

# Ryde Or Die Boyz (FT. Yung Wun & Larsiny)

## Ruff Ryders

[Yung Wun]

Man! Man! Man! Man! (Larsiny)  
Don't start nuttin ya ass can't finish  
Ryde or Die Boyz gon', COME AND GET WITCHA![Larsiny - S. Lassiter]  
Man, why'all rap niggas is high fashion  
Flashin, talker, no action  
We read emcees like TV's with captions  
Charts we smash on, guns we blast them  
Spit fire like blow dryers and Drag-dash-On  
Your career won't last long, real name Sean Lassiter  
Four words for why'all: F-type no passenger  
Flow nastier, man you know what I mean  
And I keep them diamonds shinin blue, yellow, and green  
So the wrist look like a twister mat  
Man, I cock the biscuit back and twist ya cap  
Opps, clipped ya face just missed ya hat  
This go out to those that think this just a rap  
Well mister, address the gat and we'll address ya back  
Nasty, nasty, spittin disgusting raps  
And I doubt that cha'll cats can fuck with that[Chorus: Yung Wun]  
You don't want no war, you don't want no drama boy  
These Ryde Or Die Boyz will rough you up  
You don't want no war, you don't want no drama boy  
These Ryde Or Die Boyz will touch you up  
You don't want no war, you don't want no drama boy  
These Ryde Or Die Boyz will bust you up  
You don't want no war, you don't want no drama boy  
You don't want no drama boy[Larsiny - Verse Two]  
I hate cops, and I like you even less  
I turn your whole block into a bleedin mess  
Niggas talk hard, and get an easy death  
'cause I pop buck shots like a peasy neck  
And I can tell you won't blow, gotta scary finger  
All talk, no show, Jerry Springer  
I don't care if you a skinny or a burly nigga  
I'ma have ya face lookin like a blurry mirror  
We shake your features, why'all make believers  
And the eight'll make you shake like you fake the seizure  
I ball of the scale, break the meter

And if you ever go to jail, they'll rape and beat'cha  
Hold up, take a breather, I'm way too tough  
Got kicked outta pre-school, played to rough  
I straight grew up, I'm still a bully  
Used to take your lunch money now I steal your jewelry[Yung Wun]  
Ha, okay, okay, okay, okay  
Okay, okay, okay, okay[Chorus]  
[Larsiny - Verse Three]  
Don't make me reach for these, I got heat to squeeze  
Make your face melt like pizza cheese  
You need to leave, 'cause you don't stand a chance man  
I get greasy like mechanic hands  
And why'all niggas all sweet, like candied yams  
Clear blocks outs, hop out the family van  
Lookin like a handy man, with tools on the waist  
Put'choo in the ambulance with two's in your face  
You're a disgrace, you've never been hot  
And I can tell how you talkin you ain't never been shot  
Yo, its whatever or not, if you want it, its war  
You can choose what I'ma use, the pump or the four  
Then decide where you gon' die, trunk of the floor  
'cause I'ma tell the law I don't know nothing at all  
I was just walkin my dog and discovered the ball  
A lotta niggas think they hard, this is somethin for why'allChorus  
[Yung Wun]  
Okay, okay, okay, okay  
Okay, okay, okay, okayChorus

Songwriters

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