

Ruff Ryders, The Great - Featuring DMX

[DMX]

Wooh

Come on

Wooh

Uh, uh, wooh

Come on

Wooh

Uh, uh uh

Man, I hear you niggas talkin

But'choo walkin the wrong way to really mean it

I done heard it, I done seen it, don't get caught up in between it

Its a dark road you walkin on, same street that I be stalkin on

Suppose to be quiet, but you keep talkin on

Now ya mouth got you in some shit

So we gon' let everybody see your gangsta ass get smaked like a bitch

Guess I'll remind y'all niggas, I can find y'all niggas

Click click, whats up, walk up right behind y'all niggas

Once the four four hit'cha

You ain't going no where but out the door on a stretcha

Boy, I'ma get'cha

Wet y'all niggas up like a pool

'Cuz I done told you, Y'ALL GON' MAKE ME LOSE MY COOL

Yo Knock get the glock, these bitch niggas is actin

Making movies, we'll make a movie about this shit after is happened

All that yappin, that them niggas is gettin away with

Take it easy my friend, let 'em know, dog ain't to be played with

Chorus: DMX

A nigga gotta take a girl with the back

I'm fuckin with the hood and I'm back

I wish you understood why I'm back

It would take a lotta pressure off my back

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[DMX]

Uh, uh, uh

Most of these hard rocks turn out to be soft as wet dog shit

Talkin shit, but when the fog spits, dog they all split

Then all hit the ground around the same time

In the same frame of mind, ?thangs up in the nine?

left them bitches blind, hit 'em up from behind

Yeah, thats how you do that

And he had such a good head up on his shoulders, but I blew that

Fuck you black, you new cats don't know somethin important

You die quick fuckin with my shit, and my shits extortin

House rules, when I speak, y'all niggas listen

I drop jewels that y'all cats can't afford to keep missin

Drinkin ??? fueled by drugs

Shits about to get real outta hand dog, betta get ya man dog

Rap shit comes second, I'ma show you what a robber do

Mention ice one more time and I'm robbin you

Tie you up for a week starvin you

Beatin the shit outta you everyday, cuz yo, these niggas gotta pay

Chorus

[DMX]

Uh, uh, uh

Dog it ain't no secret 'bout how its going down once I put on the pressure

It ain't nothing but another nigga put on a stretcher

With a blanket over his face, take him to the morgue with the waste

'Cuz he was in the wrong place at the wrong time

So I gave it to him in his chest

In his throat, in his head, in his back, through his vest, YES

Ain't a whole lot to braking a nigga down fast

They call me black 'cuz thats how I'm gon' be on that ass
Y'all pussy niggas think y'all sweet
But ain't a fuckin thing going down til I eat
So can I beef? You betta while you still got teeth
'Cuz they about to get knocked out, hopped out
On that ass with a blast that'll make ya shit drop out
Popped out, through a you know what
Cuz you know why, and you know my
Motherfuckin name up in this game
And bitch, you know I
Will never be crossed flippin, but on some east coast terms
New York niggas do, fuck the perms
Chorus