

DMX, Slippin

Slippin

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 "Howl!!" 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 "Howl!" 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 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 "Wheew'd!" up
I'm slippin' I'm fallin' I can't get up

Chorus

-3-

Wasn't long before I hit rock bottom
& "Howl!" 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 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 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!!!!