

## 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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(hey)