

Ruff Ryders 4 Life

Ruff Ryders

Ruff Ryder for life (hey)
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I'm on my new shit
you ain't listening good
I pull out the hawk use it as a q-tip
shot gun up in ya nostrils I'm hostile
D-block totally apostle but no church's
lay you out is my soul purpose
Light a blunt hear the ghost out
I could make ya soul surface
Here's my philosophy I ain't really chillin
til I'm looking out the windows and see deers on the property
rabbits hopping around habit's popping pound
lighting blunts constantly ain't no time for me
SP the war lord take ya jaw off wit a saw-off sawed off
Top floor or the waldorf bagging the yay
we stil trying to get a wagon a today
This is D-block nigga holiday Styles
and I never put my magnum away (hey)

My yak, My cups, My niggaz, My ice, Ruff Ryder 4 Life (hey)
My dutch, My haze, My spot, My light, Ruff Ryder 4 Life (hey)
My money, My house, My Car, My Ice, Ruff Ryder 4 Life (hey)
My niggaz Ryde or die side by side by side, you know why Ruff Ryder 4 Life (hey)

It a shame what the game has come to
The pen got a lot niggaz under the same pressure, the gun do
I understand you living but not that life
and stop it you just aight you not that nice
nigga I pack arenas pack the ninas
twenty thou worth of fabric pack the cleaners
and I just can't say it any clearer
only nigga that'll give it to me is the man in the mirror
They hate it but they love it in exchange
Piped out the denim seat covers in the Range
Wiped out all the above slots, I'm never gon' cool off
Nigga I'm dumb hot, I get it in one whop
My man said I need a one to three, he illin
All I need is another 1 in 3 million
Oh yeah it's nothin to murk you
I realize it really ain't worth it when I'm puffin the purple (hey)

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I don't rely on my voice to hold me
I spit don't promise niggaz shit can't a gangsta fold me
I bring it to the hardest nigga in ya crew
baby nine that let off like a miniature ooz
we could let it ratta - tatta climb the fire escape ladder
Dump out watch muh'fuckers scatter

Lose bladder, piss in ya favorite jeans
Niggaz make-up more shit than Maybeline
The Vince McMahon, Ted DeBiase
Thirty of Courvoise', blunt in my mouth
Crack in the streets weed bags bustin out
Dime bitches that I'm fuckin wanna curse me out
Hatin niggaz in the hood wanna hearse me out
Fuck 'em, come do it, the rifle is antique
knife on the tip glorying niggaz
got connects with some old civil warrior niggaz lets go

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