

Style Council

"I'm A Ruff Ryder"

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Styles - Verse One]

Talk, Holiday Styles, S-P or whatever you choose
A pound of weed, four guns and a liter of booze
Shoot niggas out they shoes,
Come and fuck with me, I can guarantee you'll be
makin the news
P flows like NO NIGGA, twenty-six but I'm a old nigga
Don't make me fuck around and show niggas
How to leave a room flat, twenty niggas dead
No money, no jewels, bullets in they head
Ain't a nigga you know could fuck with the god
Rappins just a hobby, gun bustin a job
'cause the sickest niggas out is the bitchest niggas out
And I could take em on the street and straight whip em
in the house
Come through in the prettiest Porshe, the grittiest boss
State gotta talk till the city get hoarse
I'm the icin on the cake, gangsta of the state
Guns, money and weight, who you fuckin wit dawg?

[Chorus - Jadakiss]

Uh, I'm a Ruff Ryder
Weed smokin, gun totin' heroin supplier
I'm a Ruff Ryder
On the low dawg, no phone calls, got my shit wired
I'm a Ruff Ryder
Bust for my niggas, shh, hush for my niggas, all of us
survivors
I'm a Ruff Ryder
You got a gun on you, I got a gun on me, both of us
could fire

[Styles - Verse Two]

I'm just dealin with the tension and stress
Understand I'm from the School of Hard Knock and my
suspension is death
I keep the P-89 twenty shot in the coat
Better squeeze soon as you see me, you plottin to loc
I'm a little more than itchy
Motherfucker, when it's time to splatter your mask or
burst your kidneys

So go head and get your sons on me
Like I give a fuck, like I'm givin up I got four guns on me
Get down and dirty, all by my lonely
I leave your brains on your block all around your
homies
Live by the code of honor, stay holdin armor
I treat beef like a album I could promote the drama
Stay bustin a hammer, sweatin a smilin
And I make sure these motherfuckers'll regret while I'm
wildin
I'm the hustler on the block
With money on his mind and some bricks in his hand, P
can't be stopped, what

[Chorus - Jadakiss]

[Styles - Verse Three]

You're dealin with the ghost of the past
You could sleep if you want, and get fucked with this
toast in your ass
I'm the gangsta and a gentleman, I hope you the best
And tell them clear the front seat and then choke you to
death
Throw the gun to the chair try to open your chest
Get blood on the driver's face, window and dash
Burn the car with the body in it, bring you the ash
I get down on a hit like I'm Sigel the cold
That nigga sniffed up yo coke I could bring you his
nose
If he stole money from you P could bring you his hands
The nigga talk too much I bring the ears of his mans
Need weed to calm down, need money to live life
Fuck a watch cause my time is tickin
Fuck a chain I'm already hangin
Fuck a gang I'm already bangin
Robbin niggas is my only form of steady payment
Play it sweet I might be in your house
L-O-X black mob Holiday and I'm out
What...bitch?

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