

Psychopathic Rydas "Killa Ova Nuttin'"

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Yeah, what the hell you know about the Rydas? Black trucks and hoods bitch!! Shit, you better check that, hell...

Yo! I'm a killa
Cap peela
Other bitches is wack, but Rydas are for rilla
Gimme all your skrilla
Your keys to your ride
Tell your bitch to leave her purse with the wallet inside
Ain't no frontin'
When Cell Block starts dumpin'
Through your neighborhood our black trucks be bumpin'
Watch your mouth, peep game, and learn somethin'
Nigga, check nuts, 'cause I'm killin' ova nuttin'

Now I be ridin' with my shotty
A fifth of Bicardi
My nose snotty
In the party
Intentions to levitate her body
Give a fuck who he with or who he know
Let the barrel blow
Or a quarrel know
Over somethin' that he borrowed, no
Do the math
On the warpath
Makin' predictions to the body count
I even blast a hotty now
Sprayin' couples 'cause I loved you
So fuck you
I don't gang bang 'cause I'm strugglin'
Bee-yatch!! Yo I'm a killa ova nuttin'

Killa ova nuttin', a Ryda ain't ashamed!
Wettin' mothafuckas up over anything!
Pop! Pop! Pop! Gun em' down, baby down!
Dumpin' from the east to the westside of town!
Killa ova nuttin', a Ryda ain't ashamed!
Wettin' mothafuckas up over anything!

Pop! Pop! Pop! Gun em' down, baby down!
Dumpin' from the east to the westside of town!

Now I knew this bitch, yo, she used to love me
Buffin' on my pickle, peace, everything was lovely
Forties and Swishers delivered to my doorstep
Early in the mornin', naden on my woodpeck
Livin' lavish, every call beckoned on
I'm the big Full Clip and bitches all pause, anyway,
with no reason for drama
I killed that muthafuckin' bitch and her mama

Still doin' drive-bys and leavin' hoes for dead
Mislead
Is what my homeboy said
I ain't no bitch hoe, end your life on G.P.
With ya whole family
On the lawn staring at me
And I could could give a fuck, get to lookin' at my
gat
Get to feindin' like a basehead, to leave you hoes
flat
Two-Gats got my back
Killa ova nuttin', that's a fact
Get out my face or get it slapped, bitch

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I was born with the biggest chip on my shoulder
I killed little kids and took they strollers
I'm older, tie you up instead
And blow red lettuce out the side of your head
(pa-tow!!)
You could die any minute
Turn your back, and get a hollow point slug in it
You bit it
Over nuttin' at all
Now they serve peanuts out your skull
At barbecues

I been wonderin' what the fuck you been lookin' at
You know it ain't no thang for me to get my gat
And blow holes in your frame till you look like an
afgan

Body collapsed, soul fly like Peter Pan
Lil' Shank from the hood, raised in bad ways
Peel your fuckin' cap 'cause I'm havin' a bad day
Hey, you can be a thug if you want to
But I'ma be a Ryda bitch, so fuck you!

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