## DMX "One More Road To Cross"

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This is life, this is what I know So to me this is life

One more road to cross, one more risk to take Gotta live my life like there's one more move to make One more road to cross, one more risk to take Gotta live my life like there's one more move to make

I'm up at like 6 AM, to check this nigga
He work the nightshift and I gots to check them figures
Knock on his door, peoples talkin' 'bout he ain't there
But the house is packed, shit I know he here
somewhere

See money get high, I don't knock what a nigga do to get by

Just make sure you gettin' by don't fuck with you gettin' mine

Ain't the first time he ran off, should a split his shit then Hate to think of what he's did and if I catch him slippin' Won't be an ass-whippin', I can tell you that

I keep it real with this cat, he go and sell two packs And run off tell me, he was locked down, up north And you out a week later? That's bullshit, I bust off, I need this dough

Fuck you think I'm here for my health?
I need this wealth because I feed myself
You play with my life when you play with my money
Playin' around but this'll be the last time you think
somethin's funny

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Yo, I've been casin' the liquor store, for a month now With me and two other niggaz
Is about to run up in there and shut it down
I got four people on the inside, one stay in the back

Two stock boys, one at the register but he count the stacks

Aight bitch, put on the ski mask, make sure that when we ask

For the dough they know that we takin' all three bags Now see that? You gotta hear 'em shoot that nigga Matter of fact, you hit the back, I'll put two in that nigga

Hardhead motherfuckers always get it I told him what would happen if he moved the nigga, moved so I did it

Did you get it? I asked my man as he was comin' from the back

Nigga opened his mouth said nothin' and fell out flat

This cat come out spittin', hittin' my mans, his mans Couldn't control what was in his hands I'm hit, damn, I bust back and got the fuck up out of there

Didn't get a dime but at least I got up out of there

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Aiyyo I see it, try to avoid it but it comes That's how it's goin' in the slums over crumbs Somethin' little becomes somethin' major Niggaz gettin' blown up like a pager

Ear to ear with the razor, pour out my soul Took control of hurt, why must Earl Simmons swim in dirt?

I'm gon' make it work, twenty-eight and tryin' to get baptized

Priest cannot touch me 'cause he said I gave him bad vibes

Ryde, when I die, straight down but I'm plottin'
We all gots to go but who wants to be forgotten?
I'ma leave a mark and it won't be the mark of the Devil
Throw dirt and may your hands burn when you touch
the shovel

The level of animosity is stoppin' me from thrivin' Fuck what them niggaz is talkin' about, I'm survivin' Alive and goin' through it but I made my bed So now it's in these flames that I lay my head

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