

Jason Mraz

"Who's Next"

Visit "[Who's Next](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[DMX] (DJ Clue) {DMX's background vocal's}
(Whaaaat!)
When its on {Uhh}
Its on {Huh-uh}
You motherfuckers done lost your mind!
Its another one of those
Ahh man (New DMX!)
Another one of them, Clue slash X joints {What!}
(Who's Next!)
Another one of them off the motherfucking hook joints
{Ahh you motherfuckers done lost your mind}
Bulldog, call a bulldog! (Whaaaat!)

When I creep through
Niggas is see through
Just like negligee {Uhh}
Ain't no talkin cause there ain't much that the dead can
say
Long as I'm walking I be strappin my dogs {Uhh}
(Whoooo-hooo!)
Rackin the hogs
Desert Eagle packin the morgues {What?}
Metal slabs with yellow tags on toes it's
What happens to those that {Uhh}
Chose to be foes and {Huh-uh}
Bet his man knows
But yo, we only get stronger {Uhh}
And the amount of time we're facing is only gettin
longer
Get the mayor on the horn! (Clue!)
{What!} It's time for shit to go down {Uhh!}
Strapped for the show down {Uhh!}
Wet up yo crib, kick the door down
Know you schemin' so I gots to get you first
Put you right up in a brand new hearse
Could be worse {Whoo!}
Shoulda seen what I gave this nigga
Two vests couldn't save this nigga {Uhh}
The way I laid this nigga
Played this nigga
But thats what I'm good at {Huh-uh}

Layin niggas out in fightin' pits and fuckin' hoodrats(Ha ha!)

Where's my fuckin' hood at? {Whoo!}

Cripple niggas like switches {Uhh!}

Rip on niggas like bitches {Uhh!}

Then pour niggas in ditches {Uhh!}

They ain't found half the bodies that a nigga caught

Or should I say a nigga bought

Cause ain't nothing like getting' paid for, a nigga sport {Aight}

Triple what a nigga thought

But thats just how shit be

I know that one day they gon' try that shit wit me

But just as long as I'm on top of shit

You ain't stoppin shit

And ain't a motherfucker droppin' shit

Chorus: DMX {DMX background vocal's}

If it ain't ruff it ain't me {Uhh, c'mon}

If it ain't ruff it ain't D {Uhh}

M to the X

Most y'all niggas is strait sex {What?} (*shots fired*)

Next?!

Chorus

[DMX] (DJ Clue) {DMX's background vocal's}

Plenty of niggas know dirty is how I do 'em

Put buck shots, from a thirty right through 'em

Cause ain't none of y'all muh'fuckers built for war

And I lay down the law (Clueminati!)

When I spray down the door

Fuck around on my name will be 95-B-64-11

{What} On a three-and-a-half to seven {C'mon}

When even up north I put niggas to waste

So you wanna stop the violence?

Get the fuck out my face!

Parole before peeps hit the board off

Bitches is fuckin but I sleep with the sawed off

I got shit to do, rules to break, crews to break

Before the news to break, I got dudes to take

I don't joke cause Jokers is cards

And cards are what I pull

Infra red with the clip full

No leash on the pitbull (Ha ha!)

That shit is hot like the wax off a candle stick {C'mon}

But how I handle shit

Is to dismantle shit {C'mon}

De-de-de-de-de

Like Popeye when it's Spinach time (Clue!)

Runnin' through two niggaz like the tape at the finish
line
What's your crew, gonna do when I put the pressure on
And it hurts, wannabe gangstaz in skirts {Aight}
And the bitches comin' all out them niggaz
One false move and their moms'll read about them
niggas
And they wives'll be without them niggas
Matter of fact, I'm tired of talkin money
Throw your joints up, scrap, bitch (Ha ha!)

Chorus 2x

[DMX] (DJ Clue)
(DJ Clue!)
Niggas won't creep in the streets with me
(Desert Storm!)
Cause you know what fuckin with these streets would
be
The Professional Part 2!
Muh'fucker! (Ha ha!)
Uhh, huh-uh (Fat shout - my nigga Ray! DMX! My nigga
D-Wha!)
Pa-pa-pa-pa nigga!
(Yo Ruff Ryders! Word up!)

Visit [Jason Mraz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.