

## **Dmx**

# **"Get It Right"**

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[Drag-On]

Uh, Uh

[DMX]

Uh

It's The Dog in da house!

It's Drag-On in da house! (Drag-On, baby)

What?

[Chorus- DMX]

Drag-on, niggaz act on

Messin wit the team it's gon be a sad song

X, will bring the day and the night

Cuz we get it right, get it right, get it right, spit it right

[DMX]

Moves is made, niggas is paid, that's just how it is

When my time is up i'ma be out but i'ma try to live

I'm eatin day by day, ain't nothin sweet about it

Act like you don't know what I'm sayin then you read  
about it

Built for war like a armadillo

Smokin yo' ass put two through the pilllow

Hear my shit through windows

Manic depressive and my head hurts

Soon as the dead thirst I'll whet him first

Now wait a minute it gets worse

I can't control what I own inside

So I take it out on the soul of that kid that died

Spit fire, cross niggas like barbecues

Mobbin crews, strippin niggas, robbin crews

And put him speechless, when I made him eat this

Hollow tip and you can follow grip

You be like kim and ain't gon swallow shit

Don't know the half, couldn't know the math

To understand the wrath of a man split in half

But he got what he wanted, shot for three hundred

Shit is tight and a nigga that's right gots to run it

Aint no question, that's how I get down

Niggas know gimme yo' dough and yo' hoe, and here  
take these fo'

Hot things I got things that make niggas spin

Put niggaz in the wind, where you never see niggas  
again

Bless a nigga with fifties the thin types

And a straight blast that'll put pinstripes across your  
windpipe  
[Chorus]x2  
[Drag-On]  
Drag opposite water more than a spot order  
My flows cause fire then bring holes  
Takes more than a pump to out this little punk  
'less that pump is a twelve, and I get popped, still I burn  
to hell  
Call the police and whatever they don't seize  
And put in they mouth, and catch freeze, tell em throw  
drag some keys  
Don't care how many oyeas I gotta make believe  
If you nervous, you don't deserve it poppi please  
Cats stealin gats y'all probably will get hit  
Well I'm the future let's see y'all copy this, stopping this  
Since a tiny kid like, mommy buy me this  
Since she always told me no, started stealin on some  
grimy shit  
Like look at that, now look at that slide it in my bookbag  
I'm who, parents point they fingers at, get from that  
hoodrat  
And put it back, fuck tough, while y'all cook crack  
I'm cocaine, throw me in the pot, I rise to the top  
With your 5.0, go 'head, look ma, I got four more pegs  
Stil put them holes in yo' head, til it's mushy like dough  
bread  
Cuz that vest only protects that chest  
And if I decide to get ice, don't get to fascinated  
Or it's my bullet, your brain, mashed potatoes  
Double r got me comin hard on you haters  
Cuz we the streets black and y'all belong beneath that  
[Chorus]x2

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