

# My Name Is Kiss

Ruff Ryders

Yo, yo, I know niggas wit honor and will  
That'll still crush the blow up and then pass they mama the bill  
So I'ma always be able to burn my strip  
'Cause my bags be stuffed and I burn my tips  
And it ain't no tellin' what the snub'll do  
So when y'all go and cop S's cop one for your mother too  
And I'm way better than them other dudes  
But I'm stuck wit, what I'm stuck wit, 'cause I don't suck dick

Sat with the players and I stood with the coaches  
And I'ma always be in the hood like roaches  
Flow is ferocious, dough is ferocious  
Two guns by each lung with no holsters  
And I control all the fish scale in the city  
And still make your first week sales look pretty  
I come through, all you hear is chip in the muffler  
And you could ask anybody if the Kiss is a hustler

He's a hustler  
I hustle anywhere, any town, any borough, any strip, uh  
He's a gambler  
I always hold it down, gettin' bankroll in 4, 5, 6 in trips  
He's a gangster  
I always make the paper and the FBI got me on they list, that's why  
He's a Ruff Ryder nigga, Ryde or Die nigga  
By the way, did I tell you that my name is Kiss?

And I don't understand how a broke nigga could chill  
When a two liter'll dust you so get you a mil  
Yes, I got loose ends, poppin' out the sunroof of the blue M  
I'm like Lou Sims  
And I'ma make sure they hit you wit both shot ties  
I think this summer's gon be the most bodies  
You never ask a nigga in jail if he chillin'  
Just make sure you make all the sales in the building

'Cause now niggas think it's all right to tell  
And you could put out some garbage and it might could sell  
Alotta niggas be petty and sheist  
But that's only til you treat 'em like a video and edit they life  
This is a threat, when I talk you listen to death  
And if I run out of money then my wrist is a bet  
And the streets said they wanted more Kiss  
Up north niggas pop me in, and do a hundred more dips

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Yo, whether it's dope money or rap money, gamble the shit  
Trey pounds of Mauseburgs, handle the shit  
Got too big for the city, cops brought in the feds

So we moved across the map and brought in the bread  
Niggas chill for a month and a half, no ruckus  
Got the pictures of baggers and all of the gun busters  
And you know how it go, 'cause it rarely'll change  
Everybody got a license and a alias name

We don't smoke when we hustle and none of us talk  
Back to back til we home, we can front in New York  
'Cause some of us is runnin' from court  
Smokin' weed, mumblin' thoughts  
Tryin' to stay humble for shorts  
We could do this the mob way and kiss you on both cheeks  
Or do it the hard way and shoot through your gold teeth  
Stand on any block, play cee-lo and craps  
And break niggas for they pack money, then give it back, uh

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