

## **Ruff Endz**

### **"Cuban Linx 2000"**

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F/ Ghostface Killah, Raekwon

[Intro: Raekwon (Ghostface Killah)]

(Yo, what up law, wassup, wassup baby? Talk to me)

Yo, Shorty yo, it ain't even like it's really, it's really,  
messing with me son

But it's messing with me, man, for real man

(Aight, but you know what? Don't even let it get to you

Like you told me, birds is birds

After you lovin 'em, they fly away, son)

They fly, yeah yeah, you're right, you're right

(Knowlmean? It's like that man) Yeah

(Word up!)

[Raekwon]

One in the morning tryin to sneak in

Caught the weace and start beefin, I'm leavin

And leave, stop speakin yo, no static

Go get that shit up in the attic

That old shit look better, kept it so you have shit

The ice, take it off, no loss

Knew you was an Indian giver nigga

Besides, that's the way I floss, yea

I'm buggin now, actin like an old lady

It's real, a nigga got mines, she sleepin without pagin  
me

[Ruff Endz]

Baby, relax, sit back and chill (yeah)

Just give me a second

And let me tell you how I feel

Cause all around town you've been steppin' out

Runnin' your mouth about

What made you think I wouldn't find out?

Wasn't I there for you?

Truly cared for you

Maybe my love was just too good

Could've had it good, now the love is gone

And went back to your hood with the 54-11's on

[Hook: Ruff Endz]

Does he lace you with the finer things?

Does he make ya wanna scream his name?  
Does he hit it from the front to back?  
Did you let him break it down like that?  
Should've told me the love was gone  
Never thought that you'd do me wrong  
Girl I though that your love was strong  
Till I saw you with another man

[Chorus 2X: Ruff Endz]

No more shopping sprees  
No more late night creeps  
No more VIP's, no more dough  
We can't even kick it no more

[Ruff Endz]

I saw you on the Ave' in the Nav'  
In the backseat B's, spilling Henney in his lap  
Thought it was me that you was all about  
But I'm having doubts cause I see you tryna play me  
out  
But when the brother called the crib with beef  
Didn't I represent you when I caught him in the streets  
So let me get the keys to Lex and no more checks  
And no more hanging baguettes around your neck,  
babe

[Hook]

[Chorus 2X]

[Break: Ghostface Killah]

Uh-uh  
You heard that  
That's right  
Yo, yeah, come on  
And that's a no-no  
Yeah, eh yo, eh yo, eh yo, eh yo

[Ghostface Killah]

You met me with a big blow out  
African bangel, left hand Gucci, ling braces on my  
ankle  
At the shark bar we at Shaq shit  
Ballplayer stats, 40 plus, son hit twenty-somethin  
baskets  
Turn for a second, stop! Son caught my eye, yo 'vine!  
Bet you out bag her on the first stop  
Peace booby, love you beauty, rock yours truly  
Ghostface and who is she? That's my girlfriend  
I want you and your girl to grab me, Tonka's  
Be careful boo, I got carrots on (Word!)

Carry on, so we stepped back to the bar  
The disc jockey threw in the car  
Toxi' seen me, so what time is it?  
Your back was out, passin we bounced to the powder  
room  
Beggin me, I fucked you for an hour in the room  
And when we finished, you was on stuck  
Jamal Arief came through, started dartin  
And you jumped up in my man's truck

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro: Ghostface Killah]  
For real  
Ghostface Killah, Ruff Endz  
No doubt! Y'all know how we do

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