

We're Back

DMX

Ruff Ryders ("They're BAAAACK!")

This is what you're tellin me, okay
It all comes down to this huh? Okay
This is what you fuckin tellin me?
That this is it? Okay (GRRRRRRRRRRR)

How many slugs should I plug into yo' chest before it's get filled
Since you ain't got nuttin else to do but get killed
Been a fiend every since I found out how a slaughter taste
Empty a clip of hollow tips into yo' daughter's face
Cause that's just the type of shit that I'm on
Collect my dough, make the fuckin hit and I'm gone
I ain't never gots to worry about the aim
Infrared, to your head, will make sure, I hit him in the brain
BLAOW! One mo' time for good luck - for what?!
He was already dead, what the fuck?!
I be, breakin my shit up OFF in a nigga
When I don't see, nuttin but SOFT in a nigga
Fuckin coward, I wonder how it - feels
To have to look at your moms - squeal, after I hit her with the steel
Ill, that's how a nigga blows shit up
Believe whoever I hit up, will never get up
Tell me, how it's goin down nigga
If I'm bein a fuckin clown nigga (yeah)
Take a couple of rounds nigga, I keep a toast real close
In case I gotta turn the rest of yo' peeps into ghosts
Fuck it I'm ready for combat, with a gat
that'll make any nigga, become a meal for the fuckin rats
There won't be nuttin left of money but a soupbone
Big Motherfuckin DMX from the group home

Niggaz don't mean what they say when they talk
Niggaz lean a certain kind of way when they walk
Niggaz don't mean what they say when they talk
Niggaz lean a certain kind of way when they walk

Since the first day in it, I made a promise to myself
I was gonna make it happen, that's the way I felt
You know Philly never scared, play the cards we dealt
Doin it my way, you bitches strugglin for help
I hear your rumors and your so-called beefs
But it's a different story any time we meet in the streets
I'm fully in it bitch, your shit is juvenile to me
We can squash it, go 'head let you warm up the crowd for me
I hate to even be like this, y'all bring it out
To tell the truth it excites me, I scream it out
Sick wid'dit, ain't a bitch that can get wid'dit
Admit it, I'm that bitch you can't live wid'dit
And I'ma keep it comin long as I'm here
Pitbull, back at'cha neck, I'm hearin them cheer
E-V-E is what they need in they life, I'm bout mine
Now I'm done wit'chu, fuck out my face, wastin my time

Bitches don't mean what they say when they talk
Bitches lean a certain kind of way when they walk
Bitches don't mean what they say when they talk

Bitches lean a certain kind of way when they walk

Nahh! Uh, yeah, aiiyo

I got a wet haze, coke, and a p-blow block

But y'all still missin the point like a free throw shot

Get it? This ain't some'n you learn, this is some'n you earn

Turn it up and give me some'n to burn

That boy 'Kiss is a hell of a man

Treat your life like a cell phone, so try to get a helluva plan

Cause most dudes left the hood broke

A couple knew what they was doin, so they came back like good coke

Down South they'll tell you 'Kiss is good folk (that's right)

Up North I hit my niggaz off with good smoke

Out West they ridin with me, now I'm back hard

I'm just worried bout the rats that's in my back yard

Hated by many, confronted by none

I trust two guys, one's God, and one is my gun

Jada is the nice guy, 'Kiss is the monster

D-Block and Double R is my sponsor

Cowards don't mean what they say when they talk

Cowards lean a certain kind of way when they walk

Cowards don't mean what they say when they talk

Cowards lean a certain kind of way when they walk

Fuckin cowards!

Niggaz can't be fuckin serious, y'all niggaz pussy

Niggaz pussy - y'all don't like it? BRING IT, BITCH!

Just a lil' some'n man, to let y'all know

To niggaz know man, matter of fact

Matter of fact y'all niggaz, excuse my back man!

Straight up y'all niggaz, pardon my back!

I ain't got no rap for no sucka-ass niggaz!

Five time motherfuckin champ!

Five times! BITCH! Touch that! Then holla back!

Motherfucker!

A nigga done had this rap shit

I'm out..