

## X-Raided "Whatever It Took"

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Hey Dott Dogg...muthafucka was out there in them streets  
Nigga did whatever it took to get in nigga  
From the jackin', to the rappin', to the slangin' crack  
and...

First Verse:

X-Raided up in this bitch, bout to disrupt some shit,  
Ain't from the pound, but I'm still down to Kurupt some shit,  
Interrupt your shit, cuz I'm always in a rush to spit,  
Like an axe, when I rap, I splitter up your clique,  
You better relax, be a witness or a participant,  
Eddie Gaffin' laughin' at the CO, wonder where the  
Sergeants went,  
See we flow, but it's way more bigger than that,  
Ransom note, deliver the gats and all them wack ass  
tracks,  
So we slit his throat, it's malicious, but the game's  
vicious,  
And niggas know, we'll do anything that gains us  
riches,  
We quick to flow, but we just as quick to bark that heat,  
Start that beef and Dott Dogg will pause that heartbeat,  
We hard to beat, like Schwarzanegger in movies bout  
factual  
Burning niggas like third degree,  
Critical surgery,  
When I'm mad, you hoes burglary, intrudin' your home,  
Stole everything like clepto includin' your dome,  
Left your ass chewed up, gaze blast, mid-section blew  
up,  
Bet you all five homicide detectives threw up,  
Suit up, in coca sacks then I smoke a bag,  
They make me get my focus back, then I choke the gat

Chorus:

When it came to gettin' that money I did whatever it  
took,  
Fuck dividin' the power, wanted every cranny and nook,

Understand me nigga, my family is full of thugs and crooks,  
Kings and queens protected by knights, bishops, and rooks

Second Verse:

You better look into my eyes, can't you see the pain?  
I'm tired of lies, bitches and niggas playin' games,  
This is my ghetto prayer, Lord can you hear me?  
Protect my family from player haters, don't let 'em near me,  
No need to fear me, I'm only human,  
Pursuin' dreams for greenbacks with more schemes,  
than J.R. Ewing,  
I mean that sincerely,  
Love my alcohol and tetrahydraecanebanol dearly,  
Consumin' twenty pounds yearly,  
Clearly I'm out for the cash, nothin' else in my vision,  
Takin' chances, makin' decisions that could keep me in prison,  
But circumstances keep demandin' me to break these laws,  
Writin' lyrics strong enough to, penetrate these walls,  
Dott Dogg, don't feel I'm guilty,  
As charged, I'm filthy really,  
Down for the cause, and I'm comin' raw til' they kill me  
feel me,  
With slugs to the dome, ain't no love so it's on,  
And if you ain't thuggin' with me nigga, then I'm thuggin' alone,  
I'm a ruggish bone like Bizzy, Wish, Krayzie, Layzie and Flesh  
Art of War to the last breath, nigga ride to the death,  
We hardcore, Dott Dogg and Nefarious,  
Mad man, Black Market til' they bury us

Chorus (2x)

Third Verse:

I'm constricted on y'all ass like a python,  
I'm ready to spit some venom, turn this mic on,  
Run up in em,  
Checkin' them niggas like a chess board,  
Cuz they be hatin', what'cha think I sport a vest for?  
Premeditatin',  
Yes Lord I got my eye on'em,  
When they try to get me I'ma have a fat surprise for 'em,  
Got some advice for 'em,

You better recognize, Raided ain't down for none of  
that bullshit,  
Got a full clip, and this man eater won't hesitate to pull  
it,  
And deliver the bullets to your chest like a mailman  
droppin' off letters,  
Fat hole in your sweater,  
Smash out with all your cheddar,  
Met a nigga that had much game, deeper than the  
abyss,  
Taught me such thangs as how to get fame and keepin'  
cash in my fist,  
Now I insist to get my scrilla scratch,  
How real is that?  
And I'm quick to peel a niggas cap,  
Is you feelin' that?  
Move swiftly when I see the cops, cuz I ain't scrillin',  
Muthafuckas wanna see me drop, but I ain't willin',  
You a pawn in my book,  
Busta market a hook,  
Saw the fear in your eyes the first time that I looked,  
I'ma treat y'all niggas like powdered cocaine it's time  
to get cooked,  
I'm Michael Jordan, you the average guard about to get  
shook

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