

## Dj Clue

### "The ruff ryders"

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Featuring DMX Drag On Eve The LoX]

Yo if you gonna sleep on somthing

Might as well be a bed

And if your gonna crack shit

Might as well be a head

Cuz if you targetting the LOX you might as well target a  
box

That you gonna sleep in for years all covered with  
rocks

Cuz I think not I pop shots I double what yall got

Ya hot shots and got blocks ya punta muchacha

I'm the days of school, I muther fucking rule

I drive my chain and cork ya and keep it cool

Thats the ice B. I'm priceless. The iciest

And I dont gotta wear fatigues to blow out your chest

My bullets thump when I lace this fly shit pump

And baby I be on it yearly aint no poppin the trunk

But if I, pop the trunk its to hear your rag

Shit just wipe down my windows, on the side of my jag

Must I brag, my whip paid for, yours tagged

And every chick you grab, Sheek been done bagged

Yo I hope you aint tounge kissing your spouse

Cuz I be making love in her mouth  
Type of cat that fuck at your house  
Too slick? Mean she be buckin' my tip  
And before you know it, I'mma have her suckin' my dick  
Jada, if I kiss you now, you die later  
Been nice, since people was watchin' movies on beta  
Ready to clap, everybody giving me dap  
And believe it or not, we be the ones setting the trap  
Listen to yall shit. Then listen to our hits  
Aint nothing yall cowards could do, got this  
Thats the reason now, yall players aint got shit  
Cuz every time I turn around, yall arrested  
For those thats narrow, I just smack them with the  
barrel  
Give it to them after night, like Kains cousin Harold  
The RUFF RYDERS (WHAT?)  
THE RUFF RYDERS  
x4  
Cut you and your son  
Ya know when its done  
Show me the money, I show you a gun  
POP SUCKER  
SB'll spin corner while I party with dun  
I clap you I clap him, and thats rule number one  
Suckin' my clip  
And I dont give a hell what you spit

Who you are, where you from, and who the hell you can  
get

Cuz I sell records, and I got a jail record

Ya niggas aint sayin' shit till yall bare weapons

And even when your dead, you can still flinch and get it

I ride about and smack you, cock back and clap you

Styles be ya favorite rappers favorite rapper

Aint no surprize niggas, only run with recognized  
niggas

Baby girl, want the world? Shuger pie niggas

No tops, take em in all shape and size niggas

No lie, prefer them ready Do or Die niggas

What, what you want

Cutie starin at me like "Damn, where you from?"

You be comin at me, like "Can I get some?"

Lick your lips from this brown sugar

Suck me like a thumb if you want till I cum

Hook

I be the D R, A G, dash O N

Slash often comma makin niggas orphan

They call me Drag-On. I'm hot scortchin'

Keep the block roastin'

Like dutch when the flame comes a toastin'

In my eyes you can see what summers holdin'

Realize, any guy, broad day, rider

I burn to a degree of 130 my gun dirty

Cuz I got one burby, so you better run hurry

Or catch one early

You wrong, tryin' to touch me

what type of shit you on?

You better throw your boots on, and your unflameable suits on

Cuz I'm comin' through in a Yukon

Black tinted with gats in it

Catch you while you smokin', send your casket with a sack in it

Thats only half of it

Cuz yall are half ass yo

Cuz we one whole and yall niggas, is one slash two

My gun blast you

Tryin out the flames. Are your firemen?

And catch one hell of a back draft,

cuz my fire reach higher than

Its my, survival instinct that keeps my head above the water

Every day I show another how I love a slaughter

Plug your daughter

Whith more holes than swiss cheese

Attack the bitch and stop for the leach

With these, I shoot the breeze

And its thought, enough keys from the cubans to build a fucking fort

I'm caught up in somthing that I cant control

Trying to get a hold of a bank role and stroll

Catch bodies like a cold . And stay sick

So face it, make me chase it, I take your life and erase  
it

Waste it, in the fucking streets

Cuz It aint worth shit(a)

The undertaker take your ass under the earth

Quicker, I love money, but the scam is hot

So I snatch up my man and hit the gambling spot

20 grand is got, one shot and you got less

What use to his chest, is a mess under his fucking vest

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