

## Dr. Hook

### "Intro"

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Interviewer: Yo I'm sayin, these Ruff Ryder Niggas.

DMX: Dog

Interviewer: I heard these niggas is for real

DMX: Dog. That's my man and them

Interviewer: But I heard these Niggas is like  
suppose to be lockin down the industry on  
some shit, on some power shit.

DMX: Dog that's my mans and them

Interviewer: Eh

DMX: So what I'm doin'

Interviewer: right, right

DMX: my mans and them is doin, because

Interviewer: right.

DMX: that's my mans and them, ya know

Interveiwer: I feel ya

DMX: Now ya feel me?

Interveiwer: I feel ya

DMX: So you know when you fuckin with me

Interveiwer: right, right

DMX: you fuckin wit

Interveiwer: oh oh, what are ya doin now?

DMX:

Told y'all niggaz

Ya just don't listen

Why must you be hard headed

Tried to explain, but ya didn't hear me though

Ya know, grrrrrr

Uh

One two one two, come through run through

Gun who, oh you don't know what the gun do

Some do, those that know are real quiet

Let me think you wanna try it, fuck around and start a  
riot

Niggas gonna buy it, regardless because I'm the  
hardest

rap artist and I'ma start this

Shit up foreal, get up and feel, my words

I make herbs split up and squeal

Ill is all I've been hearin lately

Niggaz hate me, wanna duck tape me and make me  
put their brains on the wall, when I brawl  
Too late for that 911 call  
Niggaz stay beefin but a lot of them bluffin  
But not me because I'ma nigga that can get out of  
them cuffs  
You think a lot of them tough  
Not just for frothin  
When I hit them niggaz like 'What you want?'  
the battle turns into a hunt  
With the dog right behind niggaz chasin em down  
We all knew that you was pussy  
but I'm tastin it now  
And never give a dog blood  
because raw blood  
I have a dog like one bitin whatever  
All up in ya gut  
Give it to them raw like that  
and ain't no love I do em all like that  
Four right up in they back  
Clak Clak  
Close your eyes baby, it's over  
Forget it, happened in front off your buildin but  
nobody knows who did it  
What  
Where my dogs at?  
What what  
Where my dogs at?  
Uh  
Where my dogs at?  
What what  
Where my dogs at?  
Uh  
Where my dogs at?  
What what  
Where my dogs at?  
Uh  
Where my dogs at?  
What what

Niggas is pussy  
Keep me runnin from the werewolf, owwww  
Howling at the moon on the roof  
Eh, ah, no, get em  
Ten niggas on him, hope God's with him  
Give me the bat, let me split him  
I'll have em where the pillow and the casket won't fit  
him  
Only reason I did him, he wouldn't fight back  
Tried to strike back  
Left him like that, layin up with the white hat

Gettin right back at ya when I snatch ya  
up out the grave, nuthin but bones and ashes  
Hittin niggaz with gashes to the head  
Straight to the white meat but the street stay red  
But this girl gave me head for free  
Cause they see, who I'ma be by like 2003  
That Nigga D took it there  
He thought it was a joke  
He went through like 20 G's and thought that  
I was broke, stupid  
That's what you get for thinkin and eventually  
found that's what you get for stinkin  
Blowin up the spot when you rot  
plus if it gets hot they know you dipped  
for four squared blocks  
Hit em with the ox to the grill  
Eh, ah, kill nigga kill  
Yet still they don't know I'ma rob who  
That dog DMX is a muthafuckin problem  
Aight

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