

Jacynthe

"Ruff Ryders Anthem"

Visit "[Ruff Ryders Anthem](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This thing right here is for my people
In the streets,
(swizz beats),and this thing right here will
Take ya ass of ya feet.

Verse one: drag-on
They call me drag-on
It's time to ball
Im gonna burn'em all
To they all say turn'em off
These chips i gonna earn'em all
Chicken heads know i be the kernall
Cause i burn internall
Mixed with the inferno
So be careful for i burn you
You better learn duke
Yeah, i heard you
But i'm gonna hurt you
What you don't know
Ours verse who?
Is a virtue
Ruff ryders be the team
Which means
A lot of cream
Runin' skeems
Stunnin' beams
To make ya'll stop drop right on the scene
This nigga here is to hot
And to much
For you to touch
Betta tell ya man
If two touch
Then he too will get you bust
You bust?
We do
You can ask people
But quitly
They don't believe us til they lead violate
Is you buyin' this
Cause niggaz that purchase
Is under the dirt kid

They call me drag-on
I'm the youngest
But get bunka's
Callabo wit' my dogz from yonka's
Plus these bronx bomba's
Spittin' flame to the gutta
But ya all get flamed

Chorus x2: damion
My dogz gon' stop
Ya'll dogz gon' drop
Then we gon'
Shut'em down open up shop
First we had'em like ooohhhh
Now they like nnnooo
What baby, that's how ruff ryders roll

Verse two: 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
Keep the burner
But if it's hot put my glock up
You know what i'm about
Slidin' off get my cock sucked
Writin' rhymes watchin' scarface in the hot tub
What you wanna bet
When i pull it out
If you don't shout
Then every bullet will go in and out
Who you besides kiss take a piss
In a bottle of cryse (crystal)
Then give it to a modelin' bitch
And you like ya watch plain
I'ma flood mine
Alligator bloodeline
Trade the finest coke
And write one time

Verse 3: styles

Ya niggaz ain't hearin' me out
Til i pop up appear in ya 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 sliped
And the gunz only helpin' the clip
And the clips only my hand
And like who the fuck is helpin' ya man
When i cock back and hop the van
Double r
Get a jar
Play the shit in the car
Hit the party start a fight at the bar
Snatch ya r (rolex)
Sell ya shit for some coke
And get the fuck out the dogde

Verse four: eve

Cats you, figga
That my niggaz flippa
With the trigger
News teams crowd around try to flick a picture
Get wit ya, this bitch runnin'it down to ya quicka
Nigga not makin' sence
Betta stay up off the liquor
Blonde bomb shell
Karamel, heavy spitta
Groupies sayin' i'm they sista
Hush ya mouth for i hit ya
Sickenin' wise guys and thugs and bullshitta's
Take you for a ride cover up ya eyes
Then i hit ya
Used to be shya now i'm a ruff ryda
Fake niggaz play me close
When they used to ride by ya
Snatchin' up ya figures frontin' know
You niggas, hatta's screamin'
Who that bitch
Mind ya business nigga

Chorus x2

Verse 5: damion

X is gonna hit ya niggaz hard
Leave ya niggaz scared
Fuckin' wit' the dog
When you fuckin wit' the god
Rip that niggaz heart
Faggot niggaz saw

Remember me from up north
I had you scared to cough
My name is ringin' bells
In penatentary cells
I makin' thugs rebell
It ain't hard to tell
You never really wanted it
Saw the mic yo jumped in front of it
Out of sixteen i'm gonna hit
Which one of you niggaz am i gonna get
Thought you knew what i was gonna spit
This time, wit' this rhyme
By the end of it
Ya niggaz is gon' be like yo x ripped it
Did my thing as usual it's never gon' stop
You cats can't be for real i got this shit locked
It's not a game or a joke
To my name or get smoked
Simple as that simple as black
To the thought
Hit'em all under the coat
Now you losen' yo life
Rrrrrrrr a dog is a dog for life.

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