

Big Stan, Walk With Me

(DMX)

Sometimes I will take my brother by the arm
Other times I will take my brother by the shoulder
Then there are times I will take my brother by the neck
Any way I touch you, walk with me..

Uhh.. uhh.. uhh.. GRRRRR

This ain't the way it's supposed to be (B.S.!)
This ain't the way it's supposed to be (off that bloodline thang)
This ain't the way it's supposed to be!
This ain't the way, shit is supposed to be!!

(Big Stan)

Now I done seen the streets turned into a beast with sharp teeth
Put claws in the strong and just devour the weak
Make them proud niggaz humble (uh-huh)
Then turn around and make them loud niggaz mumble (uh-huh)
In the jungle I done seen niggaz voted "Most likely to win"
lose it all at the end of a stem; what a lame (uhh)
Friends killin friends for paper, what a shame (uhh)
And everybody thinkin they players, what a game (damn)
I done seen this whole shit change
Looked again and realized that ain't shit changed (WHAT?!)
Except the fact that I'm a grown man now (uhh) standin on my own two
Used to hate guns, now a nigga own two (C'MON!)
Twin glocks for cops and use I promise to
I ain't goin out like Amadou, you know what I'ma do (AIGHT?)
So sit back and try to visualize if you can
All the stories of a wise man - walk with me

(Chorus: DMX)

Look at my life.. look at how I live
Look at what I go through.. so what I've got to give (THIS IS IT!!)
Look at my li-ife.. look at how I live
Look at what I go through.. so what I've got to give (THIS IS IT!!)

(Big Stan)

(My nigga!)

Now I've done seen life play jokes with death as a punchline
In a world with no hope, struggle to get mine
I was raised in a time of regret and bad news (uh-huh)
So I was taught my values by bad dudes (uhh)
Hustlers and killers.. they taught me wrong from right
Told me everything that's wrong is right, like
Hoppin a train, poppin the thang
And havin hot blocks poppin with 'caine, lockin the game (C'MON!!)
And the more shit, change, the more it's the same
And the more you try to get rid of it, the more it remains
You remember when the kid's dream to get to the top
was bein doctors, firemen, even the cops?
Look at the kids now, lost, no hope
To get ahead they plan to rap, play ball, or sell dope (ooooh)
And if you thinkin we the problem you wrong
A generation died at the same time our fathers was born

(Chorus)

(Big Stan)

I've seen a broken home influence a good kid to go bad
Cause boys with sane minds to go mad (uhh)
And young girls to lose they innocence so fast
And so often the results are so sad
Losin her skirt, don't even know what flirt means
So a baby's poppin up with a baby at thirteen (damn)

A few years, she tried to settle down with her man
Tried to stop fuckin all them other niggaz and can't
Though she want to, the curse got her doin this dirt
Cause she saw mommy do it whenever daddy went to work (damn)
And it hurts, I know the pain call it the truth
Bad parents are destroyin the youth, I been there (WHAT?!)
I've watched men beat on my mother my whole life
So when I hit my baby mother I thought it was alright (NO!!!)
Maybe if I woke up and them niggaz was gone
I woulda knew that all the hittin was wrong, talk to me

(Chorus) - 2X

(DMX)

My niggaz
This, is, for my niggaz
This, is, for my niggaz
This, is, for my niggaz
This right here?! Is for my niggaz
B.S. baby! Uh-huh, uhh
Bloodline, bloodline, bloodline!
All my dogs, off the motherfuckin chain!
Arf, arf, arf, arf, arf-arf, ya heard?
Bitch ass nigga (bitch ass nigga!)
Iceberg, hoo, B.K.! Ali X! St. Claire! Jinx!