

DMX, Keep Your Shit The Hardest (Live At Wood

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)