

# Ryde Or Die

Ruff Ryders

Yo if gon' sleep on somethin', might as well be a bed  
And if you gon' crack a nigga, might as well be a head  
'Cause if you targettin' the L.O.X., you might as well target a box  
That you gon' sleep in' for years, all covered wit rocks

'Cause I think not, I pop shots, I double what y'all got  
Ya hotshots ain't got blocks, Tu Puta Muchacha  
From the days in school, now a motherfucker rule  
And I could drop my chain in court, yeah, keeps ya cool

That's how ice be, I'm priceless, the iciest  
And I don't gotta wear fatigues to blow out your chest  
My bullets thump when I'm laced in some fly shit, punk  
The baby nine be on the daily, ain't no poppin' a trunk

But if I pop the trunk, it's to hand you a rag  
So you can wipe down the windows on the side of my Jag  
Must I brag? My shit paid for, yours tagged  
And every bitch you grabbed, Sheek bend 'em back

Ayo I hope you ain't tongue-kissin' your spouse  
'Cause I be fuckin' her in the mouth  
Type of nigga buck at your house  
Too slick, means she be suckin' my dick

And before you know it, I'ma have her stuffin' my bricks  
Jada, if I kiss you now, you'll die later  
I been nice since niggaz was watchin' movies on Beta  
Ready to clap, everybody givin' me gats  
'Cause believe it or not, we be the ones settin' the traps

You listen to y'all shit, then listen to our shit  
That's the reason now y'all niggaz ain't got shit  
Ain't nuttin' y'all faggots could do but gossip  
'Cause everytime I turn around y'all on the L.O.X. dick  
Niggaz thats narrow, I just smack em wit the barrel  
Give it to 'em at the light, like Kane's cousin Abel

The Ruff Ryders, what? The Ruff Ryders  
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Fuck you and your son, y'all low wit the scum  
Show me the money, I'll show you a gun, motherfucker  
SP'll spin the corner while you proddy within'  
I clap you, I clap him, and that's rule number one

Suckin' my dick, and I don't give a fuck what you spit  
Who you are, where you from, and who the fuck you can get  
'Cause I sell records, plus I got a jail record  
Y'all niggaz ain't sayin' shit until y'all bare weapons

And even when you dead, you can still fuckin' get it  
A nigga that'll smack ya, fuck around and clap ya  
Styles P, your favorite rapper's favorite rapper

Ain't no surprise niggaz, only fuck wit recognized niggaz  
Baby girl want the world, gave ya pies niggaz  
No tops, take em in' all shape and size niggaz  
No lie, prefer them ready do or die niggaz

What? What you want? Cutey starin' at me like  
"Damn, where you from?"  
You be comin' at me like "Can I get some?"  
Lick your lips for this brown sugar  
Suck mine like a thumb, if you want, 'til I cum, uhh

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I be the D R, A G, dash O N, slash often comma, burnin' niggaz often  
They call me Drag-On, I'm hot scorchin'  
Keep the block roastin' light a dutch wit the flames comin', toastin'  
In my eyes you could see what summer's holdin'

Realizin', every guy I'll fry or dead rowdy  
I burn to a degree of 130, and my gun dirty  
'Cause it got one bury, so you better run  
Hurry or catch one early

You wrong, tryin' to touch me, what type of shit you on?  
You better through your boots on and your unflammable suits on  
'Cause I'm comin' through wit a Yukon Black tinted wit gats in it  
Catch you while you smokin', send your casket, throw the sack in it

But only half of it, 'cause y'all like half-ass dude  
And we are one whole, and y'all niggaz is one slash two  
My gun blast you, tryna out the flames, what're you, firemen?  
You'll catch a hell of a Backdraft 'cause my fire retirin', alright then

It's my, survival instinct that keeps my head above the water  
Everyday I show another how a lover slaughter  
Flood your daughter, full of more holes than spurses  
Taxin' businessmen for stocks over lunches

Wit these, I shoot the breeze, and extort  
Enough keys from the Cuban, to build a fuckin' fort  
Caught up in somethin' that I can't control  
Tryna get a hold of a bankroll, let's role

Catch bodies like a cold, and I stay slick so face it  
Make me chase it, I take your life and erase it  
Wasted, in the fuckin' streets 'cause it ain't worth shit  
The undertaker take your ass under the earth quicker

I love money, but the scrambles hot  
So I snatch up my man and the gamblin' spot  
Twenty grand is got, when niggaz shot, one nigga less  
What used to be his chest is now a mess under his fuckin' vest