

Stomp

Ruff Ryders

Wun, y'all done fucked up now
Oh, shit, 'Ryde Or Die', niggaIt's Yung Wun with the big gun
What you gon' do, boy?
You betta sit down, boy, we don't play like that
Betta yet tell ya man to put down the gatBefore it get ugly, I'ma leave ya bloody, lil' bloody
Don't play with the gun smoke
For the East to the West Coast
Nigga get [unverified], no problem, BarryYou no cemetery, home
Is the pipe bomb dropped off in the woods
A man to come home, it's a three be like that
Tell his ass to come right back to the block with a gatStanding out in the track with a bumma hard
Bumming weed into the sack
Nigga, let the weed smoke blow
I'm intoxicated trying to make a few hits in the headBaby 'cause I be wilder, big baller, call up with quarter
Trying to make a few [unverified]
Be borrowing from the police, never wanna follow
And parlor and it ain't no stopping it
(That's shit)
Y'all niggas from [unverified], ain't locking itGive it up, give it up, g-g-give it up
Them cops on put and they came to town
Y'all boys betta put 'em up, put 'em up, what?
Put 'em up, put 'em up, p-p-put 'em up
This is a stick up and y'all boys betta give it upGive it up, give it up, g-g-give it up
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Put 'em up, put 'em up, p-p-put 'em up
This is a stick up and y'all boys betta give it upLook, I'm slipping right behind ya, nigga
Don't try to hide 'cause I'll find ya, nigga
I'm representing Big County, nigga
I gotta a clip for all ya slimmy niggasDon't eva try me, nigga
Don't try to run no bullshit like that [unverified], nigga
You know I'ma a fool for this, I got two for this
I'll tear yo' mammy and your crew plus you for thisThem Daddy dollars, y'all, my shit harder, dog
I'm from the city of Caprice and them parlors, y'all
I'ma go and kill this, nigga, kiss above this realest, nigga
First nigga to take you to the bar
And now you feel this, niggaThe respect you gotta give us
'Slip-N-Slide' and Ruff Ryders, nigga
And all yo' money can't buy this nigga

My ecstasy got me wyling, nigga
 I'm twice that body, nigga
 About 100 miles an hour, nigga Trick Daddy, Trick Daddy
 Yung Wun, Yung Wun
 Yo, ball out Give it up, give it up, g-g-give it up
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 This is a stick up and y'all boys betta give it up Wait a minute, goddammit, y'all done fucked up now
 Y'all gotta nigga from the A on the Ruff Ryde
 Representing from the South
 In a glass [unverified] This man got cash in mind on the cash route
 Niggas there with they ass out
 Talking 'bout Yung Wun's a bitch
 (Man)
 That DS Cliq, I'ma 'bout to pitch a fucking fit
 And start blowing this bitch What you think my gun bust ice, Wun?
 Down in Georgia, six hours from Florida
 Niggas get slaughtered, boy, where I'm from
 Problems gon' get solved by getting robbed Causing tear drops and closed caskets
 On tha glasses, get beside theyself
 And suffocate from plastic
 Face down on a mattress Give it up, give it up, g-g-give it up
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This is a stick up and y'all boys betta give it up

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