DMX, Slippin'

Ha ha ha ha ha ha uhh
See to live is to suffer but to survive
well that's to find meaning in the suffering.

Chorus
Ay yo I'm slippin' I'm fallin' I can't get up
Ay yo I'm slippin' I'm fallin' I can't get up
Ay yo I'm slippin' I'm fallin' I gots to get up
Get me back on my feet so I can tear shit up!
(Repeat)

-1-
I been through mad different phases like Masons
to find my way & now I know that happy days are not far away
If I'm strong enough I'll live long enough to see my kids
doing something more constructive with they time
than bids I know because I been there
now I'm in there sit back & look
at what it took for me to get there
First came the "Howll!!" the drama with my mama
she got on some fly shit "What!" til I split
and said that I'ma be that seed
that doesn't need much to succeed
strapped with mad greed and a heart that doesn't bleed
I'm ready for the world or at least I thought I was
baggin' "Uhh!" when I caught a buzz
for thinking about how short I was
Going too fast it wouldn't last but yo I couldn't tell
group homes & institutions, prepare my ass for jail
They put me in a situation forcin' me to be a man
when I was just learnin' to stand without a helpin' hand
Damn, was it my fault, somethin' I did
to make a father leave his first kid at 7 doin' my first bid?
Back on the scene at 14 with a scheme
to get more cream than I'd ever seen in a dream
and by all means I will be living high off the hog
and I never gave a "What!!" about much but my dog
That's my only "Howll!" I had offered my last
Just another little "Come on!!" headed nowhere fast

Chorus

-2-
That ain't the half "Arf!" get's worse as I get older
actions become bolder heart got colder
chip on my shoulder that I dared a "Uhh!" to touch
didn't need a click cause I scared a "Uh huh" that much
One deep went to <edited> for kicks
catchin' vicks throwin' bricks gettin by bein' slick
used to get high to get by used to have to "Howl!!"
in the morning before I get fly
I ate something a couple of forties made me hate somethin'
I did some "Arf" now I'm ready to take something
3 years later showing signs of stress
didn't keep my hair cut or give a "Come on!" how I dressed
I'm possessed by the darker side livin' the cruddy life
"What!" like this kept a nigga with a bloody knife
wanna make records but I'm "Wheeew'd!" up
I'm slippin' I'm fallin' I can't get up

Chorus

-3-
Wasn't long before I hit rock bottom

"Howll!" was like damn look how that "how that" got him
Open like a window no more Indo look at a video
sayin' to myself that could've been yo <edited> on the TV
believe me it could be done somethin's got to give
it's got to change cause I've got a son
I've got to do the right thing for shorty
and that means no more getting high drinking forties
So I get back lookin' type slick again
Fake "What!" jump back on my "Uhh uh huh!" again
Nothin' but love for those that know how it feel
& much respect to all my "Come on!!" that kept it real
Be strong kept a <edited> from doin' wrong
"Uhh" who they is and this is yo "What uhh!" song
and to my boo who stuck with a "Arf!" through
all the bullshit you'll get yours because it's due

Chorus

can't get up...I gots to get up
This is from the heart baby, don't get it twisted
Ahh X RATED!!!!!