

# Ruff Ryders Anthem

DJ Clue

This thing right here, yeah, yeah  
Is for my peoples in the streets, Swizz Beats  
And this thing right here Ruff Ryders  
Will get your ass off your feet, remix, c'mon They call me, 'Drag On' when it's time to bomb  
I burn 'em all till they all say turn 'em off  
'Cuz these chips I'ma run 'em all chickenheads  
Know I be the Colonel 'cuz I burn eternal mixed wit the inferno So be careful, 'fore I burn you you better learn  
dude, yeah I heard you  
But I'ma hurt you, but you don't know, my versatile is a virtue  
Ruff Ryders be the team, which means a lot cream, lot of schemes  
Lot of beams to make your stock drop, right on the seams Nigga here is too hot and too much for you to touch  
Better tell your man 'cuz I'm too tough indubitably, too dust  
Do you bust? 'Cuz we do you need to ask the people, but quietly  
But they don't believe until they leave violently, is you buying this?  
'Cuz niggaz that purchased is under the dirt kid They call me Drag On, I'm the youngest but get bonkers  
Collabo' wit my dogs from Yonkers  
But this Bronx bomber's spittin' flame  
So you better wear your armor flame on My dogs gon' stop, your dogs gon' drop  
And then we gon' shut 'em down, open up shop  
First we had em like ohh, now they like no  
What baby? That's how Ruff Ryders roll My dogs gon' stop, your dogs gon' drop  
And then we gon' shut 'em down, open up shop  
First we had em like ohh, now they like no  
What baby? That's how Ruff Ryders roll When I pop up, I lock shop up, pull the drop up  
Park a block up, hit the alarm, put the top up  
Stash the 'dro in my sock then pull my sock up  
And keep the burner but if it's hot put my glock up You know what I'm about, slidin' off get my cock sucked  
Or writin' rhymes watchin' Scarface in the hot tub  
Whatchu wanna bet, when I pull it out?  
If you don't shout that every bullet'll go in and out Who you know besides, 'Kiss take the piss in the bottle of  
Crist'  
Then give it to a modelin' bitch  
And you like your watch plain, I'ma flood mine  
Alligator bloodline trained to find coke and bite one time Y'all niggaz ain't hearin' me out, til I pop up  
Appear in your house, clearin' it out, holiday style  
Everybody actin' violent and wild  
Snatch the wife silence the child, that's how we move Kill me my man kill you, that's how you lose  
I Ruff Ryde, I don't like to slide felt that I slipped  
Then the gun's only helpin' the clip and the clip's only helpin' my hand

And like who the fuck is helpin' your man? When I cock back and hop out the van  
Double R, get a job, play the shit in the car  
Hit a party start a fight at the bar, it's natural  
Sell your shit for some coke and get the fuck out of Dodge  
Guess you figured that my niggaz, flippers, pullin'  
triggers  
News team crowd around, tryin' to flick a picture  
Get witcha, this bitch from Illadelph marches quicker  
Nigga not makin' sense better stay up off the liquor  
Blonde bombshell, caramel, heavy spender  
Groups be sayin' I'm they sister, hush ya mouth 'fore I hit ya  
Stickin' in wiseguys, fake thugs and bullshitters  
Take you for a ride, cover up your eye, then I get ya  
Used to be shy, now I'm a Ruff Ryder  
Big niggaz play me close, when they used to ride by her  
Snatchin' up your figures, frontin', know you dig us  
Haters, screamin', "Who that bitch?" Mind your business nigga  
My dogs gon' stop, your dogs gon' drop  
And then we gon' shut 'em down, open up shop  
First we had em like ohh, now they like no  
What baby? That's how Ruff Ryders roll  
My dogs gon' stop, your dogs gon' drop  
And then we gon' shut 'em down, open up shop  
First we had em like ohh, now they like no  
What baby? That's how Ruff Ryders roll  
The X is gonna hit y'all niggaz hard, leave y'all niggaz scarred  
Fuckin' with the Dog when you fuckin' with the God  
Rip y'all niggaz off, faggot niggaz soft  
Remember me from up North, I had you scared to cough  
My name is ringin' bells, in penitentiary cells  
I'm makin' thugs rebel, ain't hard to tell  
You never really wanted it, so the mic you jumped in front of it  
Outta sixteen shots I'ma hit, which one of you niggaz am I gonna get  
Thought you knew what I was gonna spit,  
this time with this rhyme  
But by the end of it, y'all niggaz is gon' be like, "Yo X ripped it"  
Did my thing as usual it's never gon' stop  
Them cat's can't be for real, I got this shit locked  
Is that a game or a joke? Say the name or get smoked  
Simple as that, simple as black, to the throat  
Hit 'em all up to the coat, now you losin' your life  
A dog is a dog for life

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