

# Kiss Of Death

Ruff Ryders

AHH!!

They tryin-they comin' for my head po (uh)  
They're tryin' to put pressure on a nigga  
Huh, short notice (uh-huh)  
Got sumpin' for them niggaz though (uh-huh)  
Yo

I'm like the Dow Jones of rap, my stocks is high  
And it never was all of, so stop the lies  
Mothafuckas'll blow your brains out, and watch you bleed  
The same niggaz that you trust, let 'em watch your seed  
You got a dead niggaz, money don't stop the greed  
That's why now I gotta rock my vest, pop my 3  
And whoever die first, may god forgive  
the nigga who lives, sometimes you gotta handle your biz  
To my niggaz when I die, keep inhalin' the lye  
And come to my wake high, when your tellin' me bye  
What goes around comes around, am I comin' or goin'?  
All i'm tryin' to do is leave you numb, gunnin' or flowin'  
I might cock-back the gauge, and start shootin' at 'cha people  
I'm lookin for the devil 'cuz money's the root of evil  
And 'Kiss won't be happy 'til my bezel look see-thru  
Until I flood N-Y with pediquo and diesle  
Catch me with the top, off my whip  
Bust my gun while it's still tucked so you could hop, off my dick  
I run with a few parolees, all thieves, that rocks ice  
Blue pacholies and rolies  
At the mob meetin', keep quite when the God speakin'  
Squeeze my joint, 'til my mothafuckin' palm squeakin'  
And nevermind who the lox'll sign to (that's right)  
What difference do it make nigga?  
Just listen to the tape nigga (c'mon)

Jay to the mmwaa, hustle coke, ryde or die (uh)  
Kiss hand-wash money, let it drip dry (uh-huh)  
Jay to the mmwaa, keep cowards on their toes (yeah)  
Kiss push the drop, rock the ice, get the hoes (uh)  
Jay to the mmwaa got the smash on the block (uh-huh)  
Kiss got the label's tellin' niggaz not to drop (tell 'em)  
Everthing you get (uh-huh), you really don't expect (naw)  
'Cuz when you Jay to the mmwaa, you kiss to the death

Yeah, Yo, Yo

I wanna know, is the promise land heaven or hell?  
'Cuz the niggaz that made promises, most of them fell  
If you hungry, then I got some niggaz servin' the shells  
With no sauce, and they silver, only take one to kill you  
It's a small world, so you better guard your secrets  
And it's easy to get money, but it's hard to keep it  
Never was the one that like to hound no bitch  
All I do is try to keep niggaz around me rich  
Screw all-a-y'all cowards, I consider you lames  
Had to save my lunch money just to get in the game  
That was back when I used-ta have a mean back-spin  
And no mack-10, it was just bats then  
U know, beat a nigga down, take his rope  
Now we-a, heat a nigga down, take his coke

And you can call me if you wanna bye them thangs  
I get 'em half-price 'cuz papi know my name  
Call me, Jay to the mmwwaa  
And everything you got in your livin room, I got in my car  
'Cept for the bar  
I try to put a little money away  
'Cuz you know they say, tommorrow ain't promised today  
Either bubblin' or strugglin', nuttin between  
Or have a grimie nigga like me, fuckin' ya Queen  
And the Kiss only do shit with niggaz I know (that's right)  
And the outside nigga can't fuck up my flow (c'mon)

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Uh