Shoot 'em In Tha Head

Ruff Ryders

Fuck all these niggaz, if you ask me who
I'll answer back anybody you can think of
I'm S.P. bitch, I'm the boss of boss
I talk arrogant and me and guys link upAnd these is more than words, if you feel like the songs is to you
Then it probably is, if I can't getta long witcha
Then I'm gon' hit 'cha, all in ya face and ya body kid
H O L I D AY Styles, hit somethin' by trialI'm the nigga to hate and when it's time
To merk something bitch
What? I'm on time in my job and I ain't never been late
If there's beef in the hoodA nigga like P can't sleep 'til I'm good
'Cause somebody dead
This 4/5 gotta hit somebody head
I'm all up in the safe takin' somebody breadShoot 'em in the head, shoot 'em in the face or the chest
Then shoot 'em in the waist or the neck
Then shoot 'em in the gut or the mouth
Then shoot 'em in the back and don't stop 'til the blood runnin' outShoot 'em in the head, shoot 'em in the face or the chest
Then shoot 'em in the waist or the neck
Then shoot 'em in the gut or the mouth
Then shoot 'em in the back and don't stop 'til the blood runnin' outGuess I gotta burn down bridges, and break down rocks
And come through and let this tre pound pop
You all grown now and I don't care if you from home town
I'll put a slug in the dome clown'Cause most of these rappers is talk
I'm the nigga in the back of the court
Wit 5 L's and a 1/2 of a quart
By 7 o' clock I'm stone cold drunk, wit a blunt and a 2yr old pumpBoulgin' out my pant leg
I'll put it out and make ya man beg
And shoot 'em anyway, y'all niggaz penny weight
Niggaz like me just do what the semi sayAny way we can do it any where any day
I'm Paniero bitch, I ain't the nigga you play hero wit
End up dead, ya T-shirt look white it's gon' end up red
And my dogs look hungry they gon' end up fed bitchShoot 'em in the head, shoot 'em in the face or the chest
Then shoot 'em in the waist or the neck
Then shoot 'em in the gut or the mouth
Then shoot 'em in the back and don't stop 'til the blood runnin' outI'm hope you lookin' forward to die
Hope you wanna look the Lord in the eye
Hope you ready for this motherfuckin' shot
To ya head or this sword in ya eyeYou the shit I'm the 'Lord of the Flies'

If you got beef say it now, bitch niggaz
So I can load up and come toward you wit nines
I spray you and ya man, the coup and the vanThe office and the studio where ever you stand
I don't wanna be the king of the coast
Feds watchin' me and you gotta stay low when you bring in the dope
Gotta look a lil' dirty when you swingin the toastIf you say the guy name, I'll be ringin' ya throat
I don't rap about niggaz but I do like to cock back
Hit 'em the chest and blow the back up outta niggas
Ya man is pussy? I'ma play wit 'em
Look at ya nigga pop, pop, pop, now lay wit 'emShoot 'em in the head, shoot 'em in the face or the chest
Then shoot 'em in the waist or the neck
Then shoot 'em in the gut or the mouth
Then shoot 'em in the back and don't stop 'til the blood runnin' out

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/