Go Head

Ruff Ryders

Ruff ryder nigga, volume 2
We show niggas the meaning of ryde or die
So all that bullshit you talking, go head niggaYou don't gotta slap me five or give me a hug
And it hurts when you gotta kill a nigga you love
But I'm gone deal wit my enemies sooner
Cause I got'em looking for my solo album like kennedy jr
Fuck crush ice, go head and get your shine on
I'm bout to cop rocks that y'all niggas can climb on
Don't worry bout why I ain't got mine on
I want some new shit, I don't want nothing that you can tell time on
Things ain't all good right now
Cause some more niggas die an turn all you in the hood right now
Y'all can stop acting like that nigga j gone squeeze
Cause all I got is misdeameanors and some acd's
Y'all gon make me lay something down I promise
And puff wear scarmas and listen to carl thomas
Puff running and hide and we coping more guns
An we coming outside cause somebody gotta dieGo head you know we getting plenty of dough
Go head you know we lighting plenty of dro
Go head you know we coming from y-o
Go head truly though go head really though
Go head you know we hitting plenty of hos
Go head you know we ripping plenty of shows
Go head you know we coming from y-o
Go head truly though go head really thoughNow I warned y'all niggas that sheek was the one
Now I'm warning y'all niggas that I got my gun
Read to kill, don't worry bout no doctor bill
It ain't gone be one of those just yo casket clothes
Lox, nah you rather fuck wit the cops
Cause I pop and turn y'all like the optimum box
No paper feud, it's straight hate wit dude
So I'm hungry and let the morgue zip up your crew
You wanna hope on our dicks and go whilly yo bikes
And wear ruff ryder tees, motherfucker please
You a poke-a-nose nigga, want you stick to the skis
And I don't hear a nigga raps no more
So I don't bother to go in the store an cop y'all shit
Only time I cop y'all shit if lox on it
I shoot you in yo mouth ain't no calling the cops

I want my shit back like cash flo and elian's popGo head you know we getting plenty of dough
Go head you know we lighting plenty of dro
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Go head you know we hitting plenty of hos
Go head you know we ripping plenty of shows
Go head you know we coming from y-o
Go head truly though go head really thoughI'm always that, I'm always this
But the floor stay nasty like hallway piss
If you here the p spitting it's a deep ass song
When I die mama bury me wit street clothes on
Cause drama be the threapy, the beef goes on
Should've been speaking out of it makes it a lot
But I was fucking wit the savages, kicking the drop
Live for the money, die for my niggas, run from the law
Catch me smoking my weed or fucking your whore
Push my whip to the limit kind of hoping it flip
Throw my clip to the tip kind of hoping you flip
I feel sorry for the crackheads, but happy for myself
So I got mixed feelings about this hussling shit
I keep saying I'm gone quit after a couple of bricks
But I can't stop building and I don't pop children
But I got no problem kidnapping a bitchGo head you know we getting plenty of dough
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