

# Down Bottom

## Ruff Ryders

Oh, damn now bop to this oh  
Yeah y'all know what this is  
Flame on Juvenile Drag-On flame on  
And now swizz, swizz beatz, yeah  
Me and my niggaz done licked shots, even done hit cops  
Bet y'all niggaz can't wait till my shit drop  
Treat you like your moma given' lip to pop  
Nigga you don't want my paper drop  
'Cause that means I'm empty, and your full of it  
Check what the bullet did, missiles gonna hit you get you  
Rip through tissue, should have never rhymed this 'cause I miss you  
I make plus cash y'all little niggaz can't fuck wit drag  
Got the chain out so it's bust and grab  
Nigga fuck that you better bust back  
'Fore ya nigga ask back where the vest at  
Rock like a girl but you can't trust cash  
Spit like a fire but you can't touch black  
All you can do is cuss back and read back  
How you bust gats nigga we don't need that  
I don't care about your feed back, y'all niggaz don't feed drag  
Tell a motherfucker pull out bust a bullet out in ya safe house  
Nigga where the keys at nigga?  
Where the stash at nigga? Where the weed at?  
Nigga pass that 'fore I pull my trigger  
Mater fact where the ass at? 'Cause I got the Ruff Ryders  
And I aint talkin' bout my niggaz  
Nigga we can go hoe for hoe, toe to toe, blow for blow  
And when you fell your nose crack  
That mean I broke that I'm fittin' to po-po  
Wit a flame thrower like I told yo' befo', ya know  
You can't handle it you can put me on wax but my fire burn candles  
And who that nigga ruff rydin' Drag-On y'all niggaz and south siders  
Do y'all niggaz bust y'all guns, hell, yeah we bust our guns  
Do you fuck them 'till they cum, damn right we make them cum  
It's for the north, head south, head east, head west  
Ruff Ryders gonna show y'all niggaz who rides the best  
Do y'all niggaz bust y'all guns, hell, yeah we bust our guns  
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Ruff Ryders gonna show y'all niggaz who rides the best  
In the late night, we be cockin' high givin' you stage fright  
Yo' head might explode when I bust with the lead pipe  
And I say right, Juvenile hey tight, stay hype, now page mike  
And make sure he got all the yeah, aight?  
I'm tired of niggaz be thinkin' that you usin' me  
Runnin' with them petty ass niggaz lookin' like fools to me  
I'm workin' wit some change, yeah  
And ain't afraid to put 50 up on ya brain, yeah  
You 'bout warin' over ya people I'm the same, yeah  
Look, I'ma have some body sayin' thats the shame game  
But if them people come they ain't gonna give no names, yeah  
Playin' with the number one son don't play no games, yeah  
Come outside don't see nothin' but camouflage and bricks  
Yo' get some boys strapped with bandannas tryin' knock off yo' shit  
Ya stankin' bitch, I ruff ryde your ass then  
Cashin' for money Juve ain't gettin' nothin', that shit is funny

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When my niggaz get knocked we gonna bail them out  
When it come to my gun my shells is out  
You better get the message 'cause I done mailed it out  
I'ma bang like a hammer and I'ma nail us out  
East, west the right this for my niggaz up north  
My guns made in China so you better dust off  
'Cause when they getcha you gonna be ketchup  
I always got cheddar I never ass bet ya'  
And I won't even sweat ya' we roll much larger and better  
My dough is never low but if drag is down on his last  
I'ma reach in my sweater bet my baretta  
Make a nigga feel heat in cold weather  
Can't stand a nigga hype throw me his bitch  
Bitch come to my shit you betta come get her  
Be like a dog with a bone I run with her  
Y'all make me so tired y'all niggaz still rappin'  
Like y'all don't know my flows fire  
Y'all ain't got y'all boots ain't got y'all suits  
Probaly got a gun that ain't never shoot

When they come you better hope they don't name you  
'Cause like two sticks rubbin' I'll flame you  
Don't try to be me 'cause I ain't you  
'Fore I have your spirits with the angels  
My shorty keep a gun on the ankles  
Wanna fuck, watch out she will bang you  
'Cause I taught her well, y'all players better haul to hell  
But you niggaz couldn't borrow a belt  
Who evers wit you is gonna jail  
Is you niggaz bustin' guns or you ain't bustin' none, ha  
You want to fuck'em till they cum, ha  
Drag-on Juvenile double up what you want, ha  
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