

Dmx "Get Shot Down"

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DMX Errrrrrrrrrr.....Uhr..Uhr

50 Cent

Over and over, i done told ya boy
im a G-Unit motherfuckin soldier boy
now when u gon get it in yo brain
the gates wide open and the dogs off the chain

Uhr..Uhr

I be that young 'n with the gun thats tellin ya stop frontin
I be that young 'n on the run, after i pop sumthin
In the Bible i read, death is of the tongue,
If u talk about death, then death is go oncoming,
jay taught me how to flow, shot him in the head,
randy's ass was there, now he's runnin scared,
sum say im gangsta, some say im craazy,
if u ask me, i say im wut the hood made me,
now i could stunt til my ass dead broke like JD,
or put a hundred-grand on any nigga's head that play
me,
see im cool with the haitian mob niggas,
then say "saapa sei my boolay", and rob niggas,
to me, u be try to make the nigga look bad, wutsup wit
that
see my flick, next to preme, papi and cat
and montana, i kill em with the gramma'
i enhanced in the slamma after bangin them hammas,
X wut up

Chorus (50 Cent)

If you dont live that, then u shouldnt say that
'cause wut come out yo mouth'll get u SHOT DOWN
handin money around, and we dont play that, gettin
outta line'll get u SHOT DOWN,
keep on playa hatin, we kno where u stay at, the bullshit
u on'll get u SHOT DOWN, nigga
heres a few cliques, that u shouldnt play with, G-Unit
Ruffryders'll get u SHOT DOWN

(Eyiooo yo, what ya niggas talkin bout, think u playin

with?
Double R, G-UNIT!The same old shit,
Put the faggots in the ring, watch em all quit,
All ya niggas is pussy, suck my dick
Aint nothin but a handful of mans still standin

I remember 50 in a cypher, when onyx was still
slammin
now we meet again, its all good my nigga
back to the street again, its all hood my nigga,
knock on wood my nigga, we both walked the dog
we aint get to where we at by luck, shit was hard,
but once we got thru the trials, its all smiles
til a bitch type nigga all of a sudden get wild
now why u gots to go and take me back the way i came
from?
imma MAKE you remember, where u my name from,
45th street BLAH BLAH ave.
I done ran through your crew and only let off half,
nigga

(Chorus)

(Styles P)
If ya head aint off yo shoulders, u aint get shot, u got
nipped nigga,(just nipped)
'cause if my chrome hit a piece of ur bone,
its gonna do more than chip, nigga,
yea wut the fuck is the problem
the porsche is red, the buckets is armed
30 shot handguns, the gutter is starvin
niggas like me might rush ur apartment
blood stains'll fuck up ur carpet
brain on the window
i smell murder everytime that the wind blow
tie him to the chair and then knock out his chin bone
i dont want the chrome to the crown, i aint sellin nothin,
u can have the jail or the ground, u aint in hell enough
im the one that flood the gutters,
better tap ya man, and let him kno P'll love the colors
and niggas is gettin shot down, 2 gunz up, Double R, SP
holdin D-Block down

(Chorus)

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