

DMX, Let's Get It On

[Swizz Beatz]

DMX (DMX), Swizz Beatz (Swizz Beatz)
Ruff Ryders (Ruff Ryders), Bloodline (Bloodline)
Full Surface (Full Surface)
Yeah, yeah, yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
RYDE OR DIE!! Yo!

[Chorus - Swizz Beatz] (DMX)

Get it on the floor
Get it get it on the floor (WHAT?!)
Get it on the floor
Get it get it on the floor (WHAT?!)
You don't wanna party then your ass gotta go (WHAT?!)
You don't wanna party then your ass gotta go (C'MON!)
Now you can ride to this motherfucker (uh)
Bounce to this motherfucker (uh)
Freak to this motherfucker (let's get it on)
Get it on the floor (WHAT?!)
Get it get it on the floor (WHAT?!)
Get it on the floor (WHAT?!)
Get it get it on the floor (that's right)

[DMX]

Once again it's the darker nigga
Hit or spark a nigga, break apart a nigga
But the dog is bigger, under stress
So unless you're wanting to bless to the chest
These slugs from his liver rest REST!
Or the pump'll put a hurt on a nigga
DUMB SEX, motherfucker feeding dirt on a nigga
My hands stay dirty, cause I play dirty the mob way
You don't know? fuck it find out the hard
A nigga's job is never done
I handle my business how it come
And there's never been a one on one
Nor has there been a problem, I dissolve them
I'm like salt, lock it up
Hate to fall but never wreck his car
And it's my fault, keep niggaz on point ducking down
Niggaz like you need to get bust you fucking clown
I extort to support my peeps
And hold down the fort, never get caught cause I creeps (c'mon)!

[Chorus]

[DMX]

I'm at the crossroads, look but I'm not really sure which way to go
Should I play that low for what I did the other day
They on their way to float, got me striking this random
I can't stand em, fake ass niggaz want to be the Phantom (what?)
Looking over my shoulder, cause it's colder than it was
And start shorty, because I'm a little older than cuz
And the buzz from the saw, wit the chain to your brain
Will turn that BIG NIGGA (uh!) to a fucking stain (c'mon!)
That pain from the dirt makes the hurt go away for a minute
But I'm gon die by it cause I'm like knee deep in it (wooh!)
And you motherfuckers wonder why I start shit (uh!)
Cause when you look in my face you see that hard shit (uh!)
Cause I done been to hell and back I ain't wit selling crack
I'd rather rob a nigga leave him wit a shell up in his back
On the real just to show proof, hit the G.W.B.
And blow the whole roof off the toll booth bitch ass nigga! (c'mon)!

[Chorus]

[DMX]

When I crawl, leave a nigga sprawled out after I spoke em
I'll slit his throat, dick in the mud and let his blood choke em (uh!)
Up north niggaz get the pick stuck up in em (uh-huh!)
And in the streets bitches get the dick stuck up in em (uh-huh!)
My M.O. is man-slaughter kid (wooh!)
Cause on the reals I done wet up more motherfuckers than water did (what?)
Slid, cause I got to slide when the dirt is done (c'mon!)
A homicide but they want me on the Murder 1 (c'mon!)
But as long as I got my gun, I'm aight (uh!)
Stay outta sight while it's light, and then come out at night
To make moves again, stomp and bruise again
I know I'm going to hell cause I choose to sin (wooh!)
All my motherfucking life I been the Devil's advocate
Now niggaz never even knew the devil had a kid (c'mon!)
But he does and when you hear the buzz of the chainsaw (grrrrr...)
You'll know what I'll split your motherfucking brains for (arf! arf!)

[Chorus]x2