

DMX, Whatcha Gonna Do

[Chorus]

I say

I can give it to you but whatcha gon do wit it,

I can give it to you but whatcha gon doo [2x]

wha-wha wha-wha whaaat

[Jayo Felony]

I can give it to ya but whatcha gonna do wit it

When Im in Texas Im bumpin' screw music

With Big Mike and Scarface and Luke loop

Me and lil' Crook like Bo and Luke duke

When Im in Miama I go to scoop Luke

To see the peep show and hit the duke shoot

Went to Branson, back to back, Lex coup

Up in "Harlem World" in my Timb boots

Two suckers had beef so I watched them shoot

Called up Benny Rat, copped a bullet proof

Seen T-Funk he took is to the fruit

Then he went to the Tunnell and brought down the roof

Mink coats and moet, bitches drippin sweat

Slang a cassette to Funkmaster Flex

And now Im bumpin' on East Coast tapedecks

Went from Swatch to platinum Rolex

S.D., Jersey we getting more sex

flow next

go next

[Chorus]

[Hook]

Im too sexy for my motherfuckin hood, hood

Im too sexy for my motherfuckin low ridahh [2x]

[Method Man]

If my niggas cant eat then yall niggaz cant sleep

I just begun to peep Nightmare on Elm Street

Release from Jones Beach to South Beach, capeesh?

Kickin dust as I bust, peace

And all them crooked cops on the beat

My niggas bring the funk like your Grandpa feet

Til death do us part, save my bullets for the charts

With darts, like HBO watching after dark

No love for a mark, even less for a trick

That wanna be like Mike, Mike who my ...

Real shit hotness

Run wit my niggas that aint got shit

Pop shit, and peddle poetry for profit

One time, out for mine, but cant stop it

Trying to keep they hands in my pocket

So I bring obnoxious, infected lah that be toxic

Leave the crop scene spotless

Mix the green with the chocolate, heres the topic

Niggas, synchronize your watches

We're goin in, wit nothing but a clan logo

Mr. meth, (DMX!)

Im running loco

motherfucker

[Chorus]

[Hook]

[DMX]

I got a wicked flow and Im gonna kick it yo

Feel the pressure

Snatching niggas up just like a chain off the dresser
Niggas hit me with the best shit then what
I shake that bullshit off *arf arf arf* then go ...
Ive been down too long, cant a motherfucker show me nothing
Y'all .. niggas is duckin me like you owe me something
I got more homies than an esse, but lets say
I couldnt talk you wouldnt walk my way on your best day
The best way you can hope to get close to me
Is right here under my wing like you're supposed to be
The first time you start acting fuckin strange
Best to be ducking range
Talkin shit wearing a fuckin' chain
I break niggaz like promises
Split em' open like Thomas'
And sell more drugs than a pharmacist
Strapped wit nothing but a rhyme a long history of violent crime
Attitude that doesnt mind doing time

[Chorus]

[Hook]