Crime Story

DMX

Mnn
Man, uh
Shit stay happen
Ya know
Its crazy dog
Its off the hook
But you know
Real niggas survive
No regardless
Them heartless
Who is this I see, comin' through, its like 3
On the a.m., I'ma rob this nigga
An when I'm done, I'ma slay him
For bein' stupid like, comin' through after 1 or 2
And havin' a gun that he couldn't get to
Yeah, that one'll do
Foolish niggas learn the hard way, then I teach 'em
Be in the wrong place at the wrong time, then I leach 'em
Like Jigga said, niggas test you
When your gun goes warm
So I keep 'em scattering
Like roaches, when the light turns off
From night to dawn
Right from wrong
Hope no way
3-57 slugs with a snub nose, dray eight
Settin' all you bitches straight (what)
Squashin' all beefs
To the point where the police
Be blockin' all streets
Got me trapped up in the building
But you know how that go
I stay fucking with the hood rats
And I run up in the rab hole
Run through the hallway
See police, face to face
And bein' I'm tellin' you this story
Means I caught another case
Its either you or me
And more than likely, its gonna be you, than me
Aiight? Feel me ODay 2 of the saga
This fuckin' drama continues

Wakin' up like every 2 hours, lookin' out my window
Plus I keep the 4-4 pointed at the door
Just in case, when they bust in, I bust them
And I'm gunnin' for the face
"What a waste of potential" is what my teachers used to tell me
"You can always get a job" and cheap shit they tried to sell me
Got me no where but broke and fucked up in the game
But now I got a name, and niggas know my name
Knock of the door "police, we lookin' for a man
Killed a couple of cops last night and the reward is ten grand"
I play like a bitch "Its just me here, and I'm not dressed
And that guy sounds kinda dangerous, I hope you make an arrest"
That was a close one, now I know I gotta get outta the city
Cuz I know I'm hotter than lave, I'm holla the mouth
Got my dog on the horn, he like
"Fuck, you done did it
They a ran up in my crib, nigga, pattin down my kid" (dial tone)Put the harness on the dog, load up the weapons
Murder's on my mind, no half steppin'
Motherfuckers want war, you can get it,
Cuz I'm tired of runnin', remember me as the nigga that died gunnin'
Kamakaze mission, C-4 strapped to the chest
Run up in that joint, raw dog, fuck the vest
They can keep theirs, cuz it won't be the slugs that'll kill 'em
It'll be the raw of the C-4 as I'm bringin' down the building
When I go, taking a bunch of the motherfuckers with me
I ain't sittin around
waiting for them faggot niggas to come and get me
I bring it to 'em, service with a smile
What nigga? Didn't know a dog with rabies was up in the cut, nigga?
Now that you finally findin' out what this shit means
I'm at the precinct, 116th
Run up in there
Open up my jacket "You muthafuckers lookin' for me?
Well here I am now you comin' with me"
(Explosion)Man, that shit is crazy baby
Can you dig it, can you dig it, can you feel it, is you wit it
Its off the hook y'all
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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