Eastside Ryders

Ruff Ryders

Eastsider
Ruff Ryder
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Like this, like this, like that, like that
Like this, like this, like that, like that, like that
Who run these streets? Love thug beats?
Ruff spoken, guns speak, blood leak
Lug heat for the threat not protection
Not a question, busta tests I got rest 'em
Catch 'em slippin', in the hood or the mall
You ain't strapped, we can scrap, I'm good with the Doggs
Fuck talkin', chuck walkin' in my khakis
Rag swangin', gang bangin' nigga brang it at me
Eastsider, Ruff Ryder loved by the masses
We the niggas holla out the set when we blastin'
Insane 20 gang, anything killa
Tracy Davis, hair raises, Goldie loc the stealer
Gang lock down, we can't stop now
Get in the way of villain and tray spray hot rounds
Suckas chose thuggin' as a last resort, ain't that a bitch?
Here we do this shit for sport this crip
We ridaz, keep the heat beside us
Better not try us, touch ya like midas
Ruff Rydaz, ride with Eastsidaz
Bustaz bow down to crown, the Royal Highness
Well, we gonna take your raps, and gats, stacks and sacks
Dippin' with the Jags and 'Lacs
Eastsidaz roll with Ruff Rydaz
Try to step aside us or get right behind us
When I die, fuck a moment of silence, this is Holiday
Gangsta rap gunnin' and havin' moments of violence
It's an Eastsider, Ruff Ryder thing, Why you mad at me?
Holdin' on an AK, puffin' on some Cali weed
Streets is my girl, asked her to marry me
Yellow and purple ears, tryin' to see Shaq's salary
D-Block Gang, Ruff Ryder mafia
Make sure the bullets hit you 'cause I stand on top of ya
Bounce like I'm hydrolics
And I got niggaz in the hood that would shoot you over nine dollars

Asked if I'm a gang member? Fuck nah, I'm a gang leader
Boss to the boss and I bang heaters
And you don't wanna see my arm jerk
'Cause the work I put on your face is bound to make your mom hurt
And this one is for my Cali niggaz
Eastsiders, Ruff Ryders and you can die in an ally niggaz
We ridaz, keep the heat beside us
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I never write raps like a song can make me
Trick off my money and let these bitches break me
'Cause I'm a cold piece of gold, dickies saggin' in the dirt
Sellin' my double knucks, to enhance my work
Nigga Q keep it pimpin', I'm 'a keep it crippin'
Me and dip dippin', Dogg tha police trippin'
I'm an Eastside Ryde or die nigga
And I believe you fools are some quick to lie niggaz
Sippin' on sans call me lil bit
A down to earth brother, gang bangin' and rappin'
Fake blow joes not hoppin' lo-lo's
I'm tired of you bustaz and fake CO's
You can ask Deal Dogg, motherfuckin' scoop
We done rounded up the homies and the front line troops
Look 'cause, this game don't give me my cheese
I'm 'a shit down your throat, with tricks up my sleeve
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