

## Bugout

Ruff Ryders

Aiyyo these niggaz is crazy baby  
They can't fuck with the Dog  
(Ya know)  
Yo swizz, swizz  
(My nigga)  
Swizz, swizz, swizz

Another one?  
(Swizz)  
Another one?  
(Another one?)  
Are we bein' greedy or what?  
I don't think so

C'mon baby, like you don't know these streets is, that bad  
They'll find yo' body but in pieces  
'Cause the beast is on some real cruddy shit  
About to split yo' wig with some bloody shit

I ain't droppin' nuttin' but that ugly shit  
(C'mon)  
Bite yo hand like I tried yo man 'cause what you sayin' is nutt  
in'  
Must really think I'm playin' but I'll be layin' while you bluf  
fin'  
Look out, they done let that crook out, and I took out  
Enough of yo' family, to have a fuckin' cookout

But what kind of get-  
together, is it when everyone get hit together  
Or when I'm in the chair, just before they hit the leather  
(C'mon)  
I'ma say it, 'til I know, how much strength is left  
And curse all who will breathe in the stench of death

Though on the sixth day after I'm buried I will rise  
Enbalmin' fluid in my veins and blood, in my eyes  
And them guys that was laughin' don't even smile anymore  
How many four-pound rounds can yo' ass endure?

Twenty more, of that raw, stripped to the flesh  
(What)  
A thousand pounds of pressure  
Shit that rip through the vest and pull yo' chest  
But what's a Ruff Ryder supposed to do, when you frontin'?  
Give you niggaz what you wantin', muh'fucker, nuttin'