

## Scenario 2000

Eve

See y'all don't understand us you know  
Ruff Ryderz is a family  
Ruff Ryderz....Ruff Ryderz...Ruff Ryderz  
Lets go...Swizz Beatz

This is the darkest shit sparkest shit  
Hittin wit the hardest shit 'cause before we started shit  
Wit kidz I knew my fuckin friendz all turned against me  
Said fuck it bought me a dog ever since me and my dog has been like this  
He got my back I got his schemin on mad niggaz  
Dats how we do bidz  
It's about time to start another, robbin spree  
'cause yo, my way is highway, robbery  
When I was up north since 16 I was sendin niggaz home in a coffin  
Livin like a orphan, you bad nigga?  
I'll be back to see if you'll be still here  
You know my style will put yo fuckin man, in a wheelchair  
He'll never walk again, on the strength of me  
Dats how I left him G, scared to death of me  
Niggaz cannot run, hit wit da hot one  
From the shotgun, catz was close wondered how we got done...

Yo yo, E-V-E  
My dogz believe in me  
Petty thugz hide yo cake, never teasin me  
I show love to, all my bitches hustlin one'z, tussle wit these  
Makin moves, second to none, I locked it, huh  
Made a sudden move you got bit  
Flooded wit the double R, real street shit  
Da blond hair bandit, you got gunz, hand it  
Turn my face when I bust a cannon  
'cause I don't wear sunblock  
Ask Drag if the fire is hot (Flame On baby)  
Shit pop shellz, fall three feet, roll over and stop  
We warn niggaz that we comin, then we total the block  
We scorn niggaz like they mothers, then we wet up they socks  
Red dot, excapin on a radar, to seashore, then hide out  
And buy out bars till we see far  
In this game, we beat y'all, you got money?  
Keep y'all's, for us be tearin tryin to hide, then tear out fire  
Beat y'all's

And you can come see me if you tryin to  
Get some gramz for the night  
'cause I can get it for you raw, gray, tan or white  
fuck rap yo, I'd rather be plannin the flights  
Somewhere hot on a wave runner, tanning wit dykes  
Blowin the haze, while all of em givin me brains  
One at a time, y'all start from the front of the line  
But everybody wanna contact me, and get wit me  
And still end up bein mad 'cause I charge 50  
And as for you suckaz, you can keep those rapz  
And screw yo awardz, my son can't eat those plaques  
I never was shipped but some thingz I never forget  
Like if you spent three you garanteed to make back six  
Drove the Benz off the lot and just dusted her off  
Tints, rims, stashed, tick the governor off

Even the catz that be hatin still be lovin the dogz  
'cause they know that the double R's comin for war  
Wha

You ain't ready to die, then why should you live?  
'cause when I start bustin the gunz you hidin the kids  
And the Pieer's still ridin wit clips, survivin wit bricks  
We beefin on the 4th you got to die on the 5th  
Like I wasnt hustlin dope or robbin the blocks  
Starvin or not, carvin the cheek, palmin the glock  
I figure which niggga could I watch wit a watch  
I like to knock off my crack then I pull off a heist  
Put it together, double it twice this shit is my life  
Catch me wit a .45, hot pair of Nikes  
And three red dice, like, give me the bank or gimmie yo face  
Gimmie a shank It's Holiday (Uh)  
The hooptie's in the front but the truck is a mile away  
Niggaz wanna ride tommorow when they'll probabaly die today  
'cause da Pio'll hollow the gunz  
Then holla at son (I feel you nigga)  
And when he go to holla back, niggaz swallowin one

Y'all dem bust in them crowd niggaz and hit whoever  
When you should aim for them niggaz that took yo leather  
They right there, but you scared that they gon bust  
Cause they crazy, but crazy niggaz bleed like us  
See I'm one shot thru the heart like Cupid  
Y'all niggaz might be crazy, but y'all not stupid  
It's 99, I'm killin you, woman and kid  
fuck Scarface, watch me, I'm mo action to see  
Than the muthafuckaz that y'all see on T.V.  
And fuck what you heard, check how Sheek get down  
Comes the gun, shit, I'm rhymin wit one on me now  
You neva know, what clown could walk in the studio  
Talkin shit, and there's gon be more than the amps that blow  
I'll pour gas on yo skin and watch yo shit detach  
Wit a book of matches, now dats when you met yo match  
And the worst thing for you is for me to have a gun when I'm thirsty  
I'll turn niggaz more Holy Man, than Eddie Murphy  
And I deal wit mo bricks than that city do in Jersey  
I got call cops niggaz  
I got autops niggaz, that'll bust you and slide  
Wit some of 6-drop niggaz  
Revolver Pop niggaz, easy Ox niggaz, get knocked  
Say I smoked detox niggaz  
Drug program, hit the streetz and cop 56 mo gramz  
Y'all niggaz ain't fuckin wit the fam and dats word

Hey yo boy, whats the difference between fire and water?  
You whether drown or die off torture, cause yo skins of ya  
And watch ya burn off fat, dog I'm off the thermostat  
Could put a comb to my mouth and give yo bitch a perm wit that  
Keep shellz in the envelopes 'cause I'll mail out bullets  
More blood that a riot on a jailhouse footage  
Buck 40, got a extra 20 wit the semi, when it hit you  
You gon do a 360 pretty swiftly  
When I burn you to a crisp you gon be crunchier than chips  
Wit my hand all up in the bag, munchin on this shit  
Bit by bit, clip by clip and every block by block is brick on brick  
So I got knots on knots, got thingz that'll pop yo top  
And double R spot yo block wit 16 shots and watch y'all drop  
And ain't nobody gettin up, lest they in the wheelchair  
Sittin up or spittin up, either way I don't give a fuck