

Ruff Ryders' Anthem (Re-Recorded)

DMX

DMX: Somethin' new.:
Stop, drop, shut 'em down open up shop
Oh, no
That's how Ruff Ryders roll Niggaz wanna try, niggaz wanna lie
Then niggaz wonder why, niggaz wanna die
All I know is pain
All I feel is rain
How can I maintain, with madd shit on my brain
I resort to violence, my niggaz move in silence
Like you don't know what our style is
New York niggaz the wildest
My niggaz is wit' it
You want it? come and get it
Took it then we split it
You fuckin' right we did it
What the fuck you gonna do, when we run up on you
fuckin' wit' the wrong crew, don't know what we goin' thru
I'ma have ta show niggaz how easily we blow niggaz
When you find out there's some more niggas, that's runnin with your niggaz
Nothin' we can't handle, break it up and dismantle, light it up like a candle
just cause I can't stand you
Put my shit on tapes, like you bussin' grapes
Think you holdin weight? Then you haven't met the Apes
Is ya'll niggaz crazy?
I'll buss you and be swazy
Stop actin' like a baby, mind your business lady
Nosy people get it too, when you see me spit at you
you know I'm tryin' ta get rid of you
Ya I know it's pitiful
That's how niggaz get down
Watch my niggaz spit round
Make ya'll niggaz kiss ground, just for talkin' shit clown
Oh you think it's funny then you don't know me money It's about to get ugly, fuck it dog I'm
hungry
I guess you know what that mean, come up off that green
Five niggaz or a fiend, don't make it a murder scene
Give a dog a bone, leave a dog alone
Let a dog roam and he'll find his way home
Home of the brave, my home is a cage
and yo I'ma slave til' my home is the grave
I'ma pull capers, it's all about the papers
Bitches talkin' paper then how they wanna rape us

Look what you dun started
Asked for it, you got it
Had it, should have shot it
Now your dearly departed
Get at me dog, did I rip shit with this one here I flip shit
Niggaz know when I kick shit
It's gonna be some slick shit
What was that look for, when I walked in the door
Oh you thought you was raw, boom not anymore
Cause now you on the floor, wishin you never saw me walk
through that door, with that 4 4
Now it's time for bed
Two more to the head, got the floor red
Yea that nigga's dead
Another unsolved mystery, It's goin' down in history
Niggaz ain't never did shit to me Bitch ass niggaz can't get to me
Gots to make the move, got a point to prove
Got a make'em grove, got'em all like ooh
So to the next time, you hear this nigga rhyme
Try to keep your mind, on gettin pussy and crime

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>