Ryde or Die Boyz

Ruff Ryders

Man, y'all rap niggas is high fashion
Flashin', talker, no action
Read emcees like TVs with captions
Charts we smash on, guns we blast themSpit fire like blow dryers and drag dash on
Your career won't last long, real name Shawn LassiterFour words for y'all, F type no passenger
Flow nastier, man, you know what I mean
And I keep them diamonds shinin' blue, yellow and greenSo the wrist look like a twister mat
Man, I cock the biscuit back and twist ya cap
Oops, clipped ya face just missed ya hat
This go out to those that think this just a rapWell, mister, address the gat, we'll address ya back
Nasty, nasty, spittin' disgusting raps
And I doubt that cha'll cats can fuck with thatYou don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
These ryde or die boyz will rough you up
You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
These ryde or die boyz will touch you upYou don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
These ryde or die boyz will bust you up
You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
You don't want no drummer boyI hate cops and I like you even less
I turn your whole block to a bleedin' mess
Niggas talk hard and get an easy death
'Cuz I pop buck shots like I'm [Incomprehensible]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 mirrorWe shake your features, y'all make believers
And the eight'll make you shake like you fake the seizure
I ball off the scale, break the meter
And if you ever go to jail, they'll rape and beat'chaHold up, take a breather, I'm way too tough
Got kicked outta pre-school, played too rough
I straight grew up, I'm still a bully
Used to take your lunch money now I steal your jewelryOkay, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay, okayYou don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
These ryde or die boyz will rough you up
You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
These ryde or die boyz will touch you upYou don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
These ryde or die boyz will bust you upDon't make me reach for these, I got heat to squeeze
Gonna make your face melt like pizza cheese
You need to leave 'cuz you don't stand a chance, man
I get greasy like mechanic handsAnd y'all niggas all sweet like candy yams
Clear blocks outs, hop out the family van

Lookin' like a handy man with tools on the waist
Put you in the ambulance with two's in your faceYou'se a disgrace, you've never been hot
And I can tell by how you talkin' you ain't never been shotYo, it's whatever or not, if you want it, it's war
You can choose what I'ma use, the pump or the four
Then decide where you gon' die, trunk or the floor'Cuz 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 y'allYou don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
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You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
These ryde or die boyz will touch you upOkay, okay, okay, okay
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You don't want no drummer boy

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