

DMX

"Ruff Ryder Anthem"

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Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop
Oh no, that's how Ruff Ryders roll
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Niggaz wanna try, niggaz wanna lie
Then niggaz wonder why, niggaz wanna die
All I know is pain, all I feel is rain
How can I maintain, with mad shit on my brain?

I resort to violence, my niggaz move in silence
Like you don't know what our style is, New York niggaz,
the wildest
My niggaz is with it, you want it, come and get it
Took it, then we split it, you fuckin' right, we did it

What the fuck you gonna do when we run up on you
Fuckin' with the wrong crew, don't know what we goin'
through
I'ma have to show niggaz how easily we blow niggaz
When you find out there's some more niggas that's
runnin' with your niggaz

Nothin' we can't handle, break it up and dismantle
Light it up like a candle just 'cause I can't stand you
Put my shit on tapes, like you bussin' grapes
Think you holdin' weight, then you haven't met the
Apes

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Is y'all niggaz crazy, I'll buss you and be swazy
Stop actin' like a baby, mind your business, lady
Nosy people get it too, when you see me spit at you
You know I'm tryin' to get rid of you, yeah, I know it's
pitiful

That's how niggaz get down, watch my niggaz split
round

Make y'all niggaz kiss ground, just for talkin' shit clown
Oh, you think it's funny, then you don't owe me money
It's about to get ugly, fuck it, dog, I'm hungry

I guess you know what that mean, come up off that
green
Five niggaz or a fiend, don't make it a murder scene
Give a dog a bone, leave a dog alone
Let a dog roam, and he'll find his way home

Home of the brave, my home is a cage
And yo I'm a slave till my home is a grave
I'ma pull paper, it's all about the papers
Bitches talkin' paper then how they wanna rape us

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Look what you done started, asked for it, you got it
Had it, should have shot it, now you're dearly departed
Get at me, dog, did I rip shit, with this one here, I flip
shit
Niggaz know when I kick shit, it's gonna be some slick
shit

What was that look for, when I walked in the door
Oh, you thought you was raw? Boom, not anymore
'Cause now you on the floor, wishin' you never saw
Me walk through that door, with that .44

Now it's time for bed, two more to the head
Got the floor red, yeah, that nigga's dead
Another unsolved mystery is goin' down in history
Niggaz ain't never did shit to me, bitch ass niggaz
can't get to me

Gots to make the move, got a point to prove
Gotta make 'em groove, got 'em all like ooh
So till that next time, you hear this nigga rhyme
Try to keep your mind on gettin' pussy and prime

Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop
Talk is cheap motherfucker

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