

Dmx**"Un-Hunh!"**

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Err, here we go again
Uh, un-hunh
Uh, un-hunh
Uh, un-hunh
Yeah, yo Kiss
What up dog?
These niggas running around here like they controlling
this shit
No doubt
Let's show these niggas how to take hold of this shit
That's what I'm talkin' about baby
For real baby
Let's get it on

I only gave you the crown so I could shoot it off your
fuckin' head
Y'all niggas fuckin' dead, you heard what the fuck I
said
I talk shit 'cause I walk shit, start shit, New York shit
The hawk shit, spark shit, the dark shit
And it been that way, fuck how a nigga live it's gon' end
that way
Niggas is part of a game that I don't play
Never catch dog carrying what I don't weigh

That's three 45's, one 38, 173 pounds straight out the
gate
I don't hate, got no beef but knock a nigga off quick
And I'm mad like a bitch and a nigga with a soft dick
Get off this, fucking with X, but on some other shit
Why the fuck you fucking with X? You must be fucking
with X
Go catch a chicken, fucking with me you gon' catch a
whippen

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Yo, yo look don't try to apologize on your two way
Sympathy don't amuse me, go get your Uzi
And let's make a real movie
Play bad guy and good guy till the hood die
Toast y'all cowards
Now I know the reason why Pac ain't really like most
y'all cowards
I'ma show you how to swing the chrome for real
Dog this year we gon' bring it home for real

What you wanna bet the lama'll squash you
I been had a white fan base before the signing of
Marshall
Boy Kiss is thorough, hit your girl
Put it all up her stomach till she earl
Y'all niggas ain't nice ya lucky
So fuck it, I'ma sell dope long as the price is lovely
And it ain't only the voice it's the bars of death
DMX and Jadakiss nigga guard ya chest

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When is they getting off our dicks, them niggas is
clowns
How many dogs you let go up, still getting down
Like 'face said, last of a dying breed
For stomach and I feed still trying to eat
Lead by greed that's when you fuck up
Y'all niggas gonna know when we hungry, you get
stuck up
What's up? Fuck a nigga yelling
Y O motherfucker for real, yo Kiss tell 'em

Sheet could kill, stomp niggas out boot the grill
I'll give you a reason why I'm 'The Truth' for real
Niggas can't fuck with Kiss, I mean that
Had to stop eating red meat 'cause I ate too many
Beanie-Macs
I'm not one of them niggas and since you so richeous
Don't make me send your ass to Ala quicker
Niggas gas you to force your hand

Realistically you just a worker and your boss is my man

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