

DMX "Catz Don't Know"

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Can't stop, gotta eat
Stepping on, my feet
Spread love, think it's sweet
Uh, uh, uh all you catz don't know

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Yeah baby, shit's about to jump off and lookin' for the
bus
To bring in my man from up north
Been like three years since when got knocked, since he
got caught

Punked up like five new blocks, holding down for it
Kept a nigga straight with money in the books
And them bitches is crooks who look out for other
crooks
Took him shopping, money in his pocket is straight

Dropped him off at the wife's crib after we ate
Our estate was the next move for me
Had to make that nigga chill for at least two to three
months
'Cause when it's on, it's on, he didn't care

It's like slow down baby, the money ain't going nowhere
Keep in touch though and show how much your ass is
with it
The dope flow is there and in a minute you can get it
come on
You gotta watch a nigga just coming home in a game
'Cause on the low we may just be trying to go against
the grain

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I never figured this nigga would pull this shit that he
pulled
What is strange is the change that niggaz go through
When they're locked down and really can't hack it
A motherfucker like me handles a bid like a jacket

Strap it on my back, niggaz ain't built like me
And by the end, niggaz was like, "Yo, why you killed
Mike, D?"
Wasn't me, but yeah, he had it coming to him
Used to be my dog, so I let my cousin do him

Sent him out of state with like half a brick down to my
spot in VA
'Cause the money comes quick
Half of that got fucked up before, I even got the check
in on him damn
But things happen so I really wasn't wreckin' on him,
damn
Got him up out of there and sent him down a little
further

Ain't heard from him in two months, murder, murder
And from the next flight thinking, I might have to steal
something
This hungry shit will make a nigga wanna kill
something, come on

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Listen, money is missing and it's hectic, what?
Found the safe, checked it
Shit looks detected, what?
Just what I expected when I got no word from him

Asked around but ain't nobody heard from him
But money talks and most niggaz is snakes
So it wasn't long before his man was ready to take

Me to where he was at, checked my gat

Threw in a four clip, pumped myself up
'Cause I can't go for that bullshit, come on
Fuckin' with my last load of cash ain't the issue
It's just real fucked up when your man tries to diss you

Takin' back for niggaz in New York and how they told
me so
Now I got to knock his boots, he owes me dough
Layin' up with a hoe, then he hit me with the sob story
come on
The famous 'Oh you didn't know I got robbed' story,
come on

Told it's to me he should be grateful to
Fuck that bitch look at what she made you do
Now there's love lost and a double cross
Pointed at that bitch, turned her braids into sauce

So you wanna be with him and talk to me like I'm silly
Five bottle of Mo on the floor, boxes of phillys
Ten G's in the shoebox under the bed

And for every G, I put a fuckin' slug in his head
And from then, the moral of the story if you missed it
Is the grand is always gonna be there
Just never go against it

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