do when it's all over for real  
And the last thing you see is that steel  
A blast of light that's what he seein' if you blast him right  
Hit him in the face and hear that closed casket tight  
Get it right it aint nothin but endin it to a nigga

Street sweeper like ahhhh!  
Sendin it to a nigga  
When you in the house you play by house  
2 words you'll never here again are house lose  
And that's house choose it aint gonna be that  
Cause I can't see that  
Ready to get in them niggaz ass real good so where the weed at  
Believe that you aint going to see nothin to familiar  
I would tell you what to do but than I'd have to kill you  
And it ain't even worth it I ain't goin to build nothin  
So I'm just gonna let you go be that same nigga  
still frontin laughin and shit  
Like you see somethin funny but you say sound good  
let me see somethin money  
For real  
(Go nigga, go nigga, go nigga, go nigga nigga)

[Chorus(4x)]