

Dmx**"On, The Luniz - Ryde Or Die"**

Visit ["On, The Luniz - Ryde Or Die"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

15ab

(Background talking)

Knumskull (DMX)

Yeah Yeah, now we on the west coast (nigga),
Hooked up with my partners, Ruff Ryders,
To represent the turf,
Come to lay down the turf stories,
To represent real brothers gettin money, on the paper
chase (nigga),
We gon start off with my man, so, you know what I'm
sayin, DMX let em know.

DMX:

Niggas is gettin trampled on, what's all the fuss about?
Suckin my dick so hard, I'm bustin in their mouth.
And then I stuff em out, four to the mid', fuck what I did
With no regard for a bid, ripped you up, while you wit
your kid
Slid into the shadows, cause I'm dark like that
I bark like that, jet black, but I spark like that
Where ARE they at, when I get thirsty, shit
Ain't a nigga strong enough to stand the worst it gets
Bits, and pieces are all thats that left
Niggaz so scared to death, they hold they
motherfuckin breath
Til I pass, cause they asked, and I smelled em
The S-P-E-L-L-E-D T-H-E-M, I spelled em
To make me have to swell one, eye up, lump up one
head
Catch a body with the shottie, pump up one dead
Red alert, niggaz is about to get hurt, do work
to skirts, like a jag on the merk, ARF
Night time is the right time for creepin
Vandalize your crib, rape your wife while she's sleepin
I been off the deep end, since I was semen
That's why now, I'm such a motherfuckin demon!
SCREAMIN, my bloody head off, shit on my mind I
gotsta get off
Can't even hold a joint, lest I let off

A couple of rounds, from the big three pound, seven
That's about eleven hundred as of now.

Chorus- (2 times)

Yukmouth (DMX):

We ride, side to side, guys back to back, (nigga)
Surrounded by a wolfpack, tryin to scrap with gats,
You betta ride or die, nigga ride or die, (uh huh, uh
huh)
You gotta ride or die, nigga ride or die!

Drag-On:

I put a grenade in your pocket to blow your arms out,
Put something black in your moms mouth, ya'll cats
better calm down,
This rap shit is Drag-On's now, if I catch ya'll clowns,
No question what I axe (ask) ya'll clowns, I'ma gat ya'll
down,
For the benjamin bills, I shoulda been killed,
I keeps it real though,
For these plats though I leave nothin but widows,
You're a gang, but so what, can you really bang with
us?
Be like a phone, cause we off the hook,
And ya'll better hang it up,
I stay high, but I don't plan to go to heaven,
I plan to burn like the furnace, til ya'll learn,
Even if it's with the burners,
Until your mom can dish straight, forget her son,
To give her the dick, tore a clip and I stripped her one,
For that's dragon, that's the one,
What's blastin, that's his gun,
Who's lastin, no one,
So if you splashin to blow one,
Like I said before, I'ma lock it down like Shaqula
So make your sister be the ??? and none back to her.

Yukmouth:

After midnight, busta niggas can't even hang out,
Niggas on the west, we put them dank things out,
Drive by and try to blow them fuckin brains out,
And cocaine drought,
survive and reside with a new click,
But use the same route,
Pull the range out,
Get brains pal, while I'm drivin,
Live and direct, front five and a tech,
Stash in the Range, but nine in the Lex,
Got bitches, shining briggets, for me,
Grindin correct, for me,
Signin off checks, for me,

Send a bitch outta town, now she buyin the bricks, for
me,
Passes from the brick, homie,
Keep grindin with your click, homie,
Cause on top there's no way,
Cock your chromayy,
Stock your monayyy,
Feds caught the homayyy,
It's just the monay got coppers on mayyy,
Helicopters on mayyy, bust off the blockers phonayyy,
Ramshack this house, put choppers on it,
Bitches safe and shit, niggas takin shit,
Break his wrist, pistol whipping duck tape his bitch.

Chorus (2 times)

Yukmouth:

Bitch, to all my niggas locked in Rita and Simson,
We still the ice cream men,
Just switched it up from a truck to a great benz,
We made men, and kingpins, triple-beam men,
Give me a quarter key, I bet I flip a key,
By the weekend, our styles are grand theiven,
If not, niggas ain't leavin,
Unless they bleed the demon prayer from my deacon,
In front of the casket, you done it you bastard,
I pack mathematics to keep it crackin,
Head ride to ask it, BITCH!

DMX:

How-can-one-man-kill-so-many-and
the-sin-be-plenty-before-the-age-of-20,
Life ain't worth a penny in, my book faggot,
That's why I took faggot shit, I'm a crook faggot,
Fat loops leather jackets, I bag it, along with,
The jewels smackin tools out the hands of fools,
On the strength that they don't know what they holdin,
Niggaz called me TAILOR cause the WAY that I be
sewin,
Shit up cause I get up, off my ass and SKATE
Makin more moves than U-Haul, from state to state
I speak the GREAT, and if a nigga tells you different
You turn around you ask the nigga, "FUCK is you be
sniffin?"
Cause when it come to riffin, I am the riff raffin,
Gots to say nuttin, niggaz know they get half,
And I can still laugh, at those who's toes I'm steppin on,
Disrespect and pulling out a weapon on,
Nice joint, I know you wish you coulda kept it on,
But that's another story, don't even sweat, it's gone
(echo gone).

Visit [Dmx](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.