

DMX, Tales From The Darkside

And now, the tale from the darkside...

[DMX]

Uh, I got to remind y'all niggas
What the flow is all about
Huh, its about this
Anywhere from forty-eight and up
Straight, you feel me?
Fifty fifty

Aiyyo, I gots to hear the beat so I can eat, ahight?
If I can't live, you can't live, ain't nothin sweet
Bitch ass niggas think its all about Versace
A week later them niggas talkin about (Yo, X got me)
I thought he was my man, but he act like he ain't know me
I knew he had the joint, but I didn't wanna make him show me
That nigga be buggin, stickin cats up and random
Doing his dirt and disappearin like the phantom
Niggas can't stand him, but ask me if I care
'Cuz what I used to give a fuck about, just ain't there
And ain't nothing fair, I knew this for a long time
Thats why with ever wrong crime comes anotha strong rhyme
And thats mo' time under the belt, you felt what I had
And I shouldn't have even done it, thats what made this shit sad
I'm doin' bad, but if I gots to feel it, you gots to feel it
And if a nigga can't afford it, I gots to steal it
And that's how real it, GETS, when this shit [hits the fan]
You still tryin to get the man, first catch up with the man
Then we gon' see what'choo made of
If your shit ain't pumpin Kool-Aid, what you afraid of?
The monster under the bed, fill ya with four slugs to the head
Or ya babies mother missin for a month, found dead
Worms comin' from places you stuck ya dick in
Maggots got the bitch coverered and the smells sick'nen
Plastic don't hide the smell for too long, I do wrong
And so I don't have nightmares I forget about it, move on
Keep gettin my groove on, 'cuz that shit could fuck with'choo
Keep dwellin on it, and its gonna get stuck with you
Niggas try their luck with you, 'cuz they smell ass
And money if you pussy, I'm gonna be able to tell fast
Some cop I'm about to smack across the face in this robbery
I'm on a robbin spree, and ain't no STOPPIN ME
On this real, thats why a nigga stay writin
'Cuz kid this shit is real, what you think we play fightin
You must of saw som'thin funny, or never saw som'thin bloody
Or you don't know I'll bring it to your door 'cuz I'm cruddy
Like puddy, when I hold you niggas, I mold you niggas
I done told you niggas, that I been owed you niggas
For that shit you did that you wasnt built for
Shit I guess you didnt know you do get killed for
I done filled niggas up with the extended clip
Its like I blew this joint down with the extended rip
Or that non-stop, when the bomb drops
I'ma take it from where you at and then end up on ya moms block
From here to Comstock, niggas gettin bust wild
?Cell cagers last night from lock out just died?
Ain't no where to hide, ain't no wear to run
What more can they do to a man that ain't been done
A mind is a terrible thing to waste
Especially if its all over the place, your mind all over his face
How do brains taste, when they mixed with gun powder
Semi to fully automatic makes the gun louder
I got som'thin to fix pain when I kicks game
'Cuz I'ma float off more tracks than they sixth train

You 'bout to get flamed, from ash to ashes to DIRT
You gon' go with the dough that your life was worth
MOTHERFUCKER...