

I'm A Ruff Ryder

Styles P

Talk, Holiday Styles, S-P or whatever you choose
A pound of weed, four guns and a liter of booze
Chew niggas out they shoes, what
Come and fuck with me, I can guarantee you'll be makin' the news
P flows like no nigga, twenty-six but I'm a old nigga
Don't make me fuck around and show niggas
How to leave a room flat, twenty niggas dead
No money, no jewels, bullets in they head
Ain't a nigga you know could fuck with the god
I said that was just a hobby, gun bustin' the job
But the sickest niggas out is the bitchest niggas out
And I could take em on the street and straight whip 'em in the house
Come through in the prettiest Porshe, the grittiest wars
State gotta talk till the city get hoarse
I'm the icin' on the cake, gangsta of the state
Guns, money you wait, who you fuckin' wit' dog?

Uh, I'm a Ruff Ryder
Weed smokin, gun totin' heroin supplier
I'm a Ruff Ryder
On the low dog, no phone calls, got my shit wired
I'm a Ruff Ryder
Bust for my niggas, shh, hush for my niggas, all of us survivors
I'm a Ruff Ryder
You got a gun on you, I got a gun on me, both of us could fire

I just deal with the tension and stress
Understand I'm from the School of Hard Knock and my suspension is death
I keep the P-89 twenty shot in the coat
Better squeeze soon as you see me, you plottin to loat
I'm a little more than itchy
Motherfucker, when it's time to splatter your mask I burst your kidneys
So go head and get your sons on me
Like I give a fuck, like I'm givin' up I got four guns on me
Get down and dirty, all by my lonely
I leave your brains on your block all around your homies
Live by the code of honor, stay holdin' armor
I treat beef like a album I promote the drama
Stay bustin' a hammer, sweatin' a smile
And I make sure these motherfuckers'll regret when I'm wildin'
I'm the hustler on the block
With money on his mind and some bricks in his hand, P can't be stopped, what

You're dealin' with the ghost of the past
You could sleep if you want, and get fucked with this toast in your ass
I'm the gangsta and a gentleman, I hope you the best
And tell you play the front seat and then choke you to death
Throw the gun to the chair try to open your chest
Get blood on the driver's face, window and dash
Burn the car with the body in it, bring you to ash
I get down on a hit like I'm Sigel the cold
That nigga sniffed up yo coat I could bring you his nose
If he stole money from you P could bring you his hands
The nigga talk too much I bring the ears of his fans
Need weed to calm down, need money to leave light
Fuck a watch cause my time is tickin'
Fuck a chain I'm already hangin'

Fuck a gang I'm already bangin'
Robbin niggas is my only form of steady payment
Play it sweet I might be in your house
L-O-X black mob Holiday and I'm out
What, bitch

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I'm a Ruff Ryder, uh, fagots