WW III

Shabaam Sahdeeq

Ruff Ryders, Ruff Ryders
Ryde or die, Volume 2
Tugboats, ehh, it's over
It's the second time around, motherfucker, yes
Volume 2, Ryde or die, biatch
Gangsta, nigga an' we gon' rock this motherfucker, you dig me?
We the square root of the motherfuckin' streets!
Double R, you cocksuckin' sons of bitches, yeah
State yo' name, gangsta, Big Snoop Dogg
Where you representin? West coast
You gon' hold it down? Please believe it, nigga
Enough said then nigga, hold up, biatch
Mmm, let's make this official
Shine yo' boots an' load yo' pistols, pull out yo best credentials
'Cause this'll be the official for the ficticial
Doggy Dogg an' Big Swizz'll, nigga, blow the whistle
Smokin' on some bomb-beeda secondhand smoke
Will getcha, hitcha an' make you all get the picture
Dig this, when was the last time you seen me
Posted up, West coasted up an' sippin' on some Remi?
Believe me, it ain't easy been Deezy
Wit these jealous rap niggaz an' these punk ass breezies
Man, I couldn't remember what they told me
When I first came in the game but things done changed
Call it what you wanna, keep the heat up on it
East, Long Beach, California, spinnin' like a 'Tona
Bangin' on the corner, hot like a sauna
So you best to back up off me or I kick this straight up on ya
State yo' name yungsta, Yung Wun
Where you representin'? ATL, shawty
You gon' hold it down? Damn right
Well 'nuff said then, ease up, nigga
Shorty pop a lot, actin' like you got a lot
Wit all that fake ice on his watch, this nigga wanna get got
Comin' to my city wit all that hot shit an' his fake ass click
I'ma put somethin' in him an' bust his wig
I'm on some thugged out shit
You better be strapped, boy, how you love that, boy? Act, boy
I'ma break yo back, boy, wit a bat, boy, where you at, boy?

Hold up I'm cold hearted, damn right I get retarded
I'm a yung 'un an' down here, bitch, I'm the hardest
You can hoot, hide an' talk that shit
I'ma stay low, keep it real an' sho' to come up
But when I bite you gon' feel that there, it's real down here
Watch your mouth, boy, you might get killed down here
I'm a 'Ryde or die' nigga, put somethin' in your eye, nigga
Get beside yourself, it's bye bye, nigga
When it come to glock cockin' an' drop poppin'
I'm the first to hit the block
an" go to war wit the cops, fuck, nigga
State yo' name gangsta, Scarface
Where you representin'? Motherfuckin' South
You gon' hold it down? You goddamn right
Enough said then, nigga
Heidi hoe, Scarface an' Don, pullin' the strings to your alarm
Bringin' terror wit this Baretta, I clutch in my palm
I'm scarin' motherfuckers straight wit mine
Guerrilla tactics, guranteein' my enemy die
It's a worldwide army alert for all soldiers
Either you Ruff Ryde, Ryde Ruff or roll over
It's a stick up, so down on yo knees 'cause I'm sicker
Don't disrespect it, you don't disrespect me, nigga
I'm the one these niggaz call on when negotiations are halted
An' the time comes for the beatin' of the bosses
Make 'em an offer that can't refuse
They don't comply, well now I'm 'bout to stank these fools
I guess these niggaz think they can't be moved
Realize they don't scare niggaz like they thank they do
You fuck wit me, I gots to fuck wit you
World War 3, motherfucker, I thought you knew
State yo' name, gangsta, Jadakiss, nigga
Where you representin'? East coast, dawg
You gon' hold it down? Why wouldn't I?
Enough said then, nigga, let's go
If you fuckin' wit the 'Kiss, you ain't gon' breathe
The only time I lick in the air is New Year's Eve
Sonny from 'Bronx Tale,' you can't leave
Get kissed on yo' cheek, then you meant to die
'Cause when the gun start poppin' then my temperature rise
You know my style, 20 niggaz wit 40 Cals
Nine years ago, you was hollerin', shorty wild
Now I'm in the rap game twistin' these honies out
Never left the crack game, still on a money route
I run through the industry lookin' for enemies

Y'all niggaz sound sick an' Jada the remedy
Get shot in yo' eyes an' mouth
Can't see can't talk when you fuckin' wit the heart of New York
An' that's fouler that swallowin' pork
An' to fuck wit the feds dog
You know I push the prowler to court
Toast on my lap, got the East Coast on my back
How many times must I tell you motherfuckers
We ain't industry niggaz
We 'In the streets' niggaz, you motherfuckin' right
Ruff Ryders forever, yeah, bitch, now what?
Ryde or die, you talk it, we live it, East Coast
So Ryde or die, you want it, we give it, West Coast
So Ryde or die, you start it, we end it, dirty South
So Ryde or die, you talk it, we live it, Midwest
So Ryde or die, you want it, we give it, Ruff Ryders
So Ryde or die, you start it, we end it, biatch
Ruff Ryders, Ruff Ryders

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