

Dire Straits

"Niggaz Done Started Something"

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[sheek]

Yo, ayo let's get papers and pop mo' with holes up in
skyscrapers

In condominiums, overlooking our drug capers

New york city, know only way to play is gritty

I want cheddar, so we can front up in the 850

My whole commity like to puff l's and look jiggy

Who wan' test this? my semi leave you chestless

And ain't shit that you can say to me when you be
breathless

Young, but I done did shit that you won't do

So go ahead wit the bullshit you blab about goin
through

I got niggaz who pump on yo' block and in yo' spot

Who sit next to you? protectin you?

But they'll murder you, playa

Don status, nigga we gettin chipsesis

And bad bitchsesis, frontin, frontin in eclipsesis

[mase]

Ayo, mase and the lox

We takin knots from the out of state spots

Any nigga make it hot, get found in vacant lot

You don't really wanna come try, the one guy

Who stay dumb high from blunt lye

The rack of sing-sing alumni

Who got more beef than a islamic farm

So I pack enough sonic arms to neutralize atomic
bombs

It's not a nigga in your gang want it

My ak slay gays, spray strays wit niggaz names on it

Often I bug, then we'll soften a thug

Have a chump coughin blood, fill his coffin with slugs

Yo, you know I got enough guns to wreck a nation

Any nigga wave a tec at mase, and, have a explanation

You bring your crew and em and I'm doin em

Then I'm beatin em down with aluminum

Then I'm puttin two in em

You can't touch me, I've been double sent, wanted for
embezzlement

A lot of other things, but that's irrelavent

Chorus(x2):

[styles]

If you love the money, then prepare to die for it

[dmx]

Niggaz done started somethin

[styles]

You can lay in the flames, or hug the sky for it

[dmx]

Niggaz done started somethin

[jadakiss]

Yo, check out the kid that get coke like sosa

Never turned down chocha, be in the costa

Rica, sippin margaritas wit a mami

Cleanin my tommy, showin love to my army

Whenever the lox find rippy blocks, we kill em

Yeah I hear niggaz, but I still don't feel em

And this for the listeners, and prisoners

And them jealous rap cats that prefer dissin us

My 16's be so real, you can feel em in your vain

Like ramello's pops from sugarhill

J be the cause for the kiss at your wake

Cartel lips, spittin clips at your face

We started from the bottom

You'll see bad niggaz pardon, whatever

We can do it at the garden

Word life, this shit is real big

I'm makin niggaz blow trial even if they not guilty

[styles]

I want a palace for my thugs, wit oriental rugs

Green bags from drugs, get wacked for the love

Twenty niggaz batter me, still couldn't shatter me

I'm only gettin up, splittin up your anatomy

Official lock family, grants niggaz handin me

I want the finer things, and I hope you understandin me

Sittin at the table, plannin and plug the fan in

Let the sweat dry off and then grab your cannon

Think you smartest, and retaliate the hardest,
regardless

If you a thug or a rap artist, respect me like pesci

And if rap was hockey, I be gretzky, puffin nestle

Any ya niggaz done started somethin

Actin invincible like you God or somethin

If you god, then i'ma makes a lot til you rot

And if you a playa, then play for everything you got

And if you a thug, then start bustin off shots

And if you a dog, you better bite before you bark

Chorus

[dmx]

Don't came at me wit no bullshit, use caution

Cause when I wet shit, I dead shit, like abortions

For bigger portions, of extortion then racketeering

Got niggaz fearin, fuck whatchu heard, this whatchu
hearin

How much darker must it get, how much harder must it
hit

See if your hardest niggaz flip, when I start a bunch of
shit

I like pussy, but not up in my face, so gimme three feet

Cause when we creep, no more than three deep,
niggaz see sheep

Bloodhounds found your shit buried in the mud

Following traces of gun powder, residue and blood

A positive I'd is impossible, so you know

John doe is what they gon' be puttin on that tag on yo'
toe

Now who gon tell yo mother, her baby's under a cover
in the morgue

Stiff as a log, sniffed out by the dogs

Son of a hard headed nigga that wouldn't listen

So you got whatchu came for

[sheek]

What's that?

[dmx]

Surgery wit the chainsaw grrrrr, I hit the fuckin streets

Cause like I said before ain't nothin goin down until I
eat

Mu'fuckers think it's all about impressin bitches and
stressin bitches

Well, I'm testin bitches game, adressin bitches, and
caressin bitches

And dealin wit mu'fuckers on all levels

What I'm dealin wit is all devils, fuckin with snakes

Runnin wit niggaz you call rebels

I got an army of 730 niggaz, dirty niggaz

That come through and worry niggaz

30 niggaz that like to bury niggaz

And scary niggaz get it all the time

Cause what they got is all of mine

Your man was talkin shit until I pulled the nine

And if I don't know you, I don't fuck witchu

And if you wit my man, then he gettin stuck witchu

And gave it the money
Cause I just lost my mind when he crossed the line
Sent his back through his chest
Then I tossed the nine, boss of crime
Black gotti, I stack bodies wit the black shotty
Bitch-ass niggaz who act snotty
Get it
These niggaz is for real
These niggaz ain't playin
This ain't no fuckin game
You think we playin?
Ruff ryders
Grrrrrr

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