

# DMX

## "Go Head"

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**(feat. The Lox)**

*[Styles]*

Ruff Ryder Nigga, Volume 2

We show niggas the meaning of ryde or die  
So all that bullshit you talking, go head nigga

*[Jadakiss]*

You don't gotta slap me five or give me a hug  
And it hurts when you gotta kill a nigga you love  
But I'm gone deal wit my enemies sooner  
Cause I got'em looking for my solo album like Kennedy Jr.

Fuck crush ice, go head and get your shine on  
I'm bout to cop rocks that y'all niggas can climb on  
Don't worry bout why I ain't got mine on  
I want some new shit, I don't want nothing that you can  
tell time on

Things ain't all good right now

Cause some more niggas die an turn all you in the  
hood right now

Y'all can stop acting like that nigga J gone squeeze  
Cause all I got is misdeameanors and some ACD's  
Y'all gon make me lay something down I promise  
And Puff wear scarmas and listen to Carl Thomas  
Puff running and hide and we coping more guns  
An we coming outside cause somebody gotta die

*[Chorus]*

Go head you know we getting plenty of Dough  
Go head you know we lighting plenty of dro  
Go head you know we coming from Y-O  
Go head truly though Go head really though  
Go Head you know we hitting plenty of hos  
Go head you know we ripping plenty of shows  
Go head you know we coming from Y-O  
Go head truly though Go head really though

*[Sheek]*

Now I warned y'all niggas that Sheek was the one  
Now I'm warning y'all niggas that I got my gun  
Read to kill, don't worry bout no doctor bill

It ain't gone be one of those just yo casket clothes  
Lox, nah you rather fuck wit the cops  
Cause I pop and turn y'all like the optimum box  
No paper feud, it's straight hate wit dude  
So I'm hungry and let the morgue zip up your crew  
you wanna hope on our dicks and go whilly yo bikes  
And wear Ruff Ryder tees, motherfucker please  
You a poke-a-nose nigga, want you stick to the skis  
And I don't hear a nigga raps no more  
So I don't bother to go in the store an cop y'all shit  
Only time I cop y'all shit if Lox on it  
I shoot you in yo mouth ain't no calling the cops  
I want my shit back like cash flo and Elian's pop

*[Chorus]*

*[Styles]*

I'm always that, I'm always this  
But the floor stay nasty like hallway piss  
If you here the P spitting it's a deep ass song  
When I die mama bury me wit street clothes on  
Cause drama be the threapy, the beef goes on  
should've been speaking out of it makes it a lot  
But I was fucking wit the savages, kicking the drop  
Live for the money, die for my niggas, run from the law  
Catch me smoking my weed or fucking your whore  
Push my whip to the limit kind of hoping it flip  
Throw my clip to the tip kind of hoping you flip  
I feel sorry for the crackheads, but happy for myself  
So I got mixed feelings about this hussling shit  
I keep saying I'm gone quit after a couple of bricks  
But I can't stop building and I don't pop children  
But I got no problem kidnapping a bitch

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