

Wright Or Wrong

DMX

Aww man (shit)
That bitch (DID HE?!)
What the fuck is this?
Did he? (DID HE?!)
Are you for real?

Ryde or die, right or wrong (WHAT?)
Niggaz wit'cha by your side 'til the storm (WHAT?)
Then they split, don't wanna ride to the storm (WHAT?)
{I love you my nigga} Shoulda known that was bullshit all along! (C'MON!)

I been doin this for a minute
So with or without you I'ma get it, cause I'm in it to win it
I put in work, paid my dues
Stepped in dirt, changed my shoes
Got those dirty - asked God for a new pair
and He musta heard me; thought I was worthy
Taught me to listen cause in New York
the rule is the more you know the less you talk
So if you fake niggaz actin like you down for the kid
When it goes back, don't be around for SHIT!
That's why niggaz like you get found in a ditch
You ain't built for war, actin like a BITCH!

We all in the sunshine...

We all in the sunshine, we all want the fun time
So niggaz forget that it is gon' rain sometime
Whatever the weather
We supposed to be in this together, B.F.W. forever
I see now that y'all niggaz been takin shit lightly
One minute you love me, next you wanna fight me
Am I gon' lose? Not likely
And even though we both know that you a cat, you still be tryin to bite me
C'mon vato, cat-o
That's a real bitch move you made, you know the rest, uh-oh
Walk like a man you gots to talk like a man
Chin up, with a limp, dick in your hand!

Ahh man, ahh man! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Whatever the fuck I do I go all out
Wait for a few days, ryde or die, fuck out bitch!
I ain't got time for these cats that wanna pretend
Like they gon' ride 'til the end
Cause soon as you hit a bump niggaz jump ship
But when it's all good same niggaz suck dick
Money is the root of all evil
I ain't a fake nigga, and never had a reason to deceive you
Don't nobody do for me, but me
A nigga gon' be alright, you'll see
When I need a friend, [?] sends me one
When I need some ends, he saved me some
Whatever I need I get it, so I don't want for nothin
And I ain't gotta hunt for nothin

Sittin on ten whips, a few chips
And that mayne with the laser from the hip catch you slip

WHAT? WHAT? WHAT? WHAT? WHAAAAAAAAAT?
Man, cause I'm fuckin crazy!
And you all fuckin crazy!
Oh my God, what have they done?
What have they done? What have they done?!
What have they done?!
What have they done?! They don't know
What have they done?! They don't know
What have they done?! They don't know
What have they done?! They don't know
What have they done?! They don't know
Grrrrrrrr...
Ryde or die, right or wrong!