

DMX Feat. The L.O.X. & Mase "Niggaz Done Started Something"

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Yo, ayo let's get papers and pop Mo' with holes up in
skyscrapers

In condominiums, overlooking our drug capers
New York City, know only way to play is gritty
I want cheddar, so we can front up in the 850

My whole community like to puff L's and look jiggy
Who wan' test this? My semi leave you chestless
And ain't shit that you can say to me when you be
breathless
Young, but I done did shit that you won't do

So go ahead wit that bullshit you blab about goin'
through
I got niggaz who pump on yo' block and in yo' spot
Who sit next to you protectin' you? But they'll murder
you, Playa
Don status, nigga we gettin' chipsisis
And bad bitchsisis, frontin' in eclipsesis

Ayo, Mase and The Lox
We takin' knots from the out of state spots
Any nigga make it hot, get found in vacant lot
You don't really wanna come try, the one guy

Who stay dumb high from blunt lye
The rack of sing-sing alumni
Who got more beef than a Islamic farm
So I pack enough sonic arms to neutralize atomic
bombs

It's not a nigga in your gang want it
My AK slay gays, spray strays wit niggaz' names on it
Often I bug, then we'll soften a thug
Have a chump coughin' blood, fill his coffin with slugs

Yo, you know I got enough guns to wreck a nation
Any nigga wave a Tec at Mase, and have a explanation
You bring your crew and 'em and I'm doin' 'em
Then I'm beatin' 'em down with aluminum then I'm
puttin' two in 'em
You can't touch me, I've been devil sent, wanted for

embezzlement

A lot of other things, but that's irrelevant

If you love the money, then prepare to die for it
Niggaz done started somethin'
You can lay in the flames, or hug the sky for it
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Yo, check out the kid that get coke like Sosa
Never turned down chocha, be in the Costa
Rica, sippin' margaritas wit a mami
Cleanin' my Tommy, showin' love to my army

Whenever The Lox find rippy blocks, we kill 'em
Yeah I hear niggaz, but I still don't feel 'em
And this for the listeners, and prisoners
And them jealous rap cats that prefer dissin' us

My 16's be so real, you can feel 'em in your vain
Like Ramello's pops from Sugar hill
J be the cause for the kiss at your wake
Cartel lips, spittin' clips at your face

We started from the bottom
You'll see bad niggaz pardon, whatever
We can do it at the Garden, word life, this shit is real
big
I'm makin' niggaz blow trial even if they not guilty

I want a palace for my thugs, wit oriental rugs
Green bags from drugs, get whacked for the love
Twenty niggaz batter me, still couldn't shatter me
I'm only gettin' up, splitting' up your anatomy

Official lock family, grants niggaz handin' me
I want the finer things, and I hope you understandin'
me
Sittin' at the table, plannin' and plug the fan in
Let the sweat dry off and then grab your cannon

Think you smartest, and retaliate the hardest,
regardless
If you a thug or a rap artist, respect me like Pesci
And if rap was hockey, I be Gretzky, puffin' Nestle
Any ya niggaz done started somethin'

Actin' invincible like you God or somethin'
If you God, then I'ma make a lot 'til you rot
And if you a playa, then play for everything you got
And if you a thug, then start bustin' 'off shots
And if you a dog, you better bite before you bark

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Don't come at me wit no bullshit, use caution
Cause when I wet shit, I dead shit, like abortions
For bigger portions, of extortion then racketeering
Got niggaz fearin', fuck whatchu heard, this whatchu
hearin'

How much darker must it get, how much harder must it
hit
See if your hardest niggaz flip, when I start a bunch of
shit
I like pussy, but not up in my face, so gimme three feet
'Cause when we creep, no more than three deep,
niggaz see sheep

Bloodhounds found your shit buried in the mud
Following traces of gun powder, residue and blood
A positive ID is impossible, so you know
John Doe is what they gon' be puttin' on that tag on yo'
toe

Now who gon' tell yo mother, her baby's under a cover
in the morgue
Stiff as a log, sniffed out by the dogs
Son of a hard-headed nigga that wouldn't listen
So you got whatchu came for, what's that? Surgery wit
the chainsaw

I hit the fuckin' streets 'cause like I said, before ain't
nothin'
Goin' down until I eat, motherfuckers think
It's all about impressin' bitches and stressin' bitches
Well, I'm testin' bitches game, addressin' bitches
And caressin' bitches and dealin' wit motherfuckers on
all levels

What I'm dealin' wit is all devils, fuckin' with snakes
Runnin' wit niggaz you call rebels
I got an army of 730 niggaz, dirty niggaz
That come through and worry niggaz

30 niggaz that like to bury niggaz
And scary niggaz get it all the time
'Cause what they got is all of mine
Your man was talkin' shit until I pulled the nine

And if I don't know you, I don't fuck witchu
And if you wit my man, then he gettin' stuck witchu
And gave it the money 'cause I just lost my mind
When he crossed the line

Sent his back through his chest
Then I tossed the nine, boss of crime
Black Gotti, I stack bodies wit the black shotty
Bitch-ass niggaz who act snotty, get it

These niggaz is for real, these niggaz ain't playin'
This ain't no fuckin' game
You think we playin'?
Ruff Ryders

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