

# Gotti Style

DMX

Aaaah  
What  
Niggaz don't want it  
Yeah  
Ja Rule  
DMX  
Def Jam niggaz hah  
Mutherfuckers better stay the fuck out of our way  
Understand that, knowmean?  
We doin this shit straight gangsta style, Gotti style nigga  
Fuck y'all

Uh, uh, uh  
Ja's the torture  
The high class, toss to D  
Grimy and gritty, outter limits in this inner city  
Niggaz is definately assed-out, fuckin wit me  
End up wit a gun in your mouth, straight cheese  
I should bust em  
Cuz see me killin you don't mean nothin  
I'll put you through a lifetime of sufferin nigga  
Then you'll learn that bridges ain't made to be burned  
Drug money is rightfully earned, well deserved  
Some rules just think, are fit for takes  
And Ja's rules make em large, that you fatefully break  
Unless you wanna get spanked, with the 9 fully loaded  
We can murder each other, meet at the Crossroads  
And if I die tonight, in the immortal words of Pac  
My niggaz gonna hunt you till you drop, believe that  
Niggaz is capable of all that, take your mom for ransom  
Give little kids back, that's the way we do things  
Never leave shells, never drop names  
Roll with the game as it change  
Ja's to blame, I'ma let this world share my pain  
In my demise you can put it on my grave  
"Here lies a lost soul of rage, seen brighter days  
And outta darkness done graduated, may he lay"  
And this I swear, here in Hell we don't play fair  
Cross the line, with my nine I'll be bringin you here  
Motherfuckers

Check it out y'all  
Check it out, check it out  
Check it out y'all  
Check it out, check it out  
Check it out y'all  
Check it out, check it out  
Check it out y'all

Uh, GRRRRRRRRRRRRR  
I make moves that get me where I'm goin  
Break fools that act like they ain't knowin how it's goin  
Dizown, with the dizark, cuz that's that kid  
Unmask that kid, look at that bastard kid  
That don't mind having to break shit or take shit  
And motherfucker, if you ain't me you ain't shit  
You fuckin faggot

You know I coulda been stuck it to you  
Nigga I wasn't even think about fuckin wit you  
But I bet now I know your man is thinkin twice bout who to fuck wit  
Shit is gettin bad, I'm robbin niggaz I grew up with  
And I know it's just a matter of time before I get shot  
Or I'ma torture this niggaz little sister and make him watch  
Give a nigga a little room, now he's tryin to house shit  
But I bet you get back on some mouse shit  
When I punch you in your mouth, bitch  
Aaaah, a nigga broken off quick  
Yelllckkk! [gagging sound], is the sound he makes chockin off dick  
How you feel, eatin with a straw he has to suck through  
Fuck me? No fuck you, now I gotta touch you  
Fuckin bitch suckin dick like a jockstrap  
Put them glocks back  
Tryin to be the first punk motherfucker that shot back  
Got that? Didn't Get? You know where you gonna be layin right?  
I'm tellin you, hah, you know what the fuck I'm sayin right?  
You will respect this, cuz it gets reckless when I cut the  
Dun-nun-Dun-nun-Dun-nun-Dun-nun, you be like "What the--Nooo!"  
But it's too late cuz the heat-seaker done found the heat  
The concrete done found your meat  
Cuz hittin the ground still hot from steam comin off  
Eyes rolled back in his head, coughin up chunks of flesh  
Then niggaz'll roll with his monstrous death, beatin punks to death  
Ain't nuthin left but the memory of what used to be your life  
Funeral payments, and dried up blood on my knife  
Y'all motherfuckers don't understand, when it's on it's on  
You up in the casket with some shades, cuz your eyes is gone  
I know I'm wrong, that's why I did my dirt and slid  
But you made it happen, with that bullshit you did  
Now you want peace? Well take a piece of this ammunition  
And get your ass drug out the Hudson by some old man fishin  
My mission is almost complete  
This message will self destruct in two seconds  
Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep