

# 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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