Dope Money (feat. The Lox)

Ruff Ryders

Intro:
What what
You over there Styles?
Yeah dog
Second album nigga real L.O.X.
Blaze
We run the streets y'all know who to bet (C'mon)
Fuck y'all niggas (Let's go)Verse One:Couldn't live the life I live
Why's that
I could die any minute I get high every minute
Fuckin' with snake niggas and sleepin' with foul bitches
Came through on the lightest whip with two pounds in it
Pull over where the hustlers be
Why's that
Cause I get chills when you talk of hustlin' Gs
So I'm always where the powder be at
What it mean
I can blow five bricks to ten in an hour if that
Stay away from where the cowards be at
Why's that
Time is money god, and you can't get an hour back
Or I would do it again to get the power back
Have godfather status, make niggas bow to that
You can all shine and glitter and keep the ones
Fives and tens, for twenties and up, we dummy it up
Make a lot of money, and look bummy and what
Cause money ain't shit, respect is everything
So if I kill niggas dead, don't ask me shit
I take blunts to the head, so don't pass me shit
I'd rather die from a bullet, than a nasty bitch
If the good die young, all that mean to me
is that the hood die young/ We call it the last days
What you know about coppin a house to fight pits in
Or blowin' weed smoke on the cops that write tickets
Henny and what, shit we can semi it up
With your picture on the wall, in memory of
Stay in sync with the hood, gray minks with the hood
We tryin' to get money like chinks in the hood
They ask me how I'm doing now

I tell 'em better than them
And if your man front
He can get eleven in him
And if you told them once
Then you better tell him again
Ay yo, now let's see
Who you know fuckin with Sheek Luc, Jadakiss,
And S' paperChorus:From dope money to rap money, and back to dope money (C'mon)
Loaded guns, the empty ones, over dope money (Let's go)
Car house in the smoke, over dope money (C'mon)
All my niggas will die over dope money (Let's go)
Bust your nine niggas, Side by side niggas (C'mon)
We hit the ?wreek? of law, Run and hide niggas (Let's go)
Death is the only thing that might divide niggas (C'mon)
So don't fuck around with them Ryde or Die niggas (Let's go)Verse Two:
So we speakin', all I know your face will be leakin'
I rap full time and still pump bass on the weekend
A nigga hoppin' all over the map
And what you learn
That niggas with long paper take longer to crap
That's why every chance I me a gat
And why you rather buy you a chain
I aim at your brain
Nigga, robbery is all we know, so how we gon go broke
When we can just take all y'all dough
And then fly out to Cuba, and get in the coke fields
Die off the buddha, fifty and fifty mill
Bring drama cause Gianconna got Kennedy killed
If you come through in a jet, you frontin' wit us
Cause when the coke price was up
It was nuthin to us
We got blocks full of heroin
Weed and dust/ Seen bullets pop off
Cause of greed and lust
And when the big dogs die
Who gon feed the pups
My niggas is here, so you know the circle is tight
I circle the block, and cut off the lights
Pray to Christ
Cause when the cops come in, we carry shotguns
Dem niggas with the most ice, get the hot ones
Stay on your job, nigga I'ma stay on mine
And if I lose my voice nigga, I'ma flow online
And by next year, we should have a thousand guns
Nigga Ruff Ryde, Ryde or Die Volume OneChorus:From dope money to rap money, and back to dope money

(C'mon)
Loaded guns, the empty ones, over dope money (Let's go)
Car house in the smoke, over dope money (C'mon)
All my niggas will die over dope money (Let's go)
Bust your nine niggas, Side by side niggas (C'mon)
We hit the weak in law, Run and hide niggas (Let's go)
Death is the only thing that might divide niggas (C'mon)
So don't fuck around with them Ryde or Die niggas (Let's go)

Songwriters
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