Harlem World F/ JD "Grand Finale"

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[DMX - dialogue]
I ain't goin back to jail
Next time, the County or the State see me
it's gonna be in a bag

UHH! This is it baby!
End of the road, ha hah!
When you a dawg, you a dawg for life!
You don't hear me though, you don't hear me though
You don't hear me though, c'mon, c'mon!

Watch them young guns that take none, nobody safe

[Method Man]

from the Friday the 13th, ghetto Jason Itchy trigger finger achin, snatch yo' ass out that S-Class for fakin, forty-fo' blast is a bloodbath, take your first step down a thug path Ain't no love here, just slugs here Kids know the half you get plugged here, that's just impossible for the weak to last now behold the unstoppable Third eye watchin you, watchin me Throwin rocks from the penalty box, cop a plea Young G we was born to die, don't cry for me Just keep the heat closely and ride for me Cause we family for better or worse, you and I from the dirt, you snatch purse, so hard it hurt to be here, and each year, I'm pourin out more beer for deceased peers, holdin fort Police line 'Do Not Cross', they found his corpse in the loft with the head cut off, and butt naked

[Lennox speaking - movie dialogue] Who wan' test me, c'mon! Me shot pussy-hole fi fun

Homicide the crime Method, add another

killer verse to the murder record, the Grand Finale

[Nas Escobar]
Hot corners, cops with warrants, every block is boring
Friday night, getting bent, lick a poem

My dawg, not even home a month yet, and blaze a girl in the stomach, he robbin niggaz who pumpin Lil' Blood got popped, by the Group Home cat Everybody nervous in the hood, pullin they gats Fiend yellin out, who got those? Go and see shorty snot-nosed, he don't floss but he got dough Thug faces, fugitives runnin from court cases Slugs shootin past for the love of drug paper Queens cap peelers, soldiers, drug dealers And God'll throw a beam of lightning down cause he feel us

May the next one, strike me down if I'm not the realest The Mayor wanna call the SWAT team to come and kill us

but, dawgs are friends, if one see the morgue, one'll live

to get revenge, and we ride to the end Bravehearts blow the lye with Henn, and still rise Took alive with live men, my man got three six-toeighteen's

and only five in, the Belly of the beast Didn't wanna hear the shit I tried to tell him on the streets

It's irrelevant, the beast love to eat black meat And got us niggaz from the hood, hangin off his teeth We slangin to eat, bringin the heat Bulletholes, razor scars is the pain in the street, huh

Chorus: Ja Rule (repeat 2X)

When you a dawg you a dawg for life (ride or die)
My dawgs feel pain from love (see eye to eye)
Give us one shot at life (let us fly)
Come on niggaz! (we dawgs for life)

[DMX and Lakid {dialogue}]
There's mad money out here dawg
Mad money out here
What you tryin to get it? (Word up)
You gonna bust your gun to get it? (Tsh, whatever yo)
I hear you I hear you

[DMX]

Uhh, I've lost my grip on reality or so it would seem Pinch myself to wake up, cause I KNOW it's a dream Niggaz that don't know me see me and think I'ma rob em

Niggaz that know me well see me and think I'ma problem

I'm just a nigga that's misunderstood But word to God I turn your last name to Underwood Cause if I see it, I'ma take it and run with it, that's me What type of bullshit is this nigga on? That's D The dawg come and getcha outside The more blood flows, when I plug holes with the snub nosed

Gun blows, bullets whistle, wouldn't miss you Hit you all up in your mouth like it tried to kiss you Drama, it's right here, how MUCH YOU NEED? Beat you down with gat see how MUCH YOU BLEED How MUCH YOU PLEAD, for your life, you was a killer And all the bitches comin up out that ass you feelin, gettin realer

Now beg for your life, one more time, one more crime one more nine, c'mon cry nigga It's over! This is the shit, that hits hard You either the last one standing, or the last one to fall

Chorus

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