

The Dog is back baby,  
Buss (go hard or go home)  
Buss (Dog, wattup?)  
Buss these niggas in they fucking head!

I'm right here dog, fo'real  
You know how we do  
It is not a fucking game!

Any you niggas got a doctor in the house

I'm taking the mic, fuck who's next  
Two niggas reppin' the R, X and X  
My niggas ain't on no rap shit, my nigga clap shit that quick?  
Yeah, we on that shit

'Bout to roundhouse kick you muthafucking niggas face off  
My voice so big you can turn the fucking bass off  
Wanted for lots of murders lately, cops around the place off  
I'm bussin' DMX up in this bitch, you better take off

Went away for a while, jail, prison  
Gettin' down for real, fuck it, livin'!  
Don't worry 'bout what condition I'm in  
Cats cant survive half the places I've been

And while a lot of muthafuckers sit and watch the throne killa  
We in the booth blackin' dog, welcome home nigga  
We spazzin' in this bitch, while we keeping the crowd hyped  
Remind em like what this shits supposed to sound like  
Dawg, I pulled up in front of the jail to picked you up  
Convoy of whips with 'bout 30 bitches in the trunk  
Come on,

They sayin' locked down is easy  
But a nigga like me is greasy  
Population or PC?, Check my 5 nigga?, see when I'm on  
Feedin' niggas with that thang then I'm gone

Most you niggas talk too much, puttin' police on 'em  
Bunch of blabber mouth ass niggas: Jackie Gleason  
I dig my foot in ya face, putting my cleats on  
You niggas off, steady watchin' me putting the streets on

You need to think cause I got on and changed, something changed?  
Bitch, I am the streets, whats my name?  
I've been trying to stay sucka free but look where the suckers be  
Had the [?] under me, can't a muthafucka breath

I know you baggage claim rapper niggas, just carry my luggage  
And I take great pleasure whenever it's time to punish  
Incinerate a rhyme, let me throw they ass in the rubbish  
I don't give fuck what they think, you niggas know that I run this  
You niggas can see just what it is and how I'm on it  
How I fuck ya money up and be the foulest nigga

Fall back cause all that noise you making

Only let me know you boys is faking  
Let me know that everything you got is mine for the taking  
Before I leave you dead and stinking  
Look here, I don't play games, I don't say names  
Jump through with the guns out, (BLLAAP) spraying lames  
I don't take aim, hit the whole crowd  
(ch't-ch't boom, ch't-ch't boom)  
I shoot loud

Ya'll niggas know my M.O, I kill ya little boy  
Heatseeker missile, whistle seek and destroy  
You ain't ready for the stand off  
And while a dog shooting, I'm chopping a nigga hand off  
Funny little nigga, see the way I treat 'em  
Talk shit when I fuck niggas, than I beat 'em  
And if you run around, I whoop ya ass, cuckoo  
Don't-talk-back when ya fathers talking to you  
These corny niggas is waving surrender flag banners  
Taking no prisoners, pussy, I'm teaching ya ass manners  
Fuck y'all up up bad, bitch, more bangers  
And air 'em out to dry like we left 'em on clothes hangers  
I'm sickly as hell, eat ya body up: cancer  
Who the nicest in the spot, ya'll already knowing the answer  
Then I listen to niggas talk and they fill me up with laughter  
These niggas say they thug but be looking more like a dancer  
There's something that you niggas need to know, its so important  
that I ain't the one to fuck with homie, I'm tired of talkin'!