

Intro

DJ Clue

Yo I'm sayin, these Ruff Ryder Niggas
Dog
I heard these niggas is for real
Dog. That's my man and them
But I heard these Niggas is like suppose to be lockin down
The industry on some shit, on some power shit
Dog that's my mans and them
Eh
So what I'm doin'
Right, right
My mans and them is doin, because
Right
That's my mans and them, ya know
I feel ya
Now ya feel me?
I feel ya
So you know when you f**kin with me
Right, right
You f**kin wit
Oh oh, what are ya doin now?
Told y'all niggaz
Ya just don't listen
Why must you be hard headed
Tried to explain, but ya didn't hear me though
Ya know, grrrrrrr

Uh
One two one two, come through run through
Gun who, oh you don't know what the gun do
Some do, those that know are real quiet
Let me think you wanna try it, f**k around and start a riot
Niggas gonna buy it, regardless because I'm the hardest
Rap artist and I'ma start this
Shit up foreal, get up and feel, my words
I make herbs split up and squeal
Ill is all I've been hearin lately
Niggaz hate me, wanna duck tape me and make me
Put their brains on the wall, when I brawl
Too late for that 911 call
Niggaz stay beefin but a lot of them bluffin
But not me because I'ma nigga that can get out of them cuffs
You think a lot of them tough
Not just for frotin
When I hit them niggaz like 'What you want?'
The battle turns into a hunt
With the dog right behind niggaz chasin em down
We all knew that you was pussy
But I'm tastin it now
And never give a dog blood
Because raw blood
I have a dog like one bitin whatever
All up in ya gut
Give it to them raw like that
And ain't no love I do em all like that
Four right up in they back
Clak Clak
Close your eyes baby, it's over

Forget it, happened in front off your buildin but
Nobody knows who did it

What
Where my dogs at?
What what
Where my dogs at?
Uh
Where my dogs at?
What what
Where my dogs at?
Uh
Where my dogs at?
What what
Where my dogs at?
Uh
Where my dogs at?
What what

Niggas is pussy
Keep me runnin from the werewolf, owww
Howling at the moon on the roof
Eh, ah, no, get em
Ten niggas on him, hope God's with him
Give me the bat, let me split him
I'll have em where the pillow and the casket won't fit him
Only reason I did him, he wouldn't fight back
Tried to strike back
Left him like that, layin up with the white hat
Gettin right back at ya when I snatch ya
Up out the grave, nuthin but bones and ashes
Hittin niggaz with gashes to the head
Straight to the white meat but the street stay red
But this girl gave me head for free
Cause they see, who I'ma be by like 2003
That Nigga D took it there
He thought it was a joke
He went through like 20 G's and thought that
I was broke, stupid
That's what you get for thinkin and eventually
Found that's what you get for stinkin
Blowin up the spot when you rot
Plus if it gets hot they know you dipped
For four squared blocks
Hit em with the ox to the grill
Eh, ah, kill nigga kill
Yet still they don't know I'ma rob who
That dog DMX is a muthaf**kin problem
Aight