

**Dr. Hook****"One More Road to Cross"**

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[DMX]

Uhh.. this is life (this is life)  
This is what I know (this what I know)  
So to me (so to me) this is life (this is life)

Chorus: DMX (repeat 2X)

One more road to cross  
One more risk to take  
Gotta live my life  
like there's one more move to make

[DMX]

I'm up at like 6 AM, to check this nigga  
He work the nightshift, and I gots to check them figures  
Knock on his door, peoples talkin bout, "He ain't there,"  
but the house is packed, shit I know he here  
somewhere  
See money get high, I don't knock what a nigga do to  
get by  
Just make sure you gettin by don't FUCK with you gettin  
mine  
Ain't the first time he ran off, shoulda split his shit then  
Hate to think of what he's did and if I catch him slippin  
won't be an ass-whippin, I can tell you that  
I keep it real with this cat, he go and sell two packs  
and run off (damn) tell me, he was locked down, up  
North  
and you out a week later? That's bullshit!  
I bust off, I need this dough  
Fuck you think I'm here for my health?  
I need this wealth, because I feed myself  
You play with my life, when you play with my money  
Playin around but this'll be the last time you think  
somethin's funny

Chorus

[DMX]

Yo, I've been casin the liquor store, for a month now  
with me and two other niggaz, is about to run up in

there and shut it down  
I got four people on the inside, one stay in the back  
Two stock boys, one at the register but he count the  
stacks  
Aight bitch, put on the ski mask, make sure that when  
we ask  
for the dough they know that we takin all three bags  
Now see that? You gotta hear em shoot that nigga  
Matter of fact, you hit the back, I'll put two in that nigga  
Hardhead motherfuckers always get it  
I told him what would happen if he moved the nigga  
moved so I did it  
Did you get it? I asked my man as he was comin from  
the back  
Nigga opened his mouth said nothin and fell out flat  
This cat come out spittin, hittin my mans, his mans  
Couldn't control what was in his hands  
I'm hit, damn! I bust back, and got the fuck up out of  
there  
Didn't get a dime, but at least I got up out of there

Chorus

[DMX]

Aiyyo I see it, try to avoid it, but it comes  
That's how it's goin in the slums over crumbs  
Somethin little becomes somethin major  
Niggaz gettin blown up like a pager  
Ear to ear with the razor, pour out my soul  
Took control of hurt, why must Earl Simmons, swim in  
dirt?  
I'm gon' make it work, twenty-eight and tryin to get,  
baptized  
Priest cannot touch me cause he said I gave him bad  
vibes  
Ryde, when I Die, straight down, but I'm plottin  
We all gots to go but who wants to be forgotten?  
I'ma leave a mark, and it won't be the mark of the devil  
Throw dirt and may your hands burn when you touch  
the shovel  
The level of animosity is stoppin me from thrivin  
FUCK what them niggaz is talkin about, I'm survivin  
Alive and goin through it, but I made my bed  
So now it's in these flames that I, lay my head

Chorus 2X

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