

# Ruff Ryders All-Star Freestyle

## Ruff Ryders

Ruff Ryder Three, Time for the younger generation to blow  
You know I brought my nigga with me  
D-Block Hey yo, it's jay hood bitch respect my bars  
The doctors had to piece together your face like a collage  
Niggas always talk breezy till the steel come out  
And slugs rip through their gums and their grill come out  
Motherfuck you and fuck your mans  
If I don't clap you in the dome  
I'm a leave clips in your diaphragm  
I'm the hood prophet  
Puff purple instead of chocolate  
Stay from around chumps and cowards cause they gossip  
And I'm a stay on the corner like stop signs  
With a pack of them creamy colored rocks and the glock nine  
When you speaking of the hardest nigga  
Bring hood's name up  
D Block bitch, we about to have the game chained up  
My words too strong, bars too powerful  
And your towel can't dry you when the dumdums shower you  
Your mad because your garbage and your lyrics is boring  
And your whip was made that same year you was born in Listen man, Don't worry how many gats this crook has  
Just know I stay strapped like book bags  
Bitch is shook ass  
You just getting off the porch  
And me? I'm just getting off in court  
I could make sure your coffin bought  
Why would you mention a burner?  
There is a difference between rap and attempting to murder  
Talking the shit you living and the shit you heard of  
You said fuck Larceny?  
What is you crazy, bitch?  
Before you walk the streets, here's a few safety tips  
Watch who you speaking bout and watch who you speaking to  
The cats you speaking bout could show you what the heat could do  
A respirator is what you'll be breathing through  
And you got beef with who that you need toast  
The closest you came to beef was meat loaf  
When we pose with bats and pea coats  
Y'all niggas better be close To fuck with Cam, y'all bitches better hope and dream

Every gun that I own got a scope and beam  
When I approach the things shake the dice, rook the team  
Best bitch on the east coast since Queen  
Latifah, buy reefer, fly diva  
Ride deeper, four pound bump louder than five speaker  
Spit fire, hot lava flow  
Don't get twisted, I'm not one of them prada hoe's  
Catch me in Escada clothes, with a lot of dough  
That's not mine, it's his  
I need a lot more to live  
You got to get the king before the kid  
How you think a bitch like me afford to live motherfucker? That's a bad bitch, shit you a bad ass nigga,  
It's the younger generation, killing y'all, live, get busy on these niggas Hey look, I'm trying to sell mad gravy  
So I get birds from my crew and make Erykah Badu my "Bag Lady"  
You that crazy? Squeeze, I know you ain't spitting shells  
Your hand shake so much it shows up on the Richter scale  
I made the huskiest niggas look like they had sickle cell  
I don't just sell bricks, dog I got a bitch for sale  
So let me find the nigga that hate us a lot  
No coffin, he get buried in the refrigerator box  
God damn, I'm a hot man  
I'm telling you straight up, I got my weight up  
I'm calling my wrists Roxanne  
Cause if I wore it in a dark room  
You and your man would hate how I look animated like a cartoon  
Bottom line, I'm telling you that you ain't fucking with me  
Hard, nobody guards, you want a shot, come and get me  
I'm not a sucker, nor is any nigga running with me  
And why are y'all balling with wheels if they under fifty  
nigga Lock and blocks the motto  
Got more slow than Dr. Zhivago  
Same mind state that makes a poem rock in Chicago  
But I don't get my gangster from movies  
I'm a rock star, 5 star tellies, running with gangsters and groupies  
Come through and leave a voice sick  
Cause my S-type steers with a joystick  
I'm the heart in my era  
Listen, I lead an autistic life  
Paint pictures with my actions, ain't no margin for error  
My innate features, leave niggas dismayed, speechless  
And please don't mistake weakness for kindness  
I fuck with old timers  
So don't make me forget that you real and catch Alzheimer's  
Motherfucking hoes I spoil them  
Remember, I'm known to break a bitch for reckless eyeballing

The top dog, nigga, I'm the bear truth  
You want to get math?  
Nigga I'm the square root  
The rock star I got mean stash  
You seen case get his thug on  
I strip my bitch and we get our hug on  
She what I put drugs on and get my grub on  
And dog, when you park your car, put your club on  
The next cat I put the snub on  
I'm a clap the gat till it get too hot, and that's with gloves on  
You love drawing, you should go to an art school  
I get my club on with the glow in the dark jewels  
Trees in my shoes, polo in the dark blues  
And I spark tools that the po and the narcs use  
Fuckers, y'all stupid or something  
What's the point in pulling your joint if you ain't shootin at nothing  
Dude, fronting will get you banged in the face  
If you have braces then you know how the banger will taste  
I'm near anything pertaining to cake  
Just copped the blue lighting with the rectangular face  
EasyEasy niggas, matter of fact fuck that go hard,  
Cass' show these niggas how you built,  
grab your guns and bust off, my nigga Yeah my nigga, it's Cassidy bitch, get the name clear  
I'm what you lame steer got the game near  
Buy 'caine by the square, sell it by the o  
I run through snow like a reindeer  
The cool kid, got the coke heads nose red like Rudolf  
I grind on the strip so hard I got blue balls  
I'd rather knock a q off then get blue off  
That's how I stay on my toes like my shoes off  
You dudes are soft, really bitch like Ra Paul  
When's it's war I move out like U-hauls  
I'm a true boss  
I send eight balls to the corner  
My strip like a pool hall  
And I ball like I been in the sport  
My trigger finger itching like it got genital warts  
Don't play around with him boy (why's that)  
Cause Cass is a pain in the ass like hemorrhoids  
Faggot!

Songwriters

MICHAEL DOWELL, ANTHONY FIELDS, JOSHUA HOOD, SEAN M. LASSITER Published by  
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