

Mariah Carey F/ Eric Benet**"D-X-L"**

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[Styles P]

Holiday Styles

Bitch, I get you shot in the head or shot in the neck
if I ain't gettin proper respect
I don't care if you rap, I still spit in your grill
I don't give a fuck, never have, never will
If it ain't on your hip, then you're lookin to die
I ain't tryin to be the nigga that's gonna look at the sky
Ask God why I'm broke, bitch, I'm cooking the pie
We all gon' die, sooner or later, matter of time
My niggaz sell crack, with a package of dimes
Hundred or more, in front of the store, waitin to bubble
Brand new nine, and an eight in a bubble
I put sixteen above ya neck, I love my set
Niggaz think they a thug, then thug to death (uh-huh)
Cause the P gonna squeeze 'til no slugs is left (what)
You know I'm good with a hundred of 'dro, gun and an
O
You think your shit butter? Hop in front of this toast

[Sheik]

Yo, aiyyo, aiyyo

I say what I want, fuck what y'all think is cool
And I hate cops, cause most y'all was dicks in school
No pussy gettin niggaz tryin to cuff the God
Play Sheik out in the yard, but that shit too hard
My dough too long, nowadays, my flow too strong
What y'all make in a year, I kick that for a song
Check my car, I don't care, I don't play fair
Keep some shit in the stash box, then get me the chair
And it don't buck shot and the blast is hard to hear
I'm a true thug nigga, bring it straight to your crew
Small yell when I rap, I'm basically talkin to you
You see the pain in my eye? Nigga, the flame in my
eye?
I'm tryin to leave my kids some real fuckin change
when I die
from rappin or tellin some cat to reach for the sky
I'm that hunt down nigga, with the four pound nigga
Bounty hunt your whole crew til my bullets go through,
WHAT?

[Jadakiss]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

All I need is a big gun and a Coupe that's crazy quick

A nice house with five rooms, maybe six

A town where money is coming, eighty bricks

Break 'em down to all twenties, is a crazy flip

Bet you never even felt the heat

til I put the M1 next to your waves and melt the grease

Streets help niggaz; niggaz don't help the streets

Y'all use beats for help; we help the beats

Who want it with me? Who want it with Sheek? Who

want it with P?

If I say so myself, it's a wonderful three

Be in the hood with all your jewels in the glovebox

Same niggas that-a rob you love L.O.X. (uh)

All types of burners, even snub glocks (uh)

Nice size tecs you could carry in your sweats (uh)

Find your man dead in the trunk of a car (uh)

It's Jada {*mwwaa*} responsible for breakin your heart

(uh)

Uh

[Drag-On]

Creep through the streets

For some of y'all rappers, that's mighty hard

Me the Security? Protectin my body? I let my shotty
guard

Put chill pills in brains, bullets like Tylenol

Make niggaz drowsy from the blood loss, got em
noddin off

And take casket naps, fuck that

You shoulda never let this bastard rap

All I know is cold winter, hot slugs through your snorkel

No parents, tale from my horror's no morals

Raised in the wrong era, with no guidance

So you dyin? It's no problem, no lyin

Drag's fire; so ya hamburger beef? I french-fry 'em

Drag done ate your food

Like I know to raise your dukes so guard your chin up

Drag barrels, but shit, I spit-bubble your skin up

Drag scorch niggaz for dinner but season 'em well

I don't brag I let the streets tell

Po'-po' now you see he fell

[DMX] {*overlapping last line*}

Uh, uh, now you motherfuckers

know what my name means when you hear it in the
streets (uh)

Y'all bitches fear it cause you weak

You wanna hear it? I make it speak (WHAT?)

You ain't ever bust a gun, but there's a lot of greasy
talkin (uh-huh)
What the science behind that son? (I don't know)
A lot of easy walkin
I bust shit down (uh) got down (uh) kick down (uh) shot
down (uh)
Ain't tryin to talk about what I got now, but I got now
(WHAT?)
I ain't never sold a brick, I done stuck niggaz up
(c'mon)
And for talkin too much shit? I done fucked niggaz up
(uh)
It can get "Dark" for real, and I think you already know
that (uh-huh)
Well think about it with the brick in your hand before
you throw that
Now don't act, cause actin might get you rollin
with what you ain't ready to handle (UHH)
All that's left of your memory, is a candle (WOO!)
It happens quick fast nigga, to bitch ass niggaz
Talkin reckless behind your back, them kiss ass niggaz
(uh)
From the rap shit to the street shit, I keep shit tight
Let them cats spit that weak shit (What!)
I'm DOG FOR LIFE! NIGGA!

[Styles] (Sheek)

They gon' need extra guns and extra blocks
(They wanna Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde)
They gon' need extra jails and extra cops
(They wanna Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde)
They gon' need extra pits and extra glocks
(They wanna Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde, Ruff Ryde)
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