My Name Is Kiss

Ruff Ryders

Yo, yo, I know niggas wit honor and will
That'll still crush the blow up and then pass they mama the bill
So I'ma always be able to burn my strip
'Cause my bags be stuffed and I burn my tips
And it ain't no tellin' what the snub'll do
So when y'all go and cop S's cop one for your mother too
And I'm way better than them other dudes
But I'm stuck wit, what I'm stuck wit, 'cause I don't suck dick
Sat with the players and I stood with the coaches
And I'ma always be in the hood like roaches
Flow is ferocious, dough is ferocious
Two guns by each lung with no holsters
And I control all the fish scale in the city
And still make your first week sales look pretty
I come through, all you hear is chip in the muffler
And you could ask anybody if the Kiss is a hustler
He's a hustler
I hustle anywhere, any town, any borough, any strip, uh
He's a gambler
I always hold it down, gettin' bankroll in 4, 5, 6 in trips
He's a gangster
I always make the paper and the FBI got me on they list, that's why
He's a Ruff Ryder nigga, Ryde or Die nigga
By the way, did I tell you that my name is Kiss?
And I don't understand how a broke nigga could chill
When a two liter'll dust you so get you a mil
Yes, I got loose ends, poppin' out the sunroof of the blue M
I'm like Lou Sims
And I'ma make sure they hit you wit both shot ties
I think this summer's gon be the most bodies
You never ask a nigga in jail if he chillin'
Just make sure you make all the sales in the building
'Cause now niggas think it's all right to tell
And you could put out some garbage and it might could sell
Alotta niggas be petty and sheist
But that's only til you treat 'em like a video and edit they life
This is a threat, when I talk you listen to death
And if I run out of money then my wrist is a bet
And the streets said they wanted more Kiss

Up north niggas pop me in, and do a hundred more dips
He's a hustler

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He's a gambler
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He's a gangster
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He's a Ruff Ryder nigga, Ryde or Die nigga
By the way, did I tell you that my name is Kiss?
Yo, whether it's dope money or rap money, gamble the shit
Trey pounds of Mauseburgs, handle the shit
Got too big for the city, cops brought in the feds
So we moved across the map and brought in the bread
Niggas chill for a month and a half, no ruckus
Got the pictures of baggers and all of the gun busters
And you know how it go, 'cause it rarely'll change
Everybody got a license and a alias name
We don't smoke when we hustle and none of us talk
Back to back til we home, we can front in New York
'Cause some of us is runnin' from court
Smokin' weed, mumblin' thoughts
Tryin' to stay humble for shorts
We could do this the mob way and kiss you on both cheeks
Or do it the hard way and shoot through your gold teeth
Stand on any block, play cee-lo and craps
And break niggas for they pack money, then give it back, uh
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