

Youngbloodz F/ Lil Jon, Ludacris, Bonecrusher, Jer "Make it for the Ruff"

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Naaah, dis kid can't be from Canada?!!

CHORUS [Maestro Fresh Wes & Showbiz]

We make it for the wild, we make it for the ruff
We make it for the people that can never get enough
We make it for the wild, we make it for the ruff
We make it for the people that can never get enough

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

Everybody go side to side, and glide to the vibe
Turn yourself around and make your backbone slide
LT drops the needle on the plastic
Things are getting kind of drastic
But I want to make a mill, so I can't stay still
I got to write a classic
No need to ask if the radio's gonna blast it
Listen to the brass, whip a kick a fram
'Til the lamb to the other lamb, now you're spastic
I've never made a movie in my life
But if Wesley snipe, he guarentee to take your life
On the mic mech I'm rifling, suckers I be stifling
You gonhare, I'm tetracycline
I ain't a stud but the hotties at the club whistle
Never dropped a dud, blood drizzles like a scud missile
'Cause on the scene I'm much meaner (yeah)
And I'm about to blow the fuck up like Hiroshima
I want to see the party peple move to the rhythm
As I kick flavs on the mic mechanism
Show's beats are crisp and I flip the script
It's going to go like this

CHORUS

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

It's the return of the sperm donor
And the owner of the boner diploma
Fresh Wes is taking over
I can't sing like Boyz II Men or Jodeci
But women take a shower when they get off the phone
with me
I stalk skins and then I rock skins on box springs

They clinging my ding-a-ling-a-ling for offspring
But they don't understand me, I got to see the Ramsey
Before I see the bamsey, but that's still besides the
point
All I really want to do is rock the joint
Beacuse I'm big and I'm bad, it's too easy for a nigga
to brag
So what I try to do is toss a little zig and a zag and zig
again
Just like my nigga Jimmy King of Michigan
I'm dropping punks like dominoes
Even your pops will say (Fresh Wes is phenomenal)
See, I even got your dad on the rhythmn
As I kick flavs on the mic mechanism
Show's beats are crisp and I flip the script
It's going to go like this

CHORUS X2

[Maestro Fresh Wes]
(We love you Maestro)
yeah, that's what my fans will shout
But don't sweat my dick yet, wait 'til my album's out
'Cause there's more up my sleeve
And like Mobb Deep said (it's the flav for the non-
believe)
I steal the show like a larsonist
Smoke the microphone like an arsonist
Don't ask me if I'm fresh, 'cause it's obvious
So just applause to this, defness
Because you know freshness is next to Godliness
Maestro is a lander, a commander
When the microphone's in my hand it is panda-
Monium on a podium, I'm showing, blowing them up
Like I'm sodium nitrate, as I shake the auditorium
So just move to the rhythmn
As I kick flavs on the mic mechanism
Show's beats are crisp and I flip the script
It's going to go like this

CHORUS X2

OUTRO [Maestro Fresh Wes]
Yeah, going out to Farley Flex, Maximum Definitive
You know what I'm saying
Raggamuffin Rascalz, the Funky Migraine making it for
the ruff yo
LTD makes it for the ruff
Exhibit FDRK is making it for the ruff
Lord Finesse is making it for the ruff
My man Perfection

Showbix and AG are definitely making it for the ruff
And in case you don't know by now the Maestro Fresh
Wes
Is making it for the ruff, yo
'93 blowing up like the World Trade Center
I'm out

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