

Ryde or Die (feat. The Lox, DMX, Drag-On & Eve)

Ruff Ryders

(Sheek)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 aint got blocks,? llabuta? 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 dont 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, aint no poppin a trunk
But if I pop the trunk, its 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

(Jadakiss)Ayo I hope you aint 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
Ain't nuttin y'all faggots could do but gossip
That's the reason now y'all niggaz ain't got shit
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 AbelChorus: repeat 4X The Ruff Ryders! (What?)

The Ruff Ryders

(Styles)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 prolly within
I clap you, I clap him, and thats rule number one
Suckin my dick, and I dont 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(Eve)Aint no surprise niggaz, only fuck wit
 recognized niggaz
 Babygirl 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, uh-hh-Chorus-(Drag-On)I be the D-R, A-G, dash
 O-N, slash often Comma, burnin niggasz 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, aight then(DMX)Its 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 spurges
 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 cant 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 unbder the earth quick,
 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
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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