Bugout

Ruff Ryders

Aiyyo these niggaz is crazy baby
They can't fuck with the Dog
(Ya know)
Yo swizz, swizz
(My nigga)
Swizz, swizz, swizz
Another one?
(Swizz)
Another one?
(Another one?)
Are we bein' greedy or what?
I don't think so
C'mon baby, like you don't know these streets is, that bad
They'll find yo' body but in pieces
'Cause the beast is on some real cruddy shit
About to split yo' wig with some bloody shit
I ain't droppin' nuttin' but that ugly shit
(C'mon)
Bite yo hand like I tried yo man 'cause what you sayin' is nuttin'

Must really think I'm playin' but I'll be layin' while you bluffin'
Look out, they done let that crook out, and I took out
Enough of yo' family, to have a fuckin' cookout
But what kind of get-together, is it when everyone get hit together
Or when I'm in the chair, just before they hit the leather
(C'mon)
I'ma say it, 'til I know, how much strength is left
And curse all who will breathe in the stench of death
Though on the sixth day after I'm buried I will rise
Enbalmin' fluid in my veins and blood, in my eyes
And them guys that was laughin' don't even smile anymore
How many four-pound rounds can yo' ass endure?
Twenty more, of that raw, stripped to the flesh
(What)
A thousand pounds of pressure
Shit that rip through the vest and pull yo' chest
But what's a Ruff Ryder supposed to do, when you frontin'?
Give you niggaz what you wantin', muh'fucker, nuttin'

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