

Ruff Ryders' Anthem (1998)

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 rollIs 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 usStop, 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 rollLook 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

EARL SIMMONS, KASSEEM DEAN

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