

## And I Came To...

Styles P

Turn it up (turn it up)  
Swizz Beats the monster  
(Fix ya face, Ruff Ryders)  
Let's do it  
(D-Block) E-V-E, Styles P. and Sheek  
(Whats up, whats up)  
Let's do it

Walk wit ya nigga, hawk wit ya nigga  
I came to shut it down  
Ski mask and four pound  
Baby grenades, we deep like baby parades  
D-Block I'm goin' sharpen ya blades  
Let's get it on  
Videos with bullets flying through Korn  
Blow! Footage turn ya camcords on  
It's the underground nigga with bricks, nigga with dough  
A nigga fucking all y'all chicks, you know  
I'm a gangster and a gentleman too, P  
I'll lay a nigga down and send his moms a bouquet for free  
I could start a pet store with these birds  
I'm the rap Donald Goines with words  
Still rob y'all herbs (And I came to)  
Hit the club on my dick, light up a blunt  
Thug a bitch out, I got the mud in the front  
I got the flight jacket, came with wings  
When I chase you to the roof  
Clappin' at ya ass with one of them things

I gots to live by my pride  
'Cause I came to Ruff Ryde or die  
And I gots to shut down ya name  
'Cause I came to shut down the game  
And I gots to hold down this heat  
'Cause I came to hold down ya streets  
And I gots to make sure I drop yo ass  
'Cause I came to D-Block all ya cash

Yo, I was determined to sell  
And not because I'm just a bunny with a fluffy tail  
Had to prove that I could live hard and spit hard  
Just a bonus that I'm cute and get ya dick hard  
See, I ain't never lettin' mine go  
I'ma be here forever with my dogs as the time go  
And I know we makin' niggas sick  
We in they face everyday every way and they can't handle it  
Streets choosin' Double are realest niggas out no confusion  
Cats don't want it over here--have you heard  
S.P. ain't for games little boy lesson learned  
I suggest you stay far from my nigga's face  
Hop back go hard all day in a nigga's face  
You see, you cowards ain't a threat to us really  
Just figured that we let you know that testin' us is silly  
Good luck, y'all, naw forreal, fuck why'all

I live by my pride, I could never be broke  
I'ma Ruff Ryde or die catch me bein' with dope

Smokin' weed in the hoopty with the three in the coat  
'Cause my ace boon-koon got a connect  
Told me send a hundred bundles to the day room soon  
If the shit go right, he know that it will  
We'll be cash, he'll be movin' straight weight through June  
But back to this rap shit who thug it the most  
It'll take the whole coast just to fuck with the ghost  
He done shut down the game, shit on ya name  
If you ain't hold down the street or bust off ya heat  
Then me and you is different, we ain't get it the same  
And I represent niggas who live it, keep askin' for it  
And I represent niggas who give it  
This a D-Block Ruff Ryder, Holiday Styles  
Cock sucker and I don't give a fuck about you