

## **Lox** **"Ryde Or Die"**

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[Sheek]

Yo if gon' sleep on somethin, might as well be a bed  
And if you gon' crack a nigga, might as well be a head  
Cause if you targettin the L.O.X.  
You might as as well target a box  
That you gon' sleep in for years, all covered wit rocks  
Cause I think not, I pop shots, I double what y'all got  
Ya hotshots aint got blocks, ya punta muchacha  
From the days in school, now a motherfucker rule  
And I could drop my chain in court, yeah, keeps ya cool  
That's how ice be, I'm priceless, the iciest  
And I don't gotta wear fatigues to blow out your chest  
My bullets thump when I'm laced in some fly shit, punk  
The baby nine be on the daily, aint no poppin a trunk  
But if I pop the trunk, it's to hand you a rag  
So you can wipe down the windows on the side of my  
Jag  
Must I brag? My shit paid for, yours tagged  
And every bitch you grabbed, Sheek bend em back

[Jadakiss]

Ayo I hope you aint tongue-kissin your spouse  
Cause I be fuckin her in the mouth  
Type of nigga buck at your house  
Too slick, means she be suckin my dick  
And before you know it, I'ma have her stuffin my bricks  
Jada, if I kiss you now, you'll die later  
I been nice since niggaz was watchin movies on Beta  
Ready to clap, everybody givin me gats  
Cause believe it or not, we be the ones settin the traps  
You listen to y'all shit, then listen to our shit  
Ain't nuttin y'all faggots could do but gossip  
That's the reason now y'all niggaz ain't got shit  
Cause everytime I turn around y'all on the L.O.X. dick  
Niggaz that's narrow, I just smack em wit the barrel  
Give it to em at the light, like Kane's cousin Harold

Chorus: repeat 4X

The Ruff Ryders! (What?) The Ruff Ryders

[Styles]

Fuck you and your son, y'all low wit the scum  
Show me the money, I'll show you a gun, motherfucker  
SP'll spin the corner while you parle' with dun  
I clap you, I clap him, and that's rule number one  
Suckin my dick, and I don't give a fuck what you spit  
Who you are, where you from, and who the fuck you  
can get  
Cause I sell records, plus I got a jail record  
Y'all niggaz ain't sayin shit until y'all bare weapons  
And even when you dead, you can still fuckin get it  
A nigga that'll smack ya, fuck around and clap ya  
Styles P., your favorite rapper's favorite rapper

[Eve]

Aint no surprise niggaz, only fuck wit recognized  
niggaz  
Babygirl want the world, gave ya pies niggaz  
No tops, take em in all shape and size niggaz  
No lie, prefer them ready do or die niggaz  
What? What you want? cutey starin at me like  
"Damn, where you from?" You be comin at me like  
"Can I get some?" Lick your lips for this brown sugar  
Suck mine like a thumb, if you want, til I come, uh

-Chorus-

[Drag-On]

I be the D-R, A-G, dash O-N, slash often  
Comma, burnin niggas often  
They call me Drag-On, I'm hot scorchin  
Keep the block roastin  
Light a dutch wit the flames comin, toastin  
In my eyes you could see what summer's holdin  
Realizin, every guy I'll fry or dead rowdy  
I burn to a degree of 130, and my gun dirty  
Cause it got one bury, so you better run, hurry  
Or catch one early  
You wrong, tryin to touch me, what type of shit you on?  
You better through your boots on and your  
unflammable suits on  
Cause I'm comin through wit a Yukon  
Black tinted wit gats in it  
Catch you while you smokin, send your casket, throw  
the sack in it  
But only half of it, cause y'all like half-ass dude  
And we are one whole, and y'all niggaz is one slash two  
My gun blast you, tryna out the flames, what're you,  
firemen?  
You'll catch a hell of a backdraft  
Cause my fire retirin, aight then

[DMX]

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

Everyday I show another how a I love a slaughter  
Flood your daughter, full of more holes than sparges  
Taxin businessmen for stocks over lunches  
Wit these, I shoot the breeze, and extort  
Enough keys from the Cuban, to build a fuckin fort  
Caught up in somethin that I can't control  
Tryna get a hold of a bankroll, let's role  
Catch bodies like a cold, and I stay slick so face it  
Make me chase it, I take your life and erase it  
Waste it, in the fuckin streets cause it ain't worth shit  
The undertaker take your ass under the earth quick, I  
Love money, but the scrambles hot  
So i snatch up my man and the gamblin spot  
Twenty grand is got, one niggaz shot, one nigga less  
What used to be his chest is now a mess under his  
fuckin vest

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