Aim 4 The Head

Ruff Ryders

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Let them lames know you ain't playin' with 'em
Shit real, I know how baggin' a whole brick feel
Big deal, hit the garage and switch wheels
My chicks real, with the menage and tip drills
Give me a massage, then show me how them lips feel
I'm shinin' cause I'm clinin' on the strip still
And I grip steel, still keep the clip steel
Everything I spit real, everything I spit ill
Everything I spit sick, for real
When shit switch, ain't shit changed
Like Rick James, I'm rich, bitch
Get change, big chain and wrist gliss
I'm with game, I'ma make cake like this quick
My album went gold in a month, that was a quick flip
Don't say shit, bitch 'cause niggaz with the lip bit
Ain't one in the gun, 'till it go click click
Then I'ma switch clips and squeeze like toothpaste
Palm over my forearm so I could shoot straight
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My objective is to live lavish, rip mad kids
Jin stand out like Swiss ad libs
Compared to me, your shit's average, no matter how you come
Should've been spit on volume one, tell your corner it's time
Throw in the towel, you done
Call up Jimmy, Kevin Lyles, whoever you want
It's a wrap, your career cannot be saved
Fuck makin' a comeback, you ain't Flavor Flav
Before my album dropped, I rocked show for G's
Blowin' trees, while I'm tourin' overseas
Flew to PR, won a quick fifty G's

And I'm still poppin' up on Smack DVD's
Ain't got no platinum plaques for records sold
But if eatin' rappers was sales, I'm seven times gold
Bout to blow, get set for detonation
Speakin' on behalf of the next generation
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No matter what they spit us, I still ain't convinced
Not at all, your brains over the window, make it look like you got red tints
Hope your GT got a bulletproof F R O N T
Pop with them slugs and give a fuck about your Bentley
You a punk and I'm a boss boy, it's the U Cheeks
And I ain't talkin' 'bout that nigga from 'The Lost Boys'
The barrel was too big, you had to see the fall
You had to see that havin' it all was just a casualty of war
I got keys like a chord when I'm swingin' a sword
I could bring you the law, got them things on the fog
We the best and I ain't got to spit a punchline
'Cause I do sit ups all over the track when it's crunch time
Fuck this rap shit, I've been realer, you got thin scrilla
I'll put this machete through the side of your chin chilla
Black hoodie with the matchin' fitted
Don't come up short lil' nigga, we even clappin' midgets
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