

# Ruff Ryders Anthem (B.Dolla Remix)

DMX

Uh, somethin' new  
Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop  
Oh, no  
That's how Ruff Ryders roll  
Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop  
Oh, no  
That's how Ruff Ryders roll  
Niggas wanna try  
Niggas wanna lie  
Then niggas wonder why  
Niggas wanna die  
All I know is pain  
All I feel is rain  
How can I maintain  
With mad shit on my brain?  
I resort to violence  
My niggas move in silence  
Like you don't know what our style is  
New York niggas - the wildest  
My niggas is wit' it  
You want it? Come and get it  
Took it, then we split it  
You fuckin' right we did it  
What the fuck you gonna do  
When we run up on you?  
Fuckin' wit' the wrong crew  
Don't know what we goin' through  
I'm a have to show niggas  
How easily we blow niggas  
When you find out there's some more niggas  
That's runnin' with your niggas  
Nothin' we can't handle  
Break it up and dismantle  
Light it up like a candle  
Just 'cause I can't stand you  
Put my shit on tapes  
Like you bussin' grapes  
Think you holdin' weight?  
Then you haven't met the apes  
Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop  
Oh, no  
That's how Ruff Ryders roll

Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop

Oh, no

That's how Ruff Ryders roll's y'all niggas crazy?

I'll bust you and be swazy

Stop actin' like a baby

Mind your business, lady

Nosy people get it, too

When you see me spit at you

You know I'm tryin' to get rid of you

Yeah, I know it's pitiful

That's how niggas get down

Watch my niggas split round

Make y'all niggas kiss ground

Just for talkin' shit, clown

Oh, you think it's funny

Then you don't know me, money

It's about to get ugly

Fuck it, dog, I'm hungry

I guess you know what that mean

Come up off that green

Five niggas or a fiend

Don't make it a murder scene

Give a dog a bone

Leave a dog alone

Let a dog roam

And he'll find his way home

Home of the brave

My home is a cage

And yo, I'm a slave

Till my home is a grave

I'm a pull paper

It's all about the papers

Bitches caught the papers

Then how they wanna rape us  
Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop

Oh, no

That's how Ruff Ryders roll

Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop

Oh, no

That's how Ruff Ryders roll  
Look what you done started

Asked for it, you got it

Had it, should have shot it

Now you're dearly departed

Get at me, dog; did I rip shit?

With this one here, I flip shit

Niggas know when I kick shit

It's gonna be some slick shit  
What was that look for  
When I walked in the door?  
Oh, you thought you was raw?  
Boom! Not anymore  
'Cause now you on the floor  
Wishin' you never saw  
Me walk through that door  
With that four-four  
Now it's time for bed  
Two more to the head  
Got the floor red  
Yeah, that nigga's dead  
Another unsolved mystery  
Is goin' down in history  
Niggas ain't never did shit to me  
Bitch ass niggas can't get to me  
Gots to make the move  
Got a point to prove  
Gotta make 'em grove  
Got 'em all like "ooo"  
So the next time  
You hear this nigga rhyme  
Try to keep your mind  
On gettin' pussy and prime  
Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop  
Talk is cheap mothafucka!

Songwriters

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