

## Dr. Hook

### "Comin' For Ya"

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Hey Mimi  
Word? {\*dogs barking\*}  
Get em boy.. get em boy!  
Get em boy! Get em boy! Boyyyyyyy!  
("There's nothin you can do..." \*repeats in  
background\*)

Chorus: DMX (repeat 2X)

X is comin' for ya, can't do nothin for ya  
Cause X is comin' for ya  
Run, hide, duck, duck  
We don't give a fuck, fuck

[DMX]

Look in the mirror (uh) say my name five times  
Turn out the lights (WHAT?) then I done crooked nine  
lives  
Don't get scared now nigga, finish it cause you started  
it  
Watch shit grow out of control, now you want no part of  
it (c'mon)  
Nigga, where yo' heart at? Tell me what you made of  
Already lost a stripe cause I know what you afraid of  
We both know you pussy, but I ain't gonna say nuttin  
Just hit a nigga off, and you can stay frontin (uhh)  
I gotcha back for now, till I cased the joint (what?)  
Plus, give the Feds a real good place to point (what?)  
and laced the joint, I ain't gonna front I had my hands  
full  
Glad to be alive, but you like, that's that bull (grrrrr)  
But now you know, what you get, when you fuckin wit  
cause you shoulda left alone, now you stuck in shit  
Duckin shit, til that headpiece gets BLAZED  
Screamin this, ahh, cease to the grave  
Its over, at least for you it is  
It don't think the coroner, to see how true it is  
I knew these kid, but did that stop me from gettin em,  
screamin  
IT WAS ALL FOR THE MONEY, while I'm hittin and splittin  
him down

from his nose to his nuts (what?)  
Fire department comin, put the hose to his guts (what?)  
Washed away, just like dirt when it rains (uh)  
And now because of you, I hurt when it rains (grrrrr)

Chorus

[DMX]

My real name is Damien and my girl's name is Carrie  
That Poltergeist bitch is hot, but too young to marry  
That nigga Satan be fakin mad jacks so I taxed his ass  
Every chance I get, is just another hit (uh, uh, uh,  
what?)  
Another nigga split; there go white meat - another  
nigga  
takin up room in the morgue under a white sheet  
(c'mon)  
That's what you get for tryin to take it there (uhh)  
But with this Desert Eagle in your mouth  
you cryin bout let's make it fair (uhh)  
Sometimes it takes pain to make the brain a little  
smarter (uh-huh)  
When I think the rain will stop, it only starts to rain  
harder (uh-huh)  
Part of the game is niggaz wanna become fam-ous  
and doin the same shit I do, remain nameless (uh, uh,  
uh, uh)  
I want house money, Jag money (what?) so I gots ta bag  
money  
I ain't laughin, but yo it's mad funny (c'mon)  
I used to talk about that shit you got  
but you ain't never got that shit when that shit get hot!  
Runnin up in the spot with, two niggaz from Israel  
Cause it is-real, you did squeal, now how you think yo'  
kids feel?  
knowin you died a snitch, I look in yo' eyes and see a  
bitch  
Wasn't surprised to see a switch (c'mon)  
Let's make it quick, I got a flight at 6 goin to Pakistan  
So let this nigga know, I know he pussy, I'ma smack his  
man (uhh)  
Fuckin Willie niggas and silly niggaz  
I'd rather be eatin of a plate  
with all them Baltimore and Philly niggaz (WHAT?)  
Cause I done took about as much I can stand  
A nigga smilin in my face like they my motherfuckin  
man  
Aiiyyo, it gets a lot worse, cause there's a curse  
(WHAT?)  
that says, the reward for bein real, is a hearse  
before you turn thirty, cause the dirty shit you did (uhh)

catches up and get you right when you thought you slid  
It's gettin dark, and with the cold to the heart  
You realize, you ain't gonna see your shorty  
old enough to walk, for real

Chorus

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