

DMX "Platinum Plus"

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[Jermaine Dupri]

uh-huh, yea-yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, (tell 'em who we is)

yeah, yeah, yeah

They call me, when thay wanna get they dough up

Call me, when they wanna see shit blow up

Freessshhh

from the floor up

And ya know what? I'm sick wit it the shit don't slow up

I'ma see it, want it, drop it, cop cat

Get it, stay on it, don't stop cat

In the big chair wit the big hat screamin' "Y'all wanna floss wit us?"

Where the fuck you at? From the south side, ruff ryde

No one will

Fuckin wit us, is a done deal

And y'all gotta hate huh?

'Cuz it's to much weight for one

And y'all ain't havin' no fun

Got a whole beat team tryin' to do what I do

Whole street team tryin' do what I do

Like what? Double countin' me out?

Forget it, i'm the best that ever done it, need to check and reck

[Chorus: JD and Cross together]

(uh, uh, uh, uh)

Ruff Ryders, be on tours for this

All Out, make ya dance 'til ya fall out

So So Def make it hot to death

You ain't platinum plus? You ain't fuckin' wit' us

Ruff Ryders, be on tours for this

All Out, make ya dance 'til ya fall out

So So Def make it hot to death

You ain't platinum plus? You ain't fuckin' wit' us

[Cross]

Now, money ain't never been a thing ta me

I'm down 8th with the brand new cinammon 3

OT, I got cake with a C and a D

On the wrist is a ice band capitol B, small V

I'm fuckin' with the Don Chi Chi

I'm a P-I-M-P, you can't tempt me (uh)
Check the ice and the clarity, it's cake like the lottery
Playa don't lie ta me, your stash couldn't cover me
What a playa wannabe, neck light in risavie
Hoes, I keep those by the, dime or dozen
I like short-a-y, but i wouldn't, mind her cousin
It's a cost, take the buck and all of them, quit fuckin
UHH!!!

[Chorus: JD and Cross together]

(uh, uh, uh, uh)

Ruff Ryders, be on tours for this
All Out, make ya dance 'til ya fall out
So So Def make it hot to death
You ain't platinum plus? You ain't fuckin' wit' us
Ruff Ryders, be on tours for this
All Out, make ya dance 'til ya fall out
So So Def make it hot to death
You ain't platinum plus? You ain't fuckin' wit' us

[Ma\$e]

C'mon, C'mon, C'mon

We be the best harlem niggaz 80's to lately
Think of Po Wop, Mickey Bonz and A-Z
Fresh Ritz Zit, Kevin Giles and DB
And at the end of all tha shit niggaz still say me
I'm the best that ever did it, got a way wit it
Put grannie on the stand, she'll never say who did it
I'm from where, even the gangsta's live to,
Make a mil. on the stoop, every summer switch boots
Cats change they name, to Phil like a giant
I treat rap like packs, role dills on consignment
This is for cats hummin' crack, bitchin' and parkin'
All the grimie niggaz who got generous hearts
Got a brother doin' life, to see him is hard
Fuckin' wit mase, is like a nigga swimmin' wit sharks
My niggaz chase cake, play some infa-reds
Some niggaz in the state, some is in the feds
Spit shit at niggaz that might erase they head
And role miserable niggaz who can't wait to be dead
All Out, Ruff Ryde mothafucka, All Out
Wanna flow BEYATCH?!

[Chorus: JD and Cross together]

(uh, uh, uh, uh)

Ruff Ryders, be on tours for this
All Out, make ya dance 'til ya fall out
So So Def make it hot to death
You ain't platinum plus? You ain't fuckin' wit' us
Ruff Ryders, be on tours for this
All Out, make ya dance 'til ya fall out

So So Def make it hot to death
You ain't platinum plus? You ain't fuckin' wit' us

[Cross]

Uh, yeah

Swizz Beatz

We them niggaz in the streets

All Out, JD

Who you with?

Double R mothafucka, uh

uh-huh, yeah, yeah

[Cross]

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