

# 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 possessed to do?  
When you frontin  
Give you niggaz what you wantin  
Mufucka...  
NUTIN!!

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