World War Iii

Dmx

Ruff ryders, ruff ryders
Ryde or die volume 2 (tugboats)
It's the second time around motherfucker
Volume 2 ryde or die biatch
Gangsta nigga and we gone rock this motherfucker
We the square root of the motherfucking street
Double r you cocksucking sons of bitches
[swiss beatz (snoop dogg)]State yo name gangsta (big snoop dogg)
Where you representing (westcoast)
Yo gone hold it down (please believe it nigga)
Enough said then nigga (hold on hold up biatch)
[snoop dogg]Uh, lets make this official
Shine yo boots and load yo pistol
Pull out yo best credentals cause this will
Be the official for the fake tissue
Doggy dogg and big swissal, nigga blow the whistle
Smoking on some bomebee to second hand smoke
Will get you, hit you, and make you all get the picture
When was the last time you seen me
Postin up while ? oastin up, while sippin on some remix
Believe me it ain't easy been diese
Wit these jealous rap niggas and these punk ass frizes
Man I can remember at what they told me
When I first came in the game thangs done changed
Call it what you wanna, keep it on her
Eastcoast, long beach, california spinning like a toner
Banging on the corner, hot like a sauna
Get the best of you then ? to california
[swiss beatz (yung wun)]State yo name yungsta (yung wun)
Where you representing (atl shorty)
You gone hold it down (damn, right)
Enough said then (nigga)
Lets go
[yung wun]Shorty pop a lot, acting like you got a lot
Wit all that fake ice on his watch, this nigga wanna get got
Coming to my city wit all that hot shit and his fake ass clit
I'm a put something in him and bust his wig, I'm on some thugged out shit
You better be strapped boy, how you love that boy, act boy
I'm gone break yo back boy, wit a bat boy, where you at boy

Hold up I'm cold hearted, damn right I get retarded
I'm a yung-on and down here bitch I'm the hardest
You can hoot, hide and talk that shit
I'm gone stay low and keep it real and shorty come up
But when I bite you gone feel that there, it's real down here
Watch you mouth boy, you might get killed down here
I'm a ryde or die nigga, put something in yo eye nigga
Get beside yourself and it's bye bye nigga
When it come to glock cocking and drop popping
I'm the first to hit the block and go to war wit the cops fuck nigga
[swiss beatz (scarface)]
State yo name gangsta (scarface)
Where you representing (motherfucking southside)
You gone hold it down (goddamn right)
Enough said then nigga
[scarface]Holly hos, scarface an?
Bringing terror wit this beretta, I clutch in my palm
I'm scaring motherfuckers straight wit my
Guerilla tactics guranteeing my enemy die
It's worldwide army alert for all soliders
Either you ruff ryde, ryde ruff, or roll over
It's a stick up, down on yo knees, plus I'm sicker
Cause disrepected, you don't disrespect me nigga
I'm the one these niggas call on when negotiations are halting
And time come for the beating up the bosses
Make them an offer that can't refuse, they don't comply
When I walk out they stank these fools
I guess these niggas think they can't be moved
Realizing they don't scare niggas like they thank they do
You fuck wit me, I gots to fuck wit you
World war 3 motherfucker, I thought you knew
[swiss beatz (jadakiss)]State yo name gangsta (jadakiss nigga)
Where you representing (east coast dog)
You gone hold it down (why wouldn't I)
Enough said then nigga let's go
[jadakiss]If you fuckin wit the kiss you ain't gone breathe
The only time I lick in the air is new year's eve
Sonny from bronstail you can't leave
Get kissed on yo cheek then you meant to die
Cause when the gun start poppin then my temperature rise
Yo know my style 20 niggas wit 40 cals
Nine years ago you was hollering shorty wild
Now I'm in the rap game twisting these hunnies out
Never left the crack game still on a money route
I run through the industry looking for enemies

Y'all niggas sound sick and jada the remedy
Get shot in yo eyes and mouth
Can't see can't talk when you fucking wit the heart of new york
And that's fouler that swalling pork
An don't fuck wit the feds, dog you know I push the prowler to court
Toast on my lap, got the east coast on my back
How many times must I tell you motherfuckers
We ain't industry niggas
We in-the-streets niggas
We motherfucking riders forever bitch now what
So ryde or die you talk it we live it (eastcoast)
So ryde or die you want it we give it (westcoast)
So ryde or die you started we ended (dirty south)
So ryde or die you talk it we live it (big west)
So ryde or die you want it we give it (ruff ryders)
So ryde or die you started we ended (biatch)
Motherfucker, ruff ryders, double r motherfucker, ruff ryders

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/