

Ruff Ryders, WWIII - Featuring Yung Wun, Snoop

Ruff Ryders (ruff ryders)

Ryde or die, volume 2

Tugboats

It's over...

(laughing)It's the second time around mutherfucker (yeah)

Volume 2, ryde or die, bitch

Gangsta nigga

And we gonna rock this motherfucker, you dig me (for sure baby)

We done square rooted the motherfucking streets (for sure baby)

Double R, you cock sucking sons of bitches (yeah)

State your name gangsta

Big Snoop dogg (bow wow)

Who ya representin

West coast

You gonna hold it down

Please believe nigga

Enough said then nigga

(beyatch)

Let's make this official

Shine your boots and load your pistols

Pull out your best crudentials

Cuz this'll, be the official for the fake tissue

Doggy dogg and big Swizz'll, nigga blow the whistle

Smoke it on some bomb beat and second hand smoke will get ya, hit ya

And make ya all get the picture

Dig this, when was the last time you seen me

Posted up, west coasted up and sippin on some green meat

Believe me, it ain't easy being D'zy

With these jealous rap niggas and these punk ass freezies (fuck em)

Man, I couldn't remember what they told me

When I first came in the game, but things done changed

Call it what you want it, keep the heat up on it

Eastside California, spinnin like a 'tona

Banging on the corner, like a 'sona

It be best to back up off a boy and put this up on ya

State your name youngster

Yung Wun

Where you representing

A-T-L, shorty

You gonna hold it down

Damn right

Well, enough said then

It's up, man nigga tell ya something

Shorty pop a lot, acting like he got a lot

With all that fake ice on his watch, this nigga wanna get got

Coming to my city with all that hot shit and his fake ass cliq

I'm gonna put something in him, bust his wig, I'm on some thugged out shit

He better be strapped boy, how ya like that boy

Hey boy, I'm gonna break your back boy, with a bat boy

Where ya at boy, hold up, I'm cold hearted

Damn right, I get retarded

I'm a young one, and down here, bitch I'm the hardest

Shoot the shoot, hide and talk that shit

I'm gonna stay low, keep it real and show then come up

But when I bite, you gonna feel that there, it's real down here

Watch your mouth boy, you might get killed down here

I'm a ryde or die nigga, I'll put something in your eye nigga

Get beside them here, it's fly bye nigga

When it come to glock cocking and drop popping

I'm the first to hit the black and go to war with the cops, fuck nigga

State your name gangsta

Scarface

Where your representing

My motherfucking self

You gonna hold it down
You god damn right
Enough said then nigga
Hi-ho Scarface and Dogg whippin this streets against the law
Bringing terror with this beretta, I clutch in my paw
I'm scared motherfuckers, scrape with mine
You will attack, that's what you get, my enemies die
It's a worldwide story, for all soldiers
Even if Ruff Ryders ryde ruff or roll over
It's a stickup, said down on your knees cuz I'm sick-up
If disrespected, you don't disrespect me nigga
I'm the one these niggas call on
When they go to cases are halted and the time come for beatin up the bosses
Make them an offer they can't refuse
They don't comply, when I walk out they stack these fools
I guess these niggas think they can't be moved
Realized it those dead niggas like they think they do
You fuck with me I gots to fuck with you
World war three, motherfucker, I thought you knew
State your name gangsta
Jadakiss nigga
Where you representing
East coast dog
You gonna hold it down
Why wouldn't I
Enough said then nigga
Let's go
If you fucking with the kiss, you ain't gonna breathe
The only time I lick in the air is new years eve
Sonny from Bronxdale you can't leave
Get kissed on your cheek then your meant to die
Cuz when the gun start poppin and my temperature rise
You know my style, twenty niggas with forty cal
Nine years ago you was hollering when shorty wild
Now I'm in the rap game twisting these honies out
Never left the crack game, still on the money route
I run through the industry looking for enemies
Y'all niggas sound sick and Jada the remedy
Get shot in your eyes and your mouth
Can't see can't talk when you fuckin with the heart of New York
And that's foul in then swallow the pulp
And then fuck with the feds dog, you know I push the prowler they caught
Toast on my lap, got the east coast on my back
How many times must I tell you motherfuckers (yeah)
We ain't in-du-stry niggas, we in-the-streets niggas
Ruff Ryders forever, now what
(chorus:) Ryde or die, you talk it, we live it
So ryde or die, you want it, we give it
So ryde or die, you start it, we end it
So ryde or die, you talk it, we live it
(repeat chorus)(hollering then fade to end)