Street Team

Ruff Ryders

Listen man, this here is some gangsta shit you know? Real bouncy, hood shit, double R, shit, nigga The best of the best street team You know what it is or how it is Motherfuckers want to act now Keep toast by the waist now Got a block full of crack now Still got to hold the hood down Little chickens want to run around dig dig down Got a clip for the full pound That will put your ass under the ground With a thunderous sound Send heat through your goose down Then I'm blow cool day All over your body Ride or die with me today And when I cook that shook that Ran a roll back In an all black 360 doing 160 Head like sticking move manually She want to know what my stamina be Told the chick real gangstas hard to please Stash hard in the Honda seats You got to know how the game will freeze Especially when you pimp the heat You got to pop that thing Put an ass to sleep Better cock that thing 'cause the walls will creep Niggas think they hot ain't felt the heat Cross spit that shit that will melt the street Cocksucker heres a pack come bump with me Double R in a cell you can't fuck with me You don't want to fuck with me Y'all niggas know who I am Catch you in the parking lot Pull out and pop your top Somebody's got to drop

So what you want to do?

You cannot hide from me My niggas is coming for you Three o'clock on the dot when I plan to plot Ran up in the smoke spot wanna buy a lot Hurry up, shit is hot Can't fuck with me Kill drama with M3's company for bumping me All my niggas own real estate My money can't estimate On the roll you can't tell the time or the day, and date Have your bitch in the back of the Escalade We can make things escalate Pull out, make his man run on him and he had a gun on him Busted you then make the right To cut through the gas station and take the light Can't tell me Ruff Ryders don't make it tight Got to wonder what a Harlem, niggas life is like And I transport keys if the price is right

Then ride back through your hood on a mountain bike Got bullets that will go through your stomach Then come out your head I'm Infrared, you ain't know, I'm about this bread And I wonder what your family gonna do When they pronounce you dead Then come through your hood with Gucci rims on In the six with the rims on Getting head from a bad redbone, bitch That don't mind switching like to fuck with her timbs on You don't want to fuck with me Y'all niggas know who I am Catch you in the parking lot Pull out and pop your top Somebody's got to drop So what you want to do? You cannot hide from me My niggas is coming for you On my block there won't be no coping the bank And depositing the shit, you get my drift? Anything sold I want to get a bank roll You motherfuckers don't want to see these things blow Hanging like Neptunes, oh, no When I pull the four-four Look at the hole that you fell in

I got to spin around to keep the shells in

I ma blast to keep the smell in
Bet you know now, when I rap fast
I might as well slow down
I mean I love when I spin Porsche to hold my horse like
Whooa, now

How many niggas think they can ruff ryde
Because y'all puff lye
Think they can be yelling tough guy
I'm a slim nigga so I'm a make you duck by
Like whoa, listen to a fly bye
Like ch-ch-chhh, nigga why cry?
Don't give a fuck, where your soul want to go

All I care is when I toss this shit, where they gonna go
Watch where this bullet go, past niggas
I'm sick of y'all warm floor ass niggas
Don't got to pump no more passing the picture
While I'm at your funeral just passing your picture

I ain't bad as me

You don't want to fuck with me
Y'all niggas know who I am
Catch you in the parking lot
Pull out and pop your top
Somebody's got to drop
So what you want to do?
You cannot hide from me
My niggas is coming for you
You don't want to fuck with me
You don't want to fuck with me
You don't want to fuck with me

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