

# 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 them Spit fire like blow dryers and drag dash on  
Your career won't last long, real name Shawn Lassiter Four 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 green So 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 rap Well, mister, address the gat, we'll address ya back  
Nasty, nasty, spittin' disgusting raps  
And I doubt that cha'll cats can fuck with that You 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 up You 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 boy I 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 mirror We 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'cha Hold 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 jewelry Okay, okay, okay, okay  
Okay, okay, okay, okay You 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 up You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy  
These ryde or die boyz will bust you up Don'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 hands And 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 face You're a disgrace, you've never been hot  
And I can tell by how you talkin' you ain't never been shot Yo, 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'all You 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 up Okay, okay, okay, okay  
Okay, okay, okay, okay You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy  
These ryde or die boyz will rough you up  
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These ryde or die boyz will touch you up You 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 boy

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