The Great

Ruff Ryders

Wooh, come on
Wooh, uh, uh, wooh
Come on
WoohMan, I hear you niggas talkin'
But'choo walkin' the wrong way to really mean it
I done heard it, I done seen it, don't get caught up in between it
It's a dark road you walkin' on, same street that I be stalkin' onSuppose to be quiet, but you keep talkin' on
Now ya mouth got you in some shit
So we gon' let everybody see your gangsta ass get smaked like a bitch
Guess I'll remind y'all niggas, I can find y'all niggasClick click, whats up, walk up right behind y'all niggas
Once the four four hit'cha
You ain't going no where but out the door on a stretcha
Boy, I'ma get'chaWet y'all niggas up like a pool
'Cause I done told you
Y'all gon' make me lose my cool
Yo Knock get the glock, these bitch niggas is actin'Making movies, we'll make a movie
About this shit after is happened
All that yappin', that them niggas is gettin' away with
Take it easy my friend, let 'em know, dog ain't to be played withA nigga gotta take the good with the bad
I'm fuckin' with the hood and I'm glad
I wish you understood why I'm mad
'Cause it'd take a lot of pressure of my backA nigga gotta take the good with the bad
I'm fuckin' with the hood and I'm glad
I wish you understood why I'm mad
'Cause it'd take a lot of pressure of my backMost of these hard rocks turn out to be soft as wet dog shit
Talkin' shit, but when the fog spits, dog they all split
Then all hit the ground around the same time
In the same frame of mind, thangs up in the nineLeft them bitches blind, hit 'em up from behind
Yeah, thats how you do that
And he had such a good head up on his shoulders, but I blew that
Fuck you black, you new cats don't know somethin' importantYou die quick fuckin' with my shit, and my shits extortin'
House rules, when I speak, y'all niggas listen
I drop jewels that y'all cats can't afford to keep missin'
Drinkin' [unverified] fueled by drugsShits about to get real outta hand dog, betta get ya man dog
Rap shit comes second, I'ma show you what a robber do
Mention ice one more time and I'm robbin' you
Tie you up for a week starvin' youBeatin' the shit outta you everyday
'Cause yo, these niggas gotta payA nigga gotta take the good with the bad

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'Cause it'd take a lot of pressure of my backA nigga gotta take the good with the bad
I'm fuckin' with the hood and I'm glad
I wish you understood why I'm mad
'Cause it'd take a lot of pressure of my backDog it ain't no secret 'bout how its going down once I put on the pressure
It ain't nothing but another nigga put on a stretcher
With a blanket over his face, take him to the morgue with the waste
'Cause he was in the wrong place at the wrong timeSo I gave it to him in his chest
In his throat, in his head, in his back, through his vest, yes
Ain't a whole lot to braking a nigga down fast
They call me black 'cause that's how I'm gon' be on that assY'all pussy niggas think y'all sweet
But ain't a fuckin' thing going down 'til I eat
So can I beef? You betta while you still got teeth
'Cause they about to get knocked out, hopped outOn that ass with a blast that'll make ya shit drop out
Popped out, through a you know what
'Cause you know why, and you know my
Motherfuckin' name up in this gameAnd bitch, you know I
Will never be crossed flippin'
But on some east coast terms
New York niggas do, fuck the permsA nigga gotta take the good with the bad
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