

Comin' for Ya

DMX

Hey Mimi
Word? {*dogs barking*}
Get em boy. get em boy!
Get em boy! Get em boy! Boyyyyyyyy!
("There's nothin you can do..." *repeats in background*)Chorus: DMX (repeat 2X)X is comin'
for ya, can't do nothin for ya
Cause X is comin' for ya
Run, hide, duck, duck
We don't give a fuck, fuck
[DMX]

Look in the mirror (uh) say my name five times
Turn out the lights (WHAT?) then I done crooked nine lives
Don't get scared now nigga, finish it cause you started it
Watch shit grow out of control, now you want no part of it (c'mon)
Nigga, where yo' heart at? Tell me what you made of
Already lost a stripe cause I know what you afraid of
We both know you pussy, but I ain't gonna say nuttin
Just hit a nigga off, and you can stay frontin (uhh)
I gotcha back for now, till I cased the joint (what?)
Plus, give the Feds a real good place to point (what?)
and laced the joint, I ain't gonna front I had my hands full
Glad to be alive, but you like, that's that bull (grrrrr)
But now you know, what you get, when you fuckin wit
cause you shoulda left alone, now you stuck in shit
Duckin shit, til that headpiece gets BLAZED
Screamin this, ahh, cease to the grave
Its over, at least for you it is
It don't think the coroner, to see how true it is
I knew these kid, but did that stop me from gettin em, screamin
IT WAS ALL FOR THE MONEY, while I'm hittin and splittin him down
from his nose to his nuts (what?)
Fire department comin, put the hose to his guts (what?)
Washed away, just like dirt when it rains (uh)
And now because of you, I hurt when it rains (grrrrr)
Chorus[DMX]
My real name is Damien and my girl's name is Carrie
That Poltergeist bitch is hot, but too young to marry
That nigga Satan be fakin mad jacks so I taxed his ass
Every chance I get, is just another hit (uh, uh, uh, what?)
Another nigga split; there go white meat - another nigga
takin up room in the morgue under a white sheet (c'mon)
That's what you get for tryin to take it there (uhh)

But with this Desert Eagle in your mouth
you cryin bout let's make it fair (uhh)
Sometimes it takes pain to make the brain a little smarter (uh-huh)
When I think the rain will stop, it only starts to rain harder (uh-huh)
Part of the game is niggaz wanna become fam-ous
and doin the same shit I do, remain nameless (uh, uh, uh, uh)
I want house money, Jag money (what?) so I gots ta bag money
I ain't laughin, but yo it's mad funny (c'mon)
I used to talk about that shit you got
but you ain't never got that shit when that shit get hot!
Runnin up in the spot with, two niggaz from Israel
Cause it is-real, you did squeal, now how you think yo' kids feel?
knowin you died a snitch, I look in yo' eyes and see a bitch
Wasn't surprised to see a switch (c'mon)
Let's make it quick, I got a flight at 6 goin to Pakistan
So let this nigga know, I know he pussy, I'ma smack his man (uhh)
Fuckin Willie niggas and silly niggaz
I'd rather be eatin of a plate
with all them Baltimore and Philly niggaz (WHAT?)
Cause I done took about as much I can stand
A nigga smilin in my face like they my motherfuckin man
Aiyyo, it gets a lot worse, cause there's a curse (WHAT?)
that says, the reward for bein real, is a hearse
before you turn thirty, cause the dirty shit you did (uhh)
catches up and get you right when you thought you slid
It's gettin dark, and with the cold to the heart
You realize, you ain't gonna see your shorty
old enough to walk, for real

Chorus

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>