

DMX

"Spellbound (the Original)"

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Intro:

Solo don't spell like this one, Know what I'm sayin'?
Need to get at me with dat dumb shit.
Hit me dawg. Hey Wood, what's up dawg.
Ohh, Uhh. Check it out yall. Big vees on the
muthfucking tables.
This how it's goin dizzee

Verse #1:

Spell Bound,
It ain't hard to tell
You go crazy, when the S-P-E-L-L
You won't catch it or match it
But ounce you how much it,
Heats up the crowd,
Yo beats but won't touch it
As long as I'm the D-M-X
The rhymes are D-O-B-E cold
D-A-M-E-G-E-N- E-M-C-E-E
I K-I-L-L the K-I-L-L to W-O-R-K U-N-T-I-L
I hit the fest and up the best of them all
S-P-E-L-L-I-N-G until they fall
Dropping like an F-L-Y the T-R-Y to get built
The D-M-X will allways die
Another body in the M-O-R-G-U-E
You will be trying to battle and can't emcee
S-P-E-L-L-B-O-U-N-D this the S-T-Y-L-E I like the to U-S-E
When I am rhyming I R-I-P-P-I-N-G
Get picked on timing I'm in my P-R-I-M-E
The D-M-X E-L-I-M-I-N-A-T-S C-O-M-P-E-T-I-T-I-O-N and
the rest
My hoe in K-R-E-S the dub B-R-O-N-X
Mahnhattan, Brooklyn or G-U-E-E-N-S
S ment I ment for O-M
And I'm gone have to show them
But if they R-P-I-T-E or S I do not they them
How can I S-P-E-L-L
W-E-L-L
Raising some H-E-L-L

Weighting to be L-L
Staying after T-O-P

I'm R-U-G-G-E-D
And if you went to Do B-E-T-T-L-E then see me
But you will L-O-S-E-H-E-I-N-S-T
Me the D-M-X cause I'm the D-O-P-E-S-T
I'll allways be a A-T- and A E-M-C-E-E
There hasen't been a part to S-T-E-P -T-O- M-E
S-T-Y-L-E that is W-I-L-D
It's Spellbound
Thats a N-A-M-E
Pumpin' lyrics that are based on my abillity to spell
that I just fuck it up it ain't hard to tell

DMX: Yeah. Keep that goin' babe. Cause I'm 'gon show
'em somthin' real on the spellbound tip. Imma show
'em somthin', You know what I'm sayin'? Imma show
'em some real shit, right here.
Uh, check it out yall, check it, check it, check it out yall.
Now tell me if you catch what I'm sayin, baby. I'm on
some shit like, umm...

Verse #2:

I am T-H-E- O-R-I-G-I-N-A-L- A-U-T-H-O-R- O-F- S-P-E-L-L-
P-O-U-N-D cause X
M-A-R-X- T-H-E- S-P-O-T
Now,
D-I-D-N-Apostrophe-T- U- T-R-Y T-O- B-I-T-E And R-H-Y-
M-E U-S-I-N-G an S-T-Y-L-E that was made by me?
O-F- CO-U-R-S-E Y-O-U- D-I-D so D-O-N-T L-I-E
B-E-C-A-U-S-E Y-O-U-R-E C-A-U-G-H-T
All you T-T-H-E-R-E hatin' D S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T U-P
B-U-S-T-E-D- C-H-U-M-P- N-O-W- W-H-A-T.

Outro (DMX explains what he spelled out):

Now what the fuck I spelled was...

"Didn't you try to bite the rhyme, using the style that
was made by me?

Of course you did, So don't lie, because you could out
there and straight bust it chump.

Now what?"

You know what I'm sayin. Now thats what
mutherfuckers that have to rewind on they tapedeck.

Yah mean. Catch it if you can baby. Spellbound.

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