Down Bottom (feat. Drag-On & Juvenile)

Ruff Ryders

Oh, damn now bop to this oh
Yeah y'all know what this is
Flame on Juvenile Drag-On flame on
And now swizz, swizz beatz, yeahMe and my niggaz done licked shots, even done hit cops
Bet y'all niggaz can't wait till my shit drop
Treat you like your moma given' lip to pop
Nigga you don't want my paper drop'Cause that means I'm empty, and your full of it
Check what the bullet did, missiles gonna hit you get you
Rip through tissue, should have never rhymed this 'cause I miss you
I make plus cash y'all little niggaz can't fuck wit dragGot the chain out so it's bust and grab
Nigga fuck that you better bust back
'Fore ya nigga ask back where the vest at
Rock like a girl but you can't trust cashSpit like a fire but you can't touch black
All you can do is cuss back and read back
How you bust gats nigga we don't need that
I don't care about your feed back, y'all niggaz don't feed dragTell a motherfucker pull out bust a bullet out in ya safe house
Nigga where the keys at nigga?
Where the stash at nigga? Where the weed at?
Nigga pass that 'fore I pull my triggerMater fact where the ass at? 'Cause I got the Ruff Ryders
And I aint talkin' bout my niggaz
Nigga we can go hoe for hoe, toe to toe, blow for blow
And when you fell your nose crackThat mean I broke that I'm fittin' to po-po
Wit a flame thrower like I told yo' befo', ya know
You can't handle it you can put me on wax but my fire burn candles
And who that nigga ruff rydin' Drag-On y'all niggaz and south sidersDo y'all niggaz bust y'all guns, hell, yeah we bust our guns
Do you fuck them 'till they cum, damn right we make them cum
It's for the north, head south, head east, head west
Ruff Ryders gonna show y'all niggaz who rides the bestDo y'all niggaz bust y'all guns, hell, yeah we bust our guns
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Ruff Ryders gonna show y'all niggaz who rides the bestIn the late night, we be cockin' high givin' you stage fright
Yo' head might explode when I bust with the lead pipe
And I say right, Juvenile hey tight, stay hype, now page mike
And make sure he got all the yeah, aight?I'm tired of niggaz be thinkin' that you usin' me
Runnin' with them petty ass niggaz lookin' like fools to me

I'm workin' wit some change, yeah
And ain't afraid to put 50 up on ya brain, yeahYou 'bout warin' over ya people I'm the same, yeah
Look, I'ma have some body sayin' thats the shame game
But if them people come they ain't gonna give no names, yeah
Playin' with the number one son don't play no games, yeahCome outside don't see nothin' but camouflage and bricks
Yo' get some boys strapped with bandannas tryin' knock off yo' shit
Ya stankin' bitch, I ruff ryde your ass then
Cashin' for money Juve ain't gettin' nothin', that shit is funnyDo y'all niggaz bust y'all guns, hell, yeah we bust our guns
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Ruff Ryders gonna show y'all niggaz who rides the bestWhen my niggaz get knocked we gonna bail them out
When it come to my gun my shells is out
You better get the message 'cause I done mailed it out
I'ma bang like a hammer and I'ma nail us outEast, west the right this for my niggaz up north
My guns made in China so you better dust off
'Cause when they getcha you gonna be ketchup
I always got chedder I never ass bet ya'And I won't even sweat ya' we roll much larger and better
My dough is never low but if drag is down on his last
I'ma reach in my sweater bet my baretta
Make a nigga feel heat in cold weatherCan't stand a nigga hype throw me his bitch
Bitch come to my shit you betta come get her
Be like a dog with a bone I run with her
Y'all make me so tired y'all niggaz still rappin'Like y'all don't know my flows fire
Y'all ain't got y'all boots ain't got y'all suits
Probaly got a gun that ain't never shoot
When they come you better hope they don't name you'Cause like two sticks rubbin' I'll flame you
Don't try to be me 'cause I ain't you
'Fore I have your spirits with the angels
My shorty keep a gun on the anklesWanna fuck, watch out she will bang you
'Cause I taught her well, y'all players better haul to hell
But you niggaz couldn't borrow a belt
Who evers wit you is gonna jailIs you niggaz bustin' guns or you ain't bustin' none, ha
You want to fuck'em till they cum, ha
Drag-on Juvenille double up what you want, haDo y'all niggaz bust y'all guns, hell, yeah we bust our guns
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