

M**"Usual Suspects"**

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Intro:

Mic Geronimo (DMX)

Yeah (grrrrr) introducing the suspects: DMX, Ja-Ro, L-O-X, Khadafir (grrrr)

Mic Geronimo (my niggaz)

[DMX]

What's all the noise about? have some respect, shut the fuck up

Drive by, money talkin shit, yo back the truck, you niggaz don't respect me

But you fear me, and fear is better than respect, y'all niggaz hear me

If I smack the shit outta this nigga, his man over here is like "Yo"

"What nigga what?" and his man is like "Sike yo"

Take it from one extreme to the next

and my shit always bounce like DM to the X

I can bring it from up here, ENOUGH IS ENOUGH, down to "Aight, I think it's

safe to take off the cuffs" play wit words, blurge and splurge, flip styles

Take his and hers, niggas encouraged, I get wild, so don't make me angry

You ain't like me when I'm angry

got a lot of enemies and they all like to bang

Catch me when I'm sleepin, wit one eye closed, one guy chose, the dogs

One got froze, wit hoes

[Ja]

It's gonna be a long time 'fore they touch this here, it's Gotti, Cartier

Let's take it there, make a milli yeah, which Bentley's ice drippin off the jewels

Daily, Ja to Ro, what, y'all don't hear me nigga, y'all remember, C-M-C

95, December, fine women, illegal tender, such as life, when I feel like

Y'all ain't give me half, who could hold me, hoes try to
console me, wreck
they sex, drugged out broke and lonely
like so many who pushed Rolie before me
Ja hit em precisely, God just don't make too many like
me
inadvertantly shittin
On the top 20, y'all niggaz kill me, talkin like y'all can't
be touched, see
by the time y'all realized, I done touched you up,
blazed you up, your whole
stlye, chump nigga, what? hit it again if you thought I
gave a fuck

[Jadakiss] (Styles)

[Yo, yo, yo it's pitiful, everything's political, but I got
more rounds now
So all y'all can get a few, you know the shit that we be
on, the three on
Must be the money like Deion, now we see on, player
you pop shit
I'd rather pop shells, twist el's, blow chaps wit the rap
cartels]
(Nigga, one nation in the gutter, L-O-X style, I bring it to
your mother
Christ can get iced if he fucks wit my brother, you know
who run New York
So bump the undercovers)
[Uh-huh, yeah, it's a family affair, you find the rear, my
niggaz stick
together and None of us care, we ain't got time for
cages]
(Doin ages) [Thinkin of my crew] (Holdin my two
razors)
[Lockin in] (Lockin out)
[I play the block] (Poppin up) [Poppin out] (I like to shop)
[I get the finest clothes Top of the line guns]
(Honies sellin crack, put this pack on your son)
[It ain't my fault I want a vault full of money] (The shit is
dead, I seen a
> nigga shoot a honey) [Now who's to
blame when you bleed] (Ain't no answer)
[If it ain't a bullet, I'mma die from cancer, puff out till
my lungs is gone,
and nigga it's a war till the guns is gone]

[Khadafi]

Giuliani showed me, that hell's another level, blessed
by Allah, possessed by
the Devil, born in this crime I was sworn to do, slayed
you fake thugs since

performin to, I'mma bleed 2-5 to my dyin day
spray the A-K till this world decay
If the Feds wanna stay, we gon make em pay, cursin
they whole life till they
old and gray, and in the name of the Father, and the
Holy Spirit, will they
murder me In hell, crucify my lyrics, only time ever tells
and I know that you feel it
All my niggaz in a cell, yo I'm wit you in spirit, nuttin
nice about a nigga
when he Doin his bids, comin home to the next man
raisin your kids, to my
thugs in the Bridge, hold ya head up, cause niggaz
gonna feel it till they
cold and dead

[Mic Geronimo]

Runnin wit five niggaz, criminal disguised niggaz, the
live niggaz, pullin Mac
Wha, surprise niggaz, holdin my mics to metal light,
invitin these water-head
Brothas to get splash back and take a life, slidin back
when i was 16
?Rule-mellow? my brother told me laid back, aced up,
and play it mellow
Seein how I'm a young Othello, don't confuse me wit
them brothers who lost
playin black DeNiro, the boss of this, get to toss the
Crist, robbin shit
We ballin flawlessly, from envy y'all brothas tried but
you'll never touch me
The god heated up beyond he frequency, now it's time
to put you niggas under
Pressure, we form, here I am, if it's on then it's on, if
the world was yours
Could you keep it from a nigga like me? hold your
head, we about to see
Motherfucker

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