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-BlockHey 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 inListen 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 closeTo 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 niggasHey 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
niggaLock 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 starI 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 niggaYeah 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!

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