Ryde Or Die (feat. DMX, The Lox, Eve & Drag-On)

Ruff Ryders

Yo if gon' sleep on somethin', might as well be a bed
And if you gon' crack a nigga, might as well be a head
'Cause if you targettin' the L.O.X., you might as as well target a box
That you gon' sleep in' for years, all covered wit rocks'Cause I think not, I pop shots, I double what y'all got
Ya hotshots ain't got blocks, Tu Puta Muchacha
From the days in school, now a motherfucker rule
And I could drop my chain in court, yeah, keeps ya coolThat's how ice be, I'm priceless, the iciest
And I don't gotta wear fatigues to blow out your chest
My bullets thump when I'm laced in some fly shit, punk
The baby nine be on the daily, ain't no poppin' a trunkBut if I pop the trunk, it's to hand you a rag
So you can wipe down the windows on the side of my Jag
Must I brag? My shit paid for, yours tagged
And every bitch you grabbed, Sheek bend 'em backAyo I hope you ain't tongue-kissin' your spouse
'Cause I be fuckin' her in the mouth
Type of nigga buck at your house
Too slick, means she be suckin' my dickAnd before you know it, I'ma have her stuffin' my bricks
Jada, if I kiss you now, you'll die later
I been nice since niggaz was watchin' movies on Beta
Ready to clap, everybody givin' me gats
'Cause believe it or not, we be the ones settin' the trapsYou listen to y'all shit, then listen to our shit
That's the reason now y'all niggaz ain't got shit
Ain't nuttin' y'all faggots could do but gossip
'Cause everytime I turn around y'all on the L.O.X. dick
Niggaz thats narrow, I just smack em wit the barrel
Give it to 'em at the light, like Kane's cousin AbelThe Ruff Ryders, what? The Ruff Ryders
The Ruff Ryders, what? The Ruff Ryders
The Ruff Ryders, what? The Ruff Ryders
The Ruff Ryders, what? The Ruff RydersFuck you and your son, y'all low wit the scum
Show me the money, I'll show you a gun, motherfucker
SP'll spin the corner while you prolly within'
I clap you, I clap him, and that's rule number oneSuckin' my dick, and I don't give a fuck what you spit
Who you are, where you from, and who the fuck you can get
'Cause I sell records, plus I got a jail record
Y'all niggaz ain't sayin' shit until y'all bare weaponsAnd even when you dead, you can still fuckin' get it
A nigga that'll smack ya, fuck around and clap ya
Styles P, your favorite rapper's favorite rapperAin't no surprise niggaz, only fuck wit recognized niggaz
Baby girl want the world, gave ya pies niggaz
No tops, take em in' all shape and size niggaz
No lie, prefer them ready do or die niggazWhat? What you want? Cutey starin' at me like

"Damn, where you from?"
You be comin' at me like "Can I get some?"
Lick your lips for this brown sugar
Suck mine like a thumb, if you want, 'til I cum, uhhThe Ruff Ryders, what? The Ruff Ryders
The Ruff Ryders, what? The Ruff Ryders
The Ruff Ryders, what? The Ruff Ryders
The Ruff Ryders, what? The Ruff RydersI be the D R, A G, dash O N, slash often comma, burnin' niggaz often
They call me Drag-On, I'm hot scorchin'
Keep the block roastin' light a dutch wit the flames comin', toastin'
In my eyes you could see what summer's holdin'Realizin', every guy I'll fry or dead rowdy
I burn to a degree of 130, and my gun dirty
'Cause it got one bury, so you better run
Hurry or catch one earlyYou wrong, tryin' to touch me, what type of shit you on?
You better through your boots on and your unflammable suits on
'Cause I'm comin' through wit a Yukon Black tinted wit gats in it
Catch you while you smokin', send your casket, throw the sack in itBut only half of it, 'cause y'all like half-ass dude
And we are one whole, and y'all niggaz is one slash two
My gun blast you, tryna out the flames, what're you, firemen?
You'll catch a hell of a Backdraft 'cause my fire retirin', alright thenIt's my, survival instinct that keeps my head above the water
Everyday I show another how a lover slaughter
Flood your daughter, full of more holes than spurges
Taxin' businessmen for stocks over lunchesWit these, I shoot the breeze, and extort
Enough keys from the Cuban, to build a fuckin' fort
Caught up in somethin' that I can't control
Tryna get a hold of a bankroll, let's roleCatch bodies like a cold, and I stay slick so face it
Make me chase it, I take your life and erase it
Wasted, in the fuckin' streets 'cause it ain't worth shit
The undertaker take your ass under the earth quickerI love money, but the scrambles hot
So I snatch up my man and the gamblin' spot
Twenty grand is got, when niggaz shot, one nigga less
What used to be his chest is now a mess under his fuckin' vest

Songwriters
Smalls, Mel / Styles, David / Phillips, Jason T. / Jacobs, Sean / Ifill, Ken / Shaw, Ernesto / Smith, Parrish Joseff / Sermon, Erick S / Green, Edward Prince / Clinton, George S / Banks, Ronald / Jeffers, Eve / Simmons, EarlPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/