Ryde or Die Boyz (feat. Yung Wun & Larsiny)

Ruff Ryders

[Yung Wun]
Man! Man! Man! Man! (Larsiny)
Don't start nuttin ya ass can't finish
Ryde or Die Boyz gon', COME AND GET WITCHA![Larsiny - S. Lassiter]
Man, why'all rap niggas is high fashion
Flashin, talker, no action
We read emcees like TV's with captions
Charts we smash on, guns we blast them
Spit fire like blow dryers and Drag-dash-On
Your career won't last long, real name Sean Lassiter
Four words for why'all: F-type no passenger
Flow nastier, man you know what I mean
And I keep them diamonds shinin blue, yellow, and green
So the wrist look like a twister mat
Man, I cock the biscuit back and twist ya cap
Opps, clipped ya face just missed ya hat
This go out to those that think this just a rap
Well mister, address the gat and we'll address ya back
Nasty, nasty, spittin disgusting raps
And I doubt that cha'll cats can fuck with that[Chorus: Yung Wun]
You don't want no war, you don't want no drama boy
These Ryde Or Die Boyz will rough you up
You don't want no war, you don't want no drama boy
These Ryde Or Die Boyz will touch you up
You don't want no war, you don't want no drama boy
These Ryde Or Die Boyz will bust you up
You don't want no war, you don't want no drama boy
You don't want no drama boy[Larsiny - Verse Two]
I hate cops, and I like you even less
I turn your whole block into a bleedin mess
Niggas talk hard, and get an easy death
'cause I pop buck shots like a peasy neck
And I can tell you won't blow, gotta scary finger
All talk, no show, Jerry Springer
I don't care if you a skinny or a burly nigga
I'ma have ya face lookin like a blurry mirror
We shake your features, why'all make believers
And the eight'll make you shake like you fake the seizure
I ball of the scale, break the meter

And if you ever go to jail, they'll rape and beat'cha
Hold up, take a breather, I'm way too tough
Got kicked outta pre-school, played to rough
I straight grew up, I'm still a bully
Used to take your lunch money now I steal your jewelry[Yung Wun]
Ha, okay, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay, okay[Chorus]
[Larsiny - Verse Three]
Don't make me reach for these, I got heat to squeeze
Make your face melt like pizza cheese
You need to leave, "cause you don't stand a chance man
I get greasy like mechanic hands
And why'all niggas all sweet, like candied yams
Clear blocks outs, hop out the family van
Lookin like a handy man, with tools on the waist
Put'choo in the ambulance with two's in your face
You'se a disgrace, you've never been hot
And I can tell how you talkin you ain't never been shot
Yo, its whatever or not, if you want it, its war
You can choose what I'ma use, the pump or the four
Then decide where you gon' die, trunk of the floor
"cause I'ma tell the law I don't know nothing at all
I was just walkin my dog and discovered the ball
A lotta niggas think they hard, this is somethin for why'allChorus
[Yung Wun]
Okay, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay, okayChorus

Songwriters
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