

# 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 Deez  
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 than 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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