

## DMX "Crime Story"

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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 O

Day 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

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