WW III

Ruff Ryders

Ruff Ryders, Ruff Ryders
Ryde or Die, Volume 2(Tugboats, it's over)Ahh hahaha
It's the second time around motherfucker!
Volume 2, Ryde or Die, biatch!
Gangsta nigga and we gon' rock this motherfucker, you dig me?
We the square root of the motherfuckin streets!
Double R, you cocksuckin sons of bitches!
Yeah!State yo' name gangsta (Big Snoop Dogg)
Where you representin? (West coast)
You gon' hold it down? (Please believe it nigga)
Enough said then nigga (hold up, biatch)Mmm, let's make this official
Shine yo' boots and load yo' pistols
Pull out yo best credentials cause thislll
be the official for the fictitial
Doggy Dogg and Big Swizz'll, nigga blow the whistle
Smokin on some bomb-beeda secondhand smoke
will getcha, hitcha, and make you all get the picture
Dig this, when was the last time you seen me
posted up West coasted up and sippin on some Remi?
Believe me, it ain't easy been Deezy (nah it ain't)
wit these jealous rap niggaz and these punk ass breezies
Man, I couldn't remember what they told me
when I first came in the game but thangs done changed
Call it what you want to, keep the heat up on it
East, Long Beach, California, spinnin like a 'Tona
Bangin on the corner, hot like a sauna
so you best to back up off me or I kick this ? on yaState yo' name yungsta (Yung Wun!)
Where you representin? (ATL shawty!)
You gon' hold it down? (Damn right!)
Well nuff said then (Ease up, nigga)Shorty pop a lot, actin like you got a lot
wit all that fake ice on his watch, this nigga want to get got
Coming to my city wit all that hot shit and his fake ass click
I'ma put somethin 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'ma 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 young'n and down here, bitch I'm the hardest
You can hoot, hide and talk that shit
I'ma stay low, keep it real and sho' to come up

But when I bite you gone feel that there, it's real down here
Watch your mouth boy, you might get killed down here
I'm a Ride or Die nigga, put somethin in your eye nigga
Get beside yourself it's bye bye nigga
When it come to glock cockin and drop poppin
I'm the first to hit the block and go to war wit the cops fuck niggaState yo' name gangsta (Scarface)
Where you representin? (Motherfuckin South)
You gon' hold it down? (You God damn right)
Enough said then niggaHeidi-hoe! Scarface and Don, pullin the strings to your alarm
Bringin terror wit this beretta, I clutch in my palm
I'm scarin motherfuckers straight wit mine
Guerilla tactics, guranteein my enemy die
It's worldwide army alert for all soldiers
Either you Ruff Ryde, Ryde Ruff, or roll over
It's a stick up, so down on yo knees, cause I'm sicker
Don't disrepect it, you don't disrespect me nigga
I'm the one these niggaz call on; when negotiations are halted,
and the time comes for the beatin of the bosses
Make 'em an offer that can't refuse
They don't comply, well now I'm bout to stank these fools
Fool, I guess these niggaz think they can't be moved
Realizie they don't scare niggaz like they thank they do
You fuck wit me, I gots to fuck wit you
World War 3 motherfucker, I thought you knewState yo' name gangsta (Jadakiss nigga)
Where you representin? (East coast dawg)
You gon' hold it down? (Why wouldn't I?)
Enough said then nigga (Let's go)If you fuckin wit the 'Kiss, you ain't gon' breathe
The only time I lick in the air is New Year's Eve
Sonny from "Bronx Tale," you can't leave
Get kissed on yo' cheek then you meant to die
Cause when the gun start poppin then my temperature rise
You know my style 20 niggaz wit 40 Cals
Nine years ago you was hollerin shorty wild
Now I'm in the rap game twistin these honies out
Never left the crack game still on a money route
I run through the industry looking for enemies
Y'all niggaz sound sick and Jada the remedy
Get shot in yo' eyes and mouth
Can't see can't talk when you fuckin wit the heart of New York
And that's fouler that swallowin pork
And to fuck wit the feds dog
you know I push the prowler to court
Toast on my lap, got the East Coast on my back, UHHow many times must I tell you motherfuckers
We ain't industry niggaz
We in the streets niggas! You motherfuckin right!

Ruff Ryders forever, yeah bitch, now what?Ride or die, you talk it, we live it (East COAST!)
So ride or die, you want it, we give it (West COAST!)
so ride or die, you start it, we end it (Dirty SOUTH!)
So ride or die, you talk it, we live it (Mid WEST!)
So ride or die, you want it, we give it (Ruff RYDERS!)
So ride or die, you start it, we end it (Biatch!)[ad libs for 8 seconds]
[Swizz Beatz]
Yeah, Double are motherfuckers - Ruff Ryders!

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