

Psychopathic Rydas, Nobody In This Game

All ya'll young mutha f**kers comin in the game
Think ya'll gonna change this shit
We the muthaf**kin' Rydas bitch
That's mutha f**kin' Cell Block
That's Bullet
That's Lil' Shank
That's Foe Foe
And that's Full Clip

Thats five muthaf**kin' Rydas for life bitch
Foe Foe bring the heat

When I speak I make the walls all crumble
Sittin' in the 6-55 with the bumble
Niggas haul off for a block of the cheese
Pop a weak nigga right in his knees
So will I die (bitch please)
Gettin G's by any means nessesary
That's why my cousin doin' time and my dogs got barried
Ya'll bitches is afraid of da game
Sittin' posted on the corner and sayin'
Makin' money, f**k the fame
Insane in the brain and quick to pull a gat
So quick to lay your punk-ass flat
I'm the poster boy for car jacks
And my name is Foe Foe
Anybody got a problem with me
Bring it to my door
And I'ma let my gun unload
And watch tha back of your muthaf**kin' head explode
I'm from tha streets where you hustle for your rep
Anbody wanna step they gon catch it you can bet
It ain't nobody in this game that hold it down like us
It ain't nobody in this game even close to us
It ain't nobody in this game that'll bust like us
It ain't nobody in this game nigga, game nigga

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Bitch I'm Full Clip
But you can call me Dream Cast
Ahead of the game so far #1 looks last
See tha gat blast, hear lead whistle by ya ear
Deaf by the sound, vision blinded by the glare of a roller
Dusted the f**k down in ice chips
Hatchet representin' in the window of the black
F**k a grip and them bustas get no love
Rydas run this muthaf**ka throw ya hatchets up

Ain't nobody in this game worth speakin' about
Cause the Psychopathic Rydas always freakin' them out
We be like hustlin po po's and we slang them bobos
Leavin' muthaf**kers missin' like the electrifyin Mojo
Killas don't talk but we be quick to lay them out
And then appear at your funeral like what you cryin' about
We dressin' up all in black, we pack a hoodie attack
And leave you layin' on the floor like a gorrilla came in an broke your back

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You couldn't see a f**kin' thug with a microscope
And there ain't a crew in the industry half as dope
As Rydas be Foe Foe on the side of me
Mashin' out of control and reachin' the vicinity
Witness real G's with real rhythm and real rhyme
And we takin over hoods one block at a time (Ryde wit me)
Well hold on before you fold up
And get loked that's when the niggas grab the sawed off
Time to set some shit off take a pull of the blunt
Hold the smoke till a muthaf**ka cough
Chinky eyed sittin' in a hoopty ride
Thinkin' to my Somebody Gone Die!!
Now which one of ya'll wanna catch the slugs
I represent the unity of five heartless thugs
And we take what we want be it money or drugs
Can't nobody in da game even f**k with us

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