

## Moe Wings

DMX

Oh man, another one of these  
Ugh, another one of these  
Ugh, another one of these  
What? Another one of these  
Give it to 'em, another one of these  
Give it to 'em, another one of these  
Give it to 'em

I'm hot like moe wings  
Don't thank me, more things  
Redbull, about to grow wings  
Get down for real, that's for?  
I'm hot like moe wings  
Don't thank me, more things  
Redbull, about to grow wings  
Get down for real, that's for?

Dudes is funny, look at who you move with money  
Yous a dummy, don't make me lose it sonny  
I stay on some bull, extra shit  
Whichever ya mans you next to, you next to a bitch  
Whatever type of gat you got, mine bigger  
You think what you want cause I'm that nigga  
Can't pull it off unless you hit all the way  
I get it down for real, get it all day  
Come on, hey  
That's what you get down like  
Now I know, swear that's what a nigga sound like  
We get down like the rest of them cats  
And what does it really mean to be the best of them cats  
Sometimes I see but I really didn't want to  
Be careful what you do cause it'll come back to haunt you  
Real recognize real  
But it isn't just birdman boy, it's

Hot than a motherfucker, caliente  
I'm a real nigga so I keep a wet K  
Bricks on dick, keep an esse  
Bloodline couldn't see me on your best day  
Banana in the clip, let the tec spray  
Menace to society, oh dawg walk up  
Poke your head and then I roll up  
Gotta keep it gangster, that's 500  
I'm still spending this old money  
I took the tubes off, put the Vogues on it  
Lethal weapon like Mel Gibson, man I stay stunting  
And you stay fronting  
Check my pedigree I bet it add up  
I'm like a Mack truck  
Big Moeses get the stacks up  
Sleeping that's how you got passed up

Just cause I love my niggas  
I shed my blood for my niggas  
Holla where my niggas

I'm right here my niggas  
Just cause I love my niggas  
I shed my blood for my niggas  
Holla where my niggas  
I'm right here my niggas

When the beat come on it get darker every time  
Spit venomous tales about this life of crime  
I come through buzzing leave a critical mess  
How you talk tough wearing a dress  
I wake up stressed amongst the best on the track with a dog  
When I bite my teeth sink  
But how you gon see a nigga living in the fog  
I dealt with rats and rattlesnakes  
I battle with hate  
The Lord is great, survive the maze  
Rebuke the devil in ongoing debates  
I try to be cool and try to show love  
At the same time I want Trump on his back with his face blown off

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