

DMX, Scenario 2000

[Swizz beatz]

Mmmmm... Mmmmm...

See yall dont understand us you know

Ruff ryderz is a family

Ruff ryderz....ruff ryderz...ruff ryderz

Lets go...Swizz!!

[DMX]

Uh

This is the darkest shit, sparkest shit

Hittin wit the hardest shit, cuz before we started shit (uh!)

Wit kidz I knew my fuckin friendz all turned against me (what?)

Said fuck it, bought me a dog ever since me and my dog has been like this

He got my back I got his, schemin on mad niggaz (what?)

Dats how we do bidz (uh!)

Its about time to start another, robbin spree

Cuz yo, my way is highway, robbery

When I was up north since 16 I was sendin niggaz home in a coffin (what?)

Livin like a orphan, you bad nigga? (what?)

Ill be back to see if youll be still here

You know my style will put yo fuckin man, in a wheelchair (c'mon!)

Hell never walk again, on the strength of me

Dats how I left him g, scared to death of me

Niggaz cannot run, (wooooh!) hit wit da hot one

From the shotgun, catz was close wondered how we got done...

[Eve]

Yo yo, e-v-e

My dogz believe in me

Petty thugz hide yo cake, never teasin me

I show love to, all my bitches hustlin onez, tussle wit these

Makin moves, second to none, I locked it, huh

Made a sudden move you got bit

Flooded wit the double r, real street shit

Da blond hair bandit, you got gunz, hand it

Turn my face when I bust a cannon

Cuz I dont wear sunblock

Ask drag if the fire is hot (flame on baby)

Shit pop shellz, fall three feet, roll over and stop

We warn niggaz that we comin, then we total the block

We scorn niggaz like they mothers, then we wet up they socks

Red dot, excapin on a radar, to seashore, then hide out

And buy out bars till we see far

In this game, we beat yall, you got money?

Keep yalls, for us be tearin tryin to hide, then tear out fire

Beat yalls

[Jadakiss]

Uh, nah, yo, uh, uh, yo, yo

And you can come see me if you tryin to get some

Fuck rap yo, Id rather be plannin the flights

Somewhere hot on a wave runner, tanning wit dykes

Blowin the haze, while all of em givin me brains

One at a time, yall start from the front of the line

But everybody wanna contact me, and get wit me

And still end up bein mad cuz I charge 50

And as for you suckaz, you can keep those rapz

And screw yo awardz, my son cant eat those plaques

I never was shipped but some thingz I never forget

Like if you spent three you guaranteed to make back six

Drove the benz off the lot and just dusted her off

Tints, rims, stashed, tick the governer off

Even the catz that be hatin still be lovin the dogz

Cuz they know that the double rs comin for war

Wha

[Styles]

Uh-huh

You aint ready to die, then why should you live?
Cuz when I start bustin the gunz you hidin the kids
And the pieers still ridin wit clips, survivin wit bricks
We beefin on the 4th you got to die on the 5th
Like I wasnt hustlin dope or robbin the blocks
Starvin or not, carvin the cheek, palmin the glock
I figure which nigga could I watch wit a watch
I like to knock off my crack then I pull off a heist
Put it together, double it twice this shit is my life
Catch me wit a .45, hot pair of nikes
And three red dice, like, give me the bank or gimmie yo face
Gimmie a shank its holiday(uh)
The hooties in the front but the truck is a mile away
Niggaz wanna ride tommorow when theyll probabaly die today
Cuz da pioll hollow the gunz
Then holla at son (I feel you nigga)
And when he go to holla back, niggaz swallowin one

[Sheek]

Uh

Yall dem bust in them crowd niggaz and hit whoever
When you should aim for them niggaz that took yo leather
They right there, but you scared that they gon bust
Cause they crazy, but crazy niggaz bleed like us
See Im one shot thru the heart like cupid
Yall niggaz might be crazy, but yall not stupid
Its 99, Im killin you, woman and kid
Fuck scarface, watch me, Im mo action to see
Than the muthafuckaz that yall see on t.v.
And fuck what you heard, check how sheek get down
Comes the gun, shit, Im rhymin wit one on me now
You neva know, what clown could walk in the studio
Talkin shit, and theres gon be more than the amps that blow
Ill pour gas on yo skin and watch yo shit detach
Wit a book of matches, now dats when you met yo match
And the worst thing for you is for me to have a gun when Im thirsty
Ill turn niggaz more holy man, than eddie murphy
And I deal wit mo bricks than that city do in jersey
I got call cops niggaz, I got autops niggaz, thatll bust you and slide
Wit some of 6-drop niggaz
Revolver pop niggaz, easy ox niggaz, get knocked
Say I smoked detox niggaz
Drug program, hit the streetz and cop 56 mo gramz
Yall niggaz aint fuckin wit the fam and dats word

[Drag-On]

Hey yo boy, whats the difference between fire and water?
You whether drown or die off torture, cause yo skins of ya
And watch ya burn off fat, dog Im off the thermostat
Could put a comb to my mouth and give yo bitch a perm wit that
Keep shellz in the envelopes cuz Ill mail out bullets
More blood that a riot on a jailhouse footage
Buck 40, got a extra 20 wit the semi, when it hit you
You gon do a 360 pretty swiftly
When I burn you to a crisp you gon be crunchier than chips
Wit my hand all up in the bag, munchin on this shit
Bit by bit, clip by clip and every block by block is brick on brick
So I got knots on knots, got thingz thatll pop yo top
And double r spot yo block wit 16 shots and watch yall drop
And aint nobody gettin up, lest they in the wheelchair
Sittin up or spittin up, either way I dont give a fuck

