

The Lox, Ryde Or Die

(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 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, ya punta muchacha
From the days in school, now a motherf**ker 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 f**kin 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 Harold

Chorus: repeat 4X

The Ruff Ryders! (What?) The Ruff Ryders

(Styles)

F**k you and your son, y'all low wit the scum
Show me the money, I'll show you a gun, motherf**ker
SP'll spin the corner while you parle' with dun
I clap you, I clap him, and thats rule number one
Suckin my dick, and I dont give a f**k what you spit
Who you are, where you from, and who the f**k 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 f**kin get it
A nigga that'll smack ya, f**k around and clap ya
Styles P., your favorite rapper's favorite rapper

(Eve)

Aint no surprise niggaz, only f**k 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 come, uh

-Chorus-

(Drag-On)

I be the D-R, A-G, dash O-N, slash often
Comma, burnin niggas 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 I love a 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 f**kin 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
Waste it, in the f**kin streets cause it ain't worth shit
The undertaker take your ass under the earth quick, I
Love money, but the scrambles hot
So i snatch up my man and the gamblin spot
Twenty grand is got, one niggaz shot, one nigga less
What used to be his chest is now a mess under his f**kin vest