

# Ryde Or Die Boyz

Dmx

[yung wun]Man, y'all rap niggas is high fashion  
Flashin, talker, no action  
Read emcees like tv's with captions  
Charts we smash on, guns we blast them  
Spit fire like blow dryers and drag dash on  
Your career won't last long, real name shawn lassiter  
Four words for y'all, f type no passenger  
Flow nastier, man you know what I mean  
And I keep them diamonds shinin blue, yellow, and green  
So the wrist look like a twister mat  
Man, I cock the biscuit back and twist ya cap  
Opps, clipped ya face just missed ya hat  
This go out to those that think this just a rap  
Well mister, address the gat and we'll address ya back  
Nasty, nasty, spittin discusting raps  
And I doubt that cha'll cats can fuck with that  
[chorus:]You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy  
These ryde or die boyz will rough you up  
You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy  
These ryde or die boyz will touch you up  
You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy  
These ryde or die boyz will bust you up  
You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy  
You don't want no drummer boy  
[larsiny]I hate cops, and I like you even less  
I turn your whole block into a bleedin mess  
Niggas talk hard, and get an easy death  
"cause I pop buck shots like I'm ? ? ?  
And I can tell you won't blow, gotta scary finger  
All talk, no show, jerry springer  
I don't care if you a skinny or a burly nigga  
I'ma have ya face lookin like a blurry mirror  
  
We shake your features, y'all make believers  
And the eight'll make you shake like you fake the seizure  
I ball of the scale, break the meter  
And if you ever go to jail, they'll rape and beat'cha  
Hold up, take a breather, I'm way too tough  
Got kicked outta pre-school, played to rough

I straight grew up, I'm still a bully  
Used to take your lunch money now I steal your jewelry  
Ha, okay, okay, okay, okay  
Okay, okay, okay, okay  
[chorus][yung wun]Don't make me reach for these, I got heat to squeeze  
Make your face melt like pizza cheese  
You need to leave, 'cause you don't stand a chance man  
I get greasy like mechanic hands  
Y'all niggas all sweet like candy yams  
Clear blocks outs, hop out the family van  
Lookin like a handy man, with tools on the waist  
Put'choo in the ambulance with two's in your face  
You're a disgrace, you've never been hot  
And I can tell how you talkin you ain't never been shot  
Yo, it's whatever or not, if you want it, it's war  
You can choose what i'ma use, the pump or the four  
Then decide where you gon' die, trunk of the floor  
'cause i'ma tell the law I don't know nothing at all  
I was just walkin my dog and discovered the ball  
A lotta niggas think they hard, this is somethin for y'all  
[chorus]Okay, okay, okay, okay  
Okay, okay, okay, okay  
[chorus]

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