

# WW III (feat. Yung Wun, Snoop,

## Ruff Ryders

Ruff Ryders, Ruff Ryders  
Ryde or Die, Volume 2(Tugboats, it's over)Ahh hahaha  
It's the second time around motherfucker!  
Volume 2, Ryde or Die, bitch!  
Gangsta nigga and 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, bitch)Mmm, let's make this official  
Shine yo' boots and load yo' pistols  
Pull out yo best credentials cause thislll  
be the official for the fictitial  
Doggy Dogg and Big Swizz'll, nigga blow the whistle  
Smokin on some bomb-beeda secondhand smoke  
will getcha, hitcha, and make you all get the picture  
Dig this, when was the last time you seen me  
posted up West coasted up and sippin on some Remi?  
Believe me, it ain't easy been Deezy (nah it ain't)  
wit these jealous rap niggaz and these punk ass breezies  
Man, I couldn't remember what they told me  
when I first came in the game but thangs done changed  
Call it what you want to, 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 ? on yaState 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 want to get got  
Coming to my city wit all that hot shit and his fake ass click  
I'ma put somethin in him and 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 young'n and down here, bitch I'm the hardest  
You can hoot, hide and talk that shit  
I'ma stay low, keep it real and sho' to come up

But when I bite you gone feel that there, it's real down here  
Watch your mouth boy, you might get killed down here  
I'm a Ride or Die nigga, put somethin in your eye nigga  
Get beside yourself it's bye bye nigga  
When it come to glock cockin and drop poppin  
I'm the first to hit the block and go to war wit the cops fuck nigga State yo' name gangsta (Scarface)  
Where you representin? (Motherfuckin South)  
You gon' hold it down? (You God damn right)  
Enough said then nigga Heidi-hoe! Scarface and Don, pullin the strings to your alarm  
Bringin terror wit this beretta, I clutch in my palm  
I'm scarin motherfuckers straight wit mine  
Guerilla tactics, guranteein my enemy die  
It's 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 disrepect it, you don't disrespect me nigga  
I'm the one these niggaz call on; when negotiations are halted,  
and 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  
Fool, I guess these niggaz think they can't be moved  
Realizie 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 looking for enemies  
Y'all niggaz sound sick and Jada the remedy  
Get shot in yo' eyes and mouth  
Can't see can't talk when you fuckin wit the heart of New York  
And that's fouler that swallowin pork  
And 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, UH How many times must I tell you motherfuckers  
We ain't industry niggaz  
We in the streets niggas! You motherfuckin right!

Ruff Ryders forever, yeah bitch, now what? Ride or die, you talk it, we live it (East COAST!)

So ride or die, you want it, we give it (West COAST!)

so ride or die, you start it, we end it (Dirty SOUTH!)

So ride or die, you talk it, we live it (Mid WEST!)

So ride or die, you want it, we give it (Ruff RYDERS!)

So ride or die, you start it, we end it (Biatch!) Yeah, Double are motherfuckers - Ruff Ryders!

Songwriters

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PHILLIPS

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