

## Dr. Hook

### "Get At Me Dog"

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Intro: Styles:

What! Niggaz can't fuck with us

DMX:

Get at me dog. My niggaz

Styles:

That's my word!

Verse One: DMX

I'm the type to kick back and look at shit,

'cause crooked shit gets me amped

And what you don't know, will get you locked in sleep  
away camp.

Grand champ and raise more hell, than a Sorrel

See you at the peephole, bustin' at the doorbell

Though I wasn't coming without mine

You put me on the front line because you doubt mine

Bet your and lost yours, you come to get your I tossed  
yours

And it cost yours, fuck y'all niggaz stupid, I'm the boss  
dog

What more dirt must I do, plus my crew

Busts at you, and you be like "What's that oohh"

What's that Clue, do I bring the noise what

Destroy these mutts, is these niggaz toys or what

Bring all the pretty niggaz thinking they shitty, what a  
pity

Lemme show them niggaz shitty some pity, but for fifty

A motherfucker will get a bullet to hum to him, put the  
gun to him

Hit 'em with something that comes to him, bet it runs  
through him

Look at what I done to him, no more smiles

Got the whole top half of his head, running wild

But you don't hear me though, so I turn out the lights

We can take it to the streets dog, turn off the mics

If you want war, then you want more, than you can  
stand

And this 44, will leave you with your dick in the sand

Who the man, and now you cats know for real

Get at me dog, (bark), what the deal

## Verse Two: Styles

Y'all niggaz fucking with the L.O.X.  
Your stuck on a rock  
Got that Alcatraz flow  
You just don't know  
Lifetime kid caged in blazin'  
Any type of rapper or federal agent  
Paniro the made man, blade man  
Stand up type of guy, your living a lie  
Niggaz wanna be pretty and fly but kiddies will die  
The dogs run the city, bet fifty on mine  
Two grams for you to sniff, how silly am I  
Got a lot of jokes don't, kill yo ass won't I  
Maybe not if the spot is filled up with po 9  
Many niggaz get it confused, blame the rules  
Only ask the how's not the who's  
Better off busting your tool, then we might get the crew  
But as far as rap goes, you a motherfucking fool  
If you don't want chips, you should have stayed in  
school  
You and 8-ball nigga, you wanna play pool  
I'll put you in the side pocket, look at the size of my  
rocket  
Styles don't lie, cop the work then clock it  
Boxes full of boots, jeans, suits and watches  
Niggaz don't pump if they can't make a profit  
Stop it, before we pull it back then cop it  
Vacant lot niggaz come through then we lock it  
(WHAT, WHAT, WHAT)

## Verse Three: Jadakiss

With no glocks I'm in your town with five locks  
Take five blocks, come back with five trucks, with knots  
It's the L.O.X, three niggaz that listen and watch  
And nigga you know, whenever we spit, it's hot  
It be that new flow, my niggaz, fly niggaz  
Always high niggaz, ready to die niggaz  
As far as I'm hearing, y'all doing a lot of comparing  
Lemme get the one clearance like a sample  
'Kiss is the champ and I know that you don't wanna get  
stamped  
Left somewhere cramp, so when it rains, you get damp  
Niggaz is done, since poppy raised his son  
When bringing in drums, to bring all g's to bums  
Whether you can flow or not ain't the issue  
You don't Jay to kiss you, his lyrics pierce the gristle  
Take a puff then a swig  
Think about how I'm gonna

hold it down for Big, my motherfucking nig  
Your money is low, and your flow been late  
While I be coming through with new shit with tint plates  
The only higher than money, is respect  
The only thing hotter than my click, is a tek  
So when I hit you with these last bars around your neck  
You gonna know never to fuck around with L-O-X nigga  
(WHAT, YEAH)

#### Verse Four: Sheek Luchion

My bank account be doubling  
While you niggaz stay in trouble and  
L.O.X. stay fly  
Three niggaz jig-l  
Shit you never seen before, Feds hit the repo law  
Kingpin, 10 mil. each of us popular  
It's Sheek baby  
Chicks hate to see me on the Soul Train  
With Don Cornelius  
And all they got is alias  
To work with  
To catch Sheek, y'all niggaz besta work quick  
Now that I'm eating right, plus living well  
So nowadays when I burp, it's fettucini you smell  
Ain't that right poppa-san, used to push a Nissan  
With a black master full 850 full suspension  
While you collect your pension, I ain't worked in years  
My stomach is fat from Puerto Rican food, while yours  
is scarce  
Small black haired, chinky-eyed Puerto Rican mama  
Keep them laced in the scadda, half the closet on  
product  
I learn things, just by watching y'all niggaz make the  
wrong moves  
Now I know what not to do, to make more than y'all  
fools  
Y'all think we ignorant, 'cause we don't budge unless  
we benefit  
Cats that take the light that's scarce and see what's at  
the end of it  
P.H. me, because a nigga wisks me up in Jake B.  
Your shit be so-so, low pro.  
On a bus before the cars show  
On some old joystick shit, no mirrors  
I can see behind me through the cameras  
Flip plates, make the whole block go bananas

