

# Tales From The Darkside

DMX

And now, the tale from the darkside...[dmx]  
Uh, I got to remind y'all niggas  
What the flow is all about  
Huh, it's about this  
Anywhere from forty-eight and up  
Straight, you feel me?  
Fifty fifty  
Aiiyo, I gots to hear the beat so I can eat, ahight?  
If I can't live, you can't live, ain't nothin sweet  
Bitch ass niggas think it's all about versace  
A week later them niggas talkin about (yo, x got me)  
I thought he was my man, but he act like he ain't know me  
I knew he had the joint, but I didn't wanna make him show me  
That nigga be buggin, stickin cats up and random  
Doing his dirt and disappearin like the phantom  
Niggas can't stand him, but ask me if I care  
'cuz what I used to give a fuck about, just ain't there  
And ain't nothing fair, I knew this for a long time  
Thats why with ever wrong crime comes anotha strong rhyme  
And thats mo' time under the belt, you felt what I had  
And I shouldn't have even done it, thats what made this shit sad  
I'm doin' bad, but if I gots to feel it, you gots to feel it  
And if a nigga can't afford it, I gots to steal it  
And that's how real it, gets, when this shit [hits the fan]  
You still tryin to get the man, first catch up with the man  
Then we gon' see what'choo made of  
If your shit ain't pumpin kool-aid, what you afraid of?  
The monster under the bed, fill ya with four slugs to the head  
Or ya babies mother missin for a month, found dead  
Worms comin' from places you stuck ya dick in  
Maggots got the bitch coverered and the smells sick'nen  
Plastic don't hide the smell for too long, I do wrong  
And so I don't have nightmares I forget about it, move on  
Keep gettin my groove on, 'cuz that shit could fuck with'choo  
Keep dwellin on it, and it's gonna get stuck with you  
Niggas try their luck with you, 'cuz they smell ass  
And money if you pussy, I'm gonna be able to tell fast  
Some cop I'm about to smack across the face in this robbery  
I'm on a robbin spree, and ain't no stoppin me  
On this real, thats why a nigga stay writin  
'cuz kid this shit is real, what you think we play fightin  
You must of saw som'thin funny, or never saw som'thin bloody

Or you don't know I'll bring it to your door 'cuz I'm cruddy  
Like puddy, when I hold you niggas, I mold you niggas  
I done told you niggas, that I been owed you niggas  
For that shit you did that you wasnt built for  
Shit I guess you didnt know you do get killed for  
I done filled niggas up with the extended clip  
Its like I blew this joint down with the extended rip  
Or that non-stop, when the bomb drops  
I'ma take it from where you at and then end up on ya moms block  
From here to comstock, niggas gettin bust wild  
? cell cagers last night from lock out just died?  
Ain't no where to hide, ain't no wear to run  
What more can they do to a man that ain't been done  
A mind is a terrible thing to waste  
Especially if it's all over the place, your mind all over his face  
How do brains taste, when they mixed with gun powder  
Semi to fully automatic makes the gun louder  
I got som'thin to fix pain when I kicks game  
'cuz i'ma float off more tracks than they sixth train  
You 'bout to get flamed, from ash to ashes to dirt  
You gon' go with the dough that your life was worth  
Motherfucker...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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