

Eve

"Ruff Ryder's Anthem"

Visit "[Ruff Ryder's Anthem](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This thing right here.. (yeah yeah)
is for my peoples in the streets.. (ha hah) Swizz Beats
(uh-huh)
And this thing right here.. (Ruff Ryders)
will get your ass off your feet (Remix! .. c'mon)

[Drag-On]

They call me Drag-On, when it's time to bomb
I burn em all, til they all say turn em off
Cause these chips, I'ma run em all
Chickenheads, know I, be the Colonel
Cause I burn eternal, mixed wit the inferno
So be careful, 'fore I burn you
You better learn dude, yeah I heard you
but I'ma hurt you, but you don't know?
My versatile, is a virtue
Ruff Ryders be the team, which means
a lot cream, lot of schemes
Lot of beams to make your stock drop, right on the
seams
Nigga here is too hot and too much for you to touch
Better tell your man cause I'm too tough
Indubitably, too dust
Do you bust? Cause we do
You need to ask the people, but quietly
But they don't believe until they leave violently
Is you buying this?
Cause niggaz that purchased is under the dirt kid
They call me Drag-On; I'm the youngest but get
bonkers
Collabo' wit my dogs from Yonkers
but this Bronx bomber's spittin flame
so you better wear your armor
Flame on!

Chorus: DMX (repeat 2X)

My dogs gon' STOP, your dogs gon' DROP
And then we gon' SHUT EM DOWN, OPEN UP SHOP
First we had em like OHHH, now they like NOOO
What baby?! THAT'S HOW RUFF RYDERS ROLL

[Jadakiss]

When I pop up, I lock shop up, pull the drop up
Park a block up, hit the alarm, put the top up
Stash the 'dro in my sock then pull my sock up
And keep the burner but if it's hot put my glock up
You know what I'm about, slidin off get my cock sucked
Or writin rhymes watching Scarface in the hot tub
Whatchu wanna bet, when I pull it out
if you don't shout that every bullet'll go in and out
Who you know besides 'Kiss take the piss in the bottle
of Crist'
and then give it to a modelin bitch
And you like your watch plain, I'ma flood mine
Alligator bloodline trained to find coke and bite one
time

[Styles]

Y'all niggaz ain't hearin me out, til I pop up
appear in your house, clearin it out, holiday style
Everybody actin violent and wild
Snatch the wife silence the child, that's how we move
Kill me my man kill you, that's how you lose
I Ruff Ryde, I don't like to slide felt that I slipped
Then the gun's only helpin the clip
And the clip's only helpin my hand
And like who the fuck is helpin your man?
When I cock back and hop out the van
Double R, get a job, play the shit in the car
Hit a party start a fight at the bar, and snatch your R
Sell your shit for some coke and get the fuck out of
Dodge

[Eve]

Guess you figured that my niggaz, flippers, pullin
triggers
News team crowd around, tryin to flick a picture
Get witcha, this bitch from Illadelph marches quicker
Nigga not makin sense better stay up off the liquor
Blonde bombshell, car-a-mel, heavy spender
Groups be sayin I'm they sister, hush ya mouth 'fore I
hit ya
Stickin in wiseguys, fake thugs, and bullshitters
Take you for a ride, cover up your eye, then I get ya
Used to be shy-er, now I'ma Ruff Ryder
Big niggaz play me close, when they used to ride by
her
Snatchin up your figures, frontin, know you dig us
Haters, screamin, "Who that bitch?" (UHH, UHH)
Mind your business nigga

Chorus

[DJ Clue * talking over chorus *]

Yeah!! DJ Clue!

The Professional! Part One

C'mon! Mad shout out, Donnie Brascoe

Big Skate, Duro.. CLUE!

[DMX]

Uhh, uhh, uhh..

The X is gonna hit y'all niggaz hard, leave y'all niggaz
scarred

Fuckin with the Dog when you fuckin with the God

Rip y'all niggaz off, faggot niggaz soft

Remember me from up North, I had you scared to
cough

My name is ringin bells, in penitentiary cells

I'm making thugs rebel, ain't hard to tell

You never really wanted it, so the mic you jumped in
front of it

Outta sixteen shots I'ma hit, which one of you niggaz
am I gonna get

Thought you knew what I was gonna spit, this time with
this rhyme

but by the end of it, y'all niggaz is gon' be like, "Yo X
ripped it!"

Did my thing as usual it's never gon' stop

Them cats can't be for real, I got this shit locked!

Is that a game or a joke? Say the name or get smoked

Simple as that, simple as black, to the throat

Hit em all up to the coat, now you losin your life

(Grrrrrr) A dog is a dog for life!

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