Pina Colada

Ruff Ryders

Vaya
Come on
Vaya
A vailar
Where're my niggers with the big dicks?
Where're my niggers with the hot whips?
Where're my niggers living better?
We want Barettas and Amarettas
Butter leathers and mad cheddar
Where're my niggers with the big dicks?
Where're my niggers with the hot whips?
Where're my niggers living better?
We want Barettas and Amarettas
Butter leathers and mad cheddar
We play the front not the back when there's beef I attack
Grab the guns and start lighting
Y'all the bitch niggers behind cars scared to death like
"Yo, who fighting?"
How the fuck you teaching me I ain't got no obedience
Y'all are made of shit I?m the thug's ingredients
And for my niggers I peel like fucked up paint jobs
Cover your block and put holes in you like old blankets
Fuck a bitch use a sock and wipe my nut what?
Run in your spot and use a Glock to get my cut what?
Smack you in public and embarrass you slut what?
Put you on punishment the same way I do to my son
And the only bullets by my stomach be the clip from my gun
And when my gun busts it's over so close the curtains
My silencer's like ch, ch, ch like birds was chirping
I like Boricuas ya know that Sheik be freaky
I put coke in their pee pee then stuff the bras
Put some coke in the bras that look like coconuts
That's what's up don't have Sheik's click clack this up
Dis load the back pack her bitch ass back me up
You know double R and Terror Squad niggers want they cut
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I'm well know like Al Capone, full blown like Tone Montana
In the zone sitting on chrome stoned sipping on Champagne
Rolling ganja up in Bible paper
A high that will take us through the eyes of Christ
John, Elijah, Jacob
I make the kind of green that hustler's dream
Busting out that custard cream
Piper 'cause I?m piped up with the mustard team
Plus the queen Fort Knox and hearts
King of medallions Monty Guard
Even Italians see my battalion prop the broad
I got the squad over qualified pulling over Karl Kani
Range Rover tilted three wilted hydraulic slide
Spark the Live in the crowd ripping trough housings
Like the Wu do in Shaolin
John Blazing on a pound of Buddha
And all the mami chulas
They want to ride on my Honda scooter
You know the red one from the video
But really though she ain't coming
And she ain't running the trizzie yo
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Disrespect the Don word's bond I?m gonna shoot ya
We can get it on mar icon hijo'de gran puta
Who you fucking' wit'?
Bitch ass nigger you ain't running' up on shit
Talking' like you gonna bust yo clip
Nigger you ain?t no fucking threat
You talk a lot but you ain't never realized that if you walk that block
Cock that Glock, think I'm pussy oh shit man

Big Punisher's off his rocker
What you got? Beef wit' me? Aight then papi, Sheik's with me
Thought you cats were gonna creep on me
Without some type of an injury
I see coward in yours, what you up in my eyes?
Big dick between mine, what the fuck between your thighs?
Pussy, if I shoot, are you gonna shoot back?
I don't think so, your man's the thug you ride piggy-back
You're the one that passed the gat, told your man to bust that
You ain't making no money, you're a broke-ass cat
And once these pop, cops bring the chalk
And the mop to get the rest of you off the sidewalk, what
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