

# Shot Down

DMX

Grrrr... ARF! ARF!

Move on over, I done told you boy  
I'm a G-Unit motherfucking soldier boy  
And when you gon' get it in your brain  
The gate's wide open and the dog's off the chain

I be that yung'n with that gun-ness, telling you stop fronting  
I be that yung'n on the run, after I pop some'n  
In the Bible I read, death is of the tongue  
And if you talk about death enough death is gon' come  
Dave taught me how to flow, they shot him in the head  
Randy ass was there, now he running scared  
Some say I'm gangsta, some say I'm crazy  
If you ask me I'll say I'm what the hood made me  
Now I can stunt 'til my ass dead broke like J.D.  
Or put a hundred grand on every nigga head that play me  
See I'm cool with them Haitian mob niggaz  
To say "Sak pasé! Map boulé" and rob niggaz  
The media be trying to make a nigga look bad, what's up with that?  
See my flick, next to bring Papi and Cat  
And Montana, I kill 'em with the grammar  
I enhanced in the slammer after banging them hammers  
X what's up? (AIGHT!)

You don't live that, you shouldn't say that  
Cause what come out your mouth'll get you SHOT, DOWN  
Throwing your money around and we don't play that  
Get in our line'll get you SHOT, DOWN (nigga)  
We know where you hang, we know where you stay at  
That bullshit you on'll get you SHOT, DOWN  
Here's a few clips that you shouldn't play with  
G-Unit, Ruff Ryders'll get you SHOT, DOWN

Aiyyo, fuck y'all niggaz talking bout, think you playing wit?  
Double R, G-UNIT, the same ol' shit (WHAT!)  
Put the faggots in the ring, watch 'em all quit  
All y'all niggaz is pussy, suck my dick!  
Ain't nothing but a handful of man still standing  
I remember 50 in a cypher when Onyx was "Slamming" (AIGHT?)  
Now we meet again, it's all good my nigga  
Back to the street again, it's all hood my nigga  
Knock on wood my nigga, we both walk the dog  
We ain't get to where we at by luck, shit was hard (AIGHT?)  
But once we got through the trials it's all smiles  
'til a big type nigga all of a sudden get wild  
Now why you gotta go and take me back to where I came from?  
I'ma make you remember, where you know my name from (YEA!)  
45th Street, and BLAOW-BLAOW Ave.  
I done ran through your crew and only let off half, nigga!

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Yeah, word, yeah  
If your head ain't off of your shoulders (uh-huh)  
You ain't get shot, you got nicked nigga (just nicked)  
Cause if my chrome hit a piece of your bone  
It's gon' do more than chip, nigga (a lot more than that)  
Yea, what the fuck is the problem  
The Porsche is red, the buckets is Army  
30 shot handguns the gutter is starving (yeah)  
Niggaz like me might rush your apartment (word)  
Bloodstains'll fuck up your carpet, brain on the window  
I smell murder every time that the wind blow  
Tie him to the chair and then knock out his chinbone  
I don't want the throne or the crown, I ain't selling up  
You can have the jail or the ground, you ain't in hell enough  
I'm the one that flood the gutters  
Better tap your man, and let him know P'll love to cut his  
And niggaz is getting shot down, two guns up  
Double R, S.P. holding D Block down

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