

Dmx**"Usual Suspects"**

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* bonus track, continues on track #17 at 12:55

[Mic Geronimo]

YEAH! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,
yeah

C'mon, c'mon hah hah, M.G

Know the G, hah hah, know the face

Hah hah, know the name nigga, hah

C'mon, yeah, yeah

Now who could do it like the M-I-C, y'all niggaz ain't
about this life

Runnin up inside of the crib to cut your lights

My A.R. likes the thug life, drugs and gun fights

White on whites, menage and dykes, and nice ice

White wraps for these niggaz who scrap and gun clap

Stick up kids, leavin y'all with two in the back

Once you bitch-made niggaz started doin the rap

Seven figure shit really started ruinin rap

Take it back to hood shit bulletproof and biscuits

Chips all for hustle and grams go from bricks

And whips for templates, we switch while we movin all
of this weight

'til we screamin all of us hate

[Chorus: Mic Geronimo]

You see shit's still real

Nothin ever change cause we still in the field

Niggaz try to front but the game's too real

We don't give a fuck bout the way you feel

So fuck what you feel and shit's still real

Nothin ever change cause we still in the field

Niggaz try to front but the game's too real

We don't give a fuck bout the way you feel

So fuck what you feel, yeah

[Big Stan]

Y'all niggaz better get the guns

Fuck the pep talk, I don't wanna hear it

When it's on it's on, talkin I don't feel it

That's the fake shit, argue and just make shit hot

And with my short fuse I'm always quick to make shit
pop
Nigga respect this, catch me on the block and with
gloves
I'm ambidextrous, sold with the glock and the snub
But I ain't reckless, with me it's always one big dot
then one big shot, and one kid drops
Head shot, closed lid over one big box
And a preacher left prayin over one big plot
Never a mess, now I wanna conquer the world
And I'ma do it, wanna know how? Fuckin with Earl
He's the one that took me in to raise the dog from a
pup
With his guidance, help create a beast from a mutt
Just released from the cut goin straight for the neck
B.S., Bloodline, what the fuck you expect nigga?

[Chorus]

[DMX - overlapping Chorus]

Uhh, WHAT?! Uhh
Uhh, uhh, uhh

[DMX]

It's time to take out the garbage, y'all niggaz want the
hard shit
I got shit that'll start shit, rip apart shit and disregard
shit
Thought it wasn't real no more, just because I got a
deal
What you think, I ain't gon' steal no more?
"Usual Suspects" once again - thus begins
the bullshit we both went through from trusted friends
Bustin him from where? (It's time to peel)
Fuck what you heard baby! Shit's still real
Y'all niggaz think your shit don't stink, cause it don't
think
Hit a motherfuckin iceberg your ship won't sink
Bitch don't blink, cause I'ma hit you with somethin
I'ma hit you for frontin, I'ma hit you for nuttin? You
buggin
I'm lovin it - the obstacles that I go through
It keeps me real, don't make me have to show you
Fuck you cause I don't know you, and listen dog
If I gots to blow you, you know where you goin to

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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