

Eastside Ryders

Ruff Ryders

Eastsider

Ruff Ryder

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Like this, like this, like that, like that

Like this, like this, like that, like that, like thatWho run these streets? Love thug beats?

Ruff spoken, guns speak, blood leak

Lug heat for the threat not protection

Not a question, busta tests I got rest 'emCatch 'em slippin', in the hood or the mall

You ain't strapped, we can scrap, I'm good with the Doggs

Fuck talkin', chuck walkin' in my khakis

Rag swangin', gang bangin' nigga brang it at meEastsider, Ruff Ryder loved by the masses

We the niggas holla out the set when we blastin'

Insane 20 gang, anything killa

Tracy Davis, hair raises, Goldie loc the stealerGang lock down, we can't stop now

Get in the way of villain and tray spray hot rounds

Suckas chose thuggin' as a last resort, ain't that a bitch?

Here we do this shit for sport this cripWe ridaz, keep the heat beside us

Better not try us, touch ya like midas

Ruff Rydaz, ride with Eastsidaz

Bustaz bow down to crown, the Royal HighnessWell, we gonna take your raps, and gats, stacks and sacks

Dippin' with the Jags and 'Lacs

Eastsidaz roll with Ruff Rydaz

Try to step aside us or get right behind usWhen I die, fuck a moment of silence, this is Holiday

Gangsta rap gunnin' and havin' moments of violence

It's an Eastsider, Ruff Ryder thing, Why you mad at me?

Holdin' on an AK, puffin' on some Cali weedStreets is my girl, asked her to marry me

Yellow and purple ears, tryin' to see Shaq's salary

D-Block Gang, Ruff Ryder mafia

Make sure the bullets hit you 'cause I stand on top of yaBounce like I'm hydrolics

And I got niggaz in the hood that would shoot you over nine dollars

Asked if I'm a gang member? Fuck nah, I'm a gang leader

Boss to the boss and I bang heatersAnd you don't wanna see my arm jerk

'Cause the work I put on your face is bound to make your mom hurt

And this one is for my Cali niggaz

Eastsiders, Ruff Ryders and you can die in an ally niggazWe ridaz, keep the heat beside us

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Try to step aside us or get right behind us I never write raps like a song can make me

Trick off my money and let these bitches break me

'Cause I'm a cold piece of gold, dickies saggin' in the dirt

Sellin' my double knucks, to enhance my work Nigga Q keep it pimpin', I'm 'a keep it crippin'

Me and dip dippin', Dogg tha police trippin'

I'm an Eastside Ryde or die nigga

And I believe you fools are some quick to lie niggaz Sippin' on sans call me lil bit

A down to earth brother, gang bangin' and rappin'

Fake blow joes not hoppin' lo-lo's

I'm tired of you bustaz and fake CO's You can ask Deal Dogg, motherfuckin' scoop

We done rounded up the homies and the front line troops

Look 'cause, this game don't give me my cheese

I'm 'a shit down your throat, with tricks up my sleeve We ridaz, keep the heat beside us

Better not try us, touch ya like midas

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