

Cake

"Walk With Me"

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[DMX]

Sometimes I will take my brother by the arm
Other times I will take my brother by the shoulder
Then there are times I will take my brother by the neck
Any way I touch you, walk with me..

Uhh.. uhh.. uhh.. GRRRRR

This ain't the way it's supposed to be (B.S.!)
This ain't the way it's supposed to be (off that bloodline
thang)
This ain't the way it's supposed to be!
This ain't the way, shit is supposed to be!!

[Big Stan]

Now I done seen the streets turned into a beast with
sharp teeth
Put claws in the strong and just devour the weak
Make them proud niggaz humble (uh-huh)
Then turn around and make them loud niggaz mumble
(uh-huh)
In the jungle I done seen niggaz voted "Most likely to
win"
lose it all at the end of a stem; what a lame (uhh)
Friends killin friends for paper, what a shame (uhh)
And everybody thinkin they players, what a game
(damn)
I done seen this whole shit change
Looked again and realized that ain't shit changed
(WHAT?!)
Except the fact that I'm a grown man now (uhh) standin
on my own two
Used to hate guns, now a nigga own two (C'MON!)
Twin glocks for cops and use I promise to
I ain't goin out like Amadou, you know what I'ma do
(AIGHT?)
So sit back and try to visualize if you can
All the stories of a wise man - walk with me

[Chorus: DMX]

Look at my life.. look at how I live
Look at what I go through.. so what I've got to give

(THIS IS IT!!)

Look at my li-ife.. look at how I live

Look at what I go through.. so what I've got to give

(THIS IS IT!!)

[Big Stan]

(My nigga!)

Now I've done seen life play jokes with death as a
punchline

In a world with no hope, struggle to get mine

I was raised in a time of regret and bad news (uh-huh)

So I was taught my values by bad dudes (uhh)

Hustlers and killers.. they taught me wrong from right

Told me everything that's wrong is right, like

Hoppin a train, poppin the thang

And havin hot blocks poppin with 'caine, lockin the
game (C'MON!!)

And the more shit, change, the more it's the same

And the more you try to get rid of it, the more it
remains

You remember when the kid's dream to get to the top
was bein doctors, firemen, even the cops?

Look at the kids now, lost, no hope

To get ahead they plan to rap, play ball, or sell dope
(oooooh)

And if you thinkin we the problem you wrong

A generation died at the same time our fathers was
born

[Chorus]

[Big Stan]

I've seen a broken home influence a good kid to go
bad

Cause boys with sane minds to go mad (uhh)

And young girls to lose they innocence so fast

And so often the results are so sad

Losin her skirt, don't even know what flirt means

So a baby's poppin up with a baby at thirteen (damn)

A few years, she tried to settle down with her man

Tried to stop fuckin all them other niggaz and can't

Though she want to, the curse got her doin this dirt

Cause she saw mommy do it whenever daddy went to
work (damn)

And it hurts, I know the pain call it the truth

Bad parents are destroyin the youth, I been there

(WHAT?!)

I've watched men beat on my mother my whole life

So when I hit my baby mother I thought it was alright

(NO!!!)

Maybe if I woke up and them niggaz was gone

I woulda knew that all the hittin was wrong, talk to me

[Chorus] - 2X

[DMX]

My niggaz

This, is, for my niggaz

This, is, for my niggaz

This, is, for my niggaz

This right here?! Is for my niggaz

B.S. baby! Uh-huh, uhh

Bloodline, bloodline, bloodline!

All my dogs, off the motherfuckin chain!

Arf, arf, arf, arf, arf-arf, ya heard?

Bitch ass nigga (bitch ass nigga!)

Iceberg, hoo, B.K.! Ali X! St. Claire! Jinx!

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