

Dmx

"Get Your Money Up"

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[Intro: DMX]

Uh, this that shit right here

Grrrrr... WOO!!

Yo, aiiyo

It about the culmination (ABOUT TO GO
DOWN!)

It's about, it's about, it's about

[DMX]

Bark if you want nigga

I gots to let you know, I got them things
that'll get you gone nigga

When it's on nigga, we call it backfire

We air niggaz out, it's like a flat tire

We some grown men, on some grown shit

On some "you best leave me the fuck alone"
shit

We get it on quick, you know what type of
shit this is

But we ain't gettin drunk cause we don't
need no witnesses

FUCK YOU to the judge, FUCK YOU to the
police

Fuck the snitch in his fuckin ass, with no
grease

We don't want no peace, war 'til we die

And we gon' get it in 'til we fall or we fly

[Chorus 2X: DMX]

Get your money up! (What!) Get your paper
right! (Yeah!)

Get your money up! (What!) Get your paper
right! (Yeah!)

Get your money up! (What!) Get your paper
right! (Yeah!)

And watch a nigga do his thing for real,
AIGHT?

[DMX]

Back on the grind, back on the clock

Comin back for mine, back on the block

The kid is, back with the Glock to stick
niggaz up

Hear that meat wagon, come pick niggaz up

What nigga, WHAT? You keep a dick in yo'

mouth
I'm from New York, but I'm STILL the shit in
the South
Muh'fuckers don't wan' know about the
Dog
And I ain't got no friend for, all of y'all
Look, shit now here gon' change nigga, for
real!
Red dot on yo' brain nigga, for real!
I ain't got time for the bullshit
Y'all niggaz is mutts, I'm a full Pit on my way
to the pulpit

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