

## Dj Cammy

### "Who's Next"

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When I creep through  
Niggaz is see through  
Just like negligee (Uh!)

Verse 1: DMX

Ain't no talkin cause there ain't much that the dead can  
say  
Long as I'm walking I be strappin my dogs (Uh!)  
(Whoooo-hooo!)  
Rackin the hogs  
Desert Eagle packin the morgues (What?)  
Metal slabs with yellow tags on toes it's  
What happens to those that (Uh!)  
Chose to be foes and (uh-huh!)  
Bet his man knows  
But yo, we only get stronger (Uh!)  
And the amount of time we're facing is only gettin  
longer  
Get the mayor on the horn! (Clue!)  
(What!) It's time for shit to go down (Uh!)  
Strapped for the show down (Uh!)  
Wet up yo crib, kick the door down  
Know you schemin' so I gots to get you first  
Put you right up in a brand new hearse  
Could be worse (Whoo!)  
Shoulda seen what I gave this nigga  
Two vests couldn't save this nigga (Uh!)  
The way I laid this nigga  
Played this nigga  
But that's what I'm good at (uh-huh!)  
Layin niggaz out in fightin' pits and fuckin' hoodrats  
(Ha ha!)  
Where's my fuckin' hood at? (Whoo!)  
Cripple niggas like switches (Uh!)  
Rip on niggas like bitches (Uh!)  
Then pour niggas in ditches (Uh!)  
They ain't found half the bodies that a nigga caught  
Or should I say a nigga bought  
Cause ain't nothing like getting' paid for, a nigga sport  
(Aight!)

Triple what a nigga thought  
But that's just how shit be  
I know that one day they gon' try that shit wit me  
But just as long as I'm on top of shit  
You ain't stoppin shit  
And ain't a motherfucker droppin' shit

Chorus: DMX

If it ain't ruff it ain't me (Uhh, c'mon!)  
If it ain't ruff it ain't D (Uh!)  
M to the X  
Most y'all niggas is strait sex (What?) (shots)  
Next?!

Chorus

Verse 2: DMX

Plenty of niggaz know dirty is how I do 'em  
Put buck shots, from a thirty right through 'em  
Cause ain't none of y'all muh'fuckers built for war  
And I lay down the law (Clueminati!)  
When I spray down the door  
Fuck around on my name will be 95-B-64-11  
(What?) On a three-and-a-half to seven (C'mon!)  
When even up north I put niggas to waste  
So you wanna stop the violence?  
Get the fuck out my face!  
Parole before peeps hit the board off  
Bitches is fuckin but I sleep with the sawed off  
I got shit to do, rules to break, crews to break  
Before the news to break, I got dudes to take  
I don't joke cause Jokers is cards  
And cards are what I pull  
Infra red with the clip full  
No leash on the pitbull (Ha ha!)  
That shit is hot like the wax off a candle stick (C'mon!)  
But how I handle shit  
Is to dismantle shit (C'mon!)  
De-de-de-de-de  
Like Popeye when it's Spinach time (Clue!)  
Runnin' through two niggaz like the tape at the finish  
line  
What's your crew, gonna do when I put the pressure on  
And it hurts, wannabe gangstaz in skirts (Aight!)  
And the bitches comin' all out them niggaz  
One false move and their moms'll read about them  
niggas  
And they wives'll be without them niggas  
Matter of fact, I'm tired of talkin money

Throw your joints up, scrap, bitch (Ha ha!)

Chorus 2x

Outro: DMX & DJ Clue

(DJ Clue!)

Niggaz won't creep in the streets with me

(Desert Storm!)

Cause you know what fuckin with these streets would  
be

The Professional Part 2!

Muthafucker! (Ha ha!)

Uhh, huh-uh (My nigga Ray! DMX! My nigga D-Wha!)

Pa-pa-pa-pa nigga!

(Yo Ruff Ryders! Word up!)

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