

DMX, Niggaz Done Started Something

[Sheek]

Yo, ayo let's get papers and pop Mo' with holes up in skyscrapers
In condominiums, overlooking our drug capers
New York City, know only way to play is gritty
I want cheddar, so we can front up in the 850
My whole commity like to puff L's and look jiggy
Who wan' test this? My semi leave you chestless
And ain't shit that you can say to me when you be breathless
Young, but I done did shit that you won't do
So go ahead wit the bullshit you blab about goin through
I got niggaz who pump on yo' block and in yo' spot
Who sit next to you? Protectin you?
But they'll murder you, playa
Don status, nigga we gettin chipsesis
And bad bitchsesis, frontin, frontin in eclipsesis

[Mase]

Ayo, Mase and The Lox
We takin knots from the out of state spots
Any nigga make it hot, get found in vacant lot
You don't really wanna come try, the one guy
Who stay dumb high from blunt lye
The rack of sing-sing alumni
Who got more beef than a Islamic farm
So I pack enough sonic arms to neutralize atomic bombs
It's not a nigga in your gang want it
My AK slay gays, spray strays wit niggaz names on it
Often I bug, then we'll soften a thug
Have a chump coughin blood, fill his coffin with slugs
Yo, you know I got enough guns to wreck a nation
Any nigga wave a Tec at Mase, and, have a explanation
You bring your crew and em and I'm doin em
Then I'm beatin em down with aluminum
Then I'm puttin two in em
You can't touch me, I've been double sent, wanted for embezzlement
A lot of other things, but that's irrelavent

[Chorus(x2):]

[Styles]

If you love the money, then prepare to die for it

[DMX]

Niggaz done started somethin

[Styles]

You can lay in the flames, or hug the sky for it

[DMX]

Niggaz done started somethin

[Jadakiss]

Yo, check out the kid that get coke like Sosa
Never turned down chocha, be in the Costa
Rica, sippin margaritas wit a mami
Cleanin my Tommy, showin love to my army
Whenever The Lox find rippy blocks, we kill em
Yeah I hear niggaz, but I still don't feel em
And this for the listeners, and prisoners
And them jealous rap cats that prefer dissin us
My 16's be so real, you can feel em in your vain
Like Ramello's pops from Sugarhill
J be the cause for the kiss at your wake
Cartel lips, spittin clips at your face
We started from the bottom
You'll see bad niggaz pardon, whatever
We can do it at the Garden
Word life, this shit is real big

I'm makin niggaz blow trial even if they not guilty

[Styles]

I want a palace for my thugs, wit oriental rugs
Green bags from drugs, get wacked for the love
Twenty niggaz batter me, still couldn't shatter me
I'm only gettin up, splittin up your anatomy
Official lock family, grants niggaz handin me
I want the finer things, and I hope you understandin me
Sittin at the table, plannin and plug the fan in
Let the sweat dry off and then grab your cannon
Think you smartest, and retaliate the hardest, regardless
If you a thug or a rap artist, respect me like Pesci
and if rap was hockey, I be Gretzky, puffin Nestle
Any ya niggaz done started somethin
Actin invincible like you god or somethin
If you god, then I'ma makes a lot til you rot
And if you a playa, then play for everything you got
And if you a thug, then start bustin off shots
And if you a dog, you better bite before you bark

[Chorus]

[DMX]

Don't came at me wit no bullshit, use caution
Cause when I wet shit, I dead shit, like abortions
For bigger portions, of extortion then racketeering
Got niggaz fearin, fuck whatchu heard, this whatchu hearin
How much darker must it get, how much harder must it hit
See if your hardest niggaz flip, when I start a bunch of shit
I like pussy, but not up in my face, so gimme three feet
Cause when we creep, no more than three deep, niggaz see sheep
Bloodhounds found your shit buried in the mud
Following traces of gun powder, residue and blood
A positive ID is impossible, so you know
John Doe is what they gon' be puttin on that tag on yo' toe
Now who gon tell yo mother, her baby's under a cover in the morgue
Stiff as a log, sniffed out by the dogs
Son of a hard headed nigga that wouldn't listen
so you got whatchu came for

[Sheek]

What's that?

[DMX]

Surgery wit the chainsaw grrrrr, I hit the fuckin streets
cause like I said before ain't nothin goin down until I eat
Mu'fuckers think it's all about impressin bitches and stressin bitches
Well, I'm testin bitches game, adressin bitches, and caressin bitches
And dealin wit mu'fuckers on all levels
What I'm dealin wit is all devils, fuckin with snakes
Runnin wit niggaz you call rebels
I got an army of 730 niggaz, dirty niggaz
that come through and worry niggaz
30 niggaz that like to bury niggaz
And scary niggaz get it all the time
cause what they got is all of mine
Your man was talkin shit until I pulled the nine
And if I don't know you, I don't fuck witchu
And if you wit my man, then he gettin stuck witchu
and gave it the money
Cause I just lost my mind when he crossed the line
Sent his back through his chest
then I tossed the nine, boss of crime
Black Gotti, I stack bodies wit the black shotty
Bitch-ass niggaz who act snotty
Get it

These niggaz is for real
These niggaz ain't playin

This ain't no fuckin game
You think we playin?
Ruff Ryders
Grrrrr