

# Get Wild

## Ruff Ryders

All my niggaz, all my bitches  
Get high, get drunk get wild buck fool  
You know my style, get crunk  
Bitches bounce, niggaz bounce  
And let me give you that funk shit, blunt shit  
While I make you bang it out your trunk You cats, talk slick but walk quick when the dog hit  
The dog hits coming back to the raw shit  
Aww shit, they done let me back out the gate  
Back out to tape, back out to rape Back off the chains so please back out the way  
Before I blow ya back out with this fuckin' AK  
Don't give a fuck what a nigga say no matter who he sound like  
Make sure you know what the rain is but it's gonna be coming down like Cats and dogs, hold up it is cats and  
dogs  
Keep fucking with the dog its gonna be cats in the morgue  
Twenty-two million, sold let's keep it real  
Most y'all killers ain't even twenty-two years old Ain't never felt the cold wet behind the ears  
Know what real pain is, cried real tears  
I go hard bogard and stand my ground  
Fuck y'all niggaz, it's how it's goin' down, baby All my niggaz, all my bitches  
Get high, get drunk get wild buck fool  
You know my style, get crunk  
Bitches bounce, niggaz bounce  
Let me give you that funk shit, blunt shit  
While I make you bang it out your trunk It just don't look right, bullshit coke don't cook right  
The judge ain't throwin' the book right  
Should thank the Lord that you blew up softy  
Don't talk greasy you grew up off me I ain't letting go of the block  
And if I get a good enough grip I ain't lettin' go of the lock  
If I happen to pinched, I ain't goin' to shock  
I'm gonna to get aquatinted with niggaz in general pop Stop but don't hate, cause everybody got a lil' blood to  
donate  
The thugs'll go ape, the women'll come around  
Shortly after that is when the jealousy sets in  
Then they'll shut it down It's just raspy nothin' on the neck wrist ware just classy  
There's no way I'm letting this money just get past me  
When all I had to do in the first place  
From the beginning was get nasty All my niggaz, all my bitches  
Get high, get drunk get wild buck fool  
You know my style, get crunk

Bitches bounce, niggaz bounce  
And let me give you that funk shit, blunt shit  
While I make you bang it out your trunkNiggaz been waitin' for that west coast shit, I tell them to go fish  
Blowin' purple in a purple Laker jersey wit' the gold kicks  
Bitches be like Toon you a mutha fuckin' trip  
Hop in the whip and lean till that mutha fucka flipAnd every club in Cali crackin' it's gangsta town  
Keep a couple of niggaz with me that'll bang you down  
Now lil' mama put switches on and make it jump  
Before me you needed Lil' Jon to make it crunkNow for real come to Cali player take ya pump  
My New York niggaz leave y'all wit' razor bumps  
Now pappa raised a rolling stone, I feel like pops  
In the absence of Makaveli, I feel like PacSo even though I got the deal I still might pop  
Right in front of the po, po you could feel my shots  
Man, all my niggaz carry bangers we feel like SWAT  
And that's the reason why Rialto feel like Watts, come onAll my niggaz, all my bitches  
Get high, get drunk get wild buck fool  
You know my style, get crunk  
Bitches bounce, niggaz bounce  
And let me give you that funk shit, blunt shit  
While I make you bang it out your trunkCan't fly, get away  
You know my style  
Bang it out your trunk  
While I make you bang it out your trunk

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