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 trunkYou 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 rapeBack 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 likeCats 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 oldAin'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, babyAll 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 trunkIt 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 meI 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 popStop 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 downIt'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 nastyAll 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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