Bug Out

Ruff Ryders

Ughhh
Aieyo (ahhhhhhhhh!!!!!!)
These niggaz is crazy baby
They can't fuck wit da dog (ya know)
Yo Swizz
Swizz (my nigga)
Swizz Swizz Swizz
Anotha one? (Swizz)
Anotha one? (Anotha one?)
Are we being greedy??? (Uh Swizz Swizz)
Or what???
I don't think so
Uh
Come on baby
Like you don't know
Da streets is (uh)
To Bad
They'll find yo body
But in pieces (uh)
'Cause the beast is
On some real cruddy shit
About to split yo wig wit some bloody shit
I ain't droppin' nutitn but dat ugly shit (come on)
Bite yo head like I tried yo man

'Cause what you sayin is nuttin(uh huh)
Must really think I'm playin
But I'll be layin
While you bluffin
Look out !!!
Dey don't let dat crook out
I took out
Enough of yo family
To have a fuckin cook out (uh)
For one time we get togetha (uh)
Is it when everyone get hit togetha
Or when I'm in da tent just before they hit da leather
Ima say it so I know how much strength is left
And curse all who will breathe in da stench of death (uh huh)

Though after the sixth day I'm buried
I will rise
And bomb da fluid in my veins and blood in my eyes (uh, uh)
And them guys that was laughin
Don't even smile anymore
How many 4 pound rounds can yo ass indulge?
20 more of that raw strip to da flesh (what?!)
1000 pounds of pressure
Shit that rip through the vest and pull yo chest open
So what da Ruff Ryder possed to do?
When you frontin
Give you niggaz what you wantin
Mufucka...
NUTIN!!

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