

# X-Is Coming

DMX

1, 2, X is comin' for you  
3, 4, you better lock your door  
5, 6, get your crucifix  
7, 8, don't stay up late

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Who's afraid of the dark?  
Responsible for the murders in the park  
When I bark, they hear the boom, but you see the spark  
And I seen the part of your head which used to be your face  
Was replaced by nothin' for bluffin', what a waste  
Niggaz wanna see me taste my own medicine  
Picture that, get on some old second grade shit, I'ma get you back  
Retaliate, if it hates for you to think I took a loss  
When all I did was shook it off  
Yeah, you heard me, shook it off  
Man, if we was up north, niggaz would have been fucked you  
But then we in the streets, niggaz should haven been stuck you  
Plucked you like a chicken wit' your head cutoff  
They'll find you wit' your back open and your legs cutoff  
And as for your man, don't you ever in your mutherfuckin' life  
Know when I gotta gun come at me wit' a knife, a'ight?  
And forgettin' you ever saw me is the best thing to do  
Don't give a fuck about your family, they'll be resting with you

You got yourself in a predicament, that you can't get out of  
You already in some shit, but it's about to get hotter  
Fuckin' wit' a, nigga like you, runnin' your mouth  
Will, have that same nigga like you, gun in your mouth  
But won't be like the last time when you run in the house  
'Cuz I ain't knockin' on the door  
I'm comin in the house and I'm gunnin' for your spouse  
Tryin' to send the bitch back to her maker  
And if you got a daughter older than 15, I'ma rape her  
Take her on the living room floor, right there in front of you  
Then ask you seriously, whatchu wanna do?  
Frustratin', isn't it? When they kill me, but I'ma kill you  
Now watch me fuck just a lil' while longer, please, will you?  
This is revenge, no time before you die  
And despite how much I hate to see a grown man cry  
I'ma make you suffer, see your ass in hell, motherfucker  
Click, BOOM, BOOM  
See your ass in hell

When I speak you better listen  
The harder it gets, the more follows  
And I'm hittin' 'em wit' shit that they can't all swallow  
I keep my slugs hollow, keep families with sorrow  
Keep motherfuckers like you, not seein' tomorrow  
I will borrow a gun, then run 'til I catch you  
Let you slip up, just once, then I'ma wet you  
Stretch you out like a limousine  
'Cuz where I catch you is where I catch you

That's what killin' means  
Fuck whoever's standin' there when you get what you got comin'  
'Cuz once I hit you in your head, the witnesses start runnin'  
Niggaz started somethin', but they chose not to finish it  
So I'ma wrap it up, for real, dog, 'cuz I'ma winner, shit  
Fuck it yo, let's end this shit, I don't need the plaques  
And I ain't a DJ, nigga, so I don't need the wax  
Gimme slugs from my gats  
Gimme hoods from my rats  
Gimme wood from my bats  
Then they meet where the fuck I'm at, for real