Ruff Ryders "all star' freestyle"

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(Styles)

Ruff Ryder Three..Time for the younger generation to

You know I brought my nigga with me D-Block

(Jae Hood)

Hey yo, it's jay hood bitch respect my bars

The doctors had to piece together your face like a collage

Niggas always talk breezy till the steel come out And slugs rip through their gums and their grill come out

Motherfuck you and fuck your mans

If I don't clap you in the dome

I'm a leave clips in your diaphragm

I'm the hood prophet

Puff purple instead of chocolate

Stay from around chumps and cowards cause they gossip

And I'm a stay on the corner like stop signs

With a pack of them creamy colored rocks and the glock nine

When you speaking of the hardest nigga

Bring hood's name up

D Block bitch, we about to have the game chained up

My words too strong, bars too powerful

I could make sure your coffin bought

And your towel can't dry you when the dumdums shower you

Your mad because your garbage and your lyrics is boring

And your whip was made that same year you was born in

(Larceny)

Listen man, Don't worry how many gats this crook has Just know I stay strapped like book bags Bitch is shook ass You just getting off the porch And me? I'm just getting off in court Why would you mention a burner?

There is a difference between rap and attempting to murder

Talking the shit you living and the shit you heard of You said fuck Larceny?

What is you crazy, bitch?

Before you walk the streets, here's a few safety tips Watch who you speaking bout and watch who you speaking to

The cats you speaking bout could show you what the heatcould do

A respirator is what you'll be breathing through And you got beef with who that you need toast The closest you came to beef was meat loaf When we pose with bats and pea coats Y'all niggas better be close

(Cam)

To fuck with Cam, y'all bitches better hope and dream Every gun that I own got a scope and beam When I approach the things shake the dice, rook the team

Best bitch on the east coast since Queen Latifiah, buyreefer, fly diva Ride deeper, four pound bump louder than five speaker

Spit fire, hot lava flow

Don't get twisted, I'm not one of them prada hoe's
Catch me in Escada clothes, with a lot of dough
That's not mine, it's his
I need a lot more to live
You got to get the king before the kid
How you think a bitch like me afford to live

(Styles)

motherfucker?

That's a bad bitch..shit you a bad ass nigga..lt's theyounger generation..Killing y'all..live.. Get busy on these niggas

(Lock)

Hey look, I'm trying to sell mad gravy So I get birds from my crew and make Erykah Badu my "Bag Lady"

You that crazy? Squeeze, I know you ain't spitting shells Your hand shake so much it shows up on the Richter scale

I made the huskiest niggas look like they had sickle cell I don't just sell bricks, dog I got a bitch for sale So let me find the nigga that hate us a lot No coffin, he get buried in the refrigerator box God damn, I'm a hot man

I'm telling you straight up, I got my weight up

I'm calling my wrists Roxanne

Cause if I wore it in a dark room

You and your man would hate how I look animated like a cartoon

Bottom line, I'm telling you that you ain't fucking with me

Hard, nobody guards, you want a shot, come and get me

I'm not a sucker, nor is any nigga running with me And why are y'all balling with wheels if they under fifty nigga

(Rockstar)

Lock and blocks the motto

Got more slow than Dr. Zhivago

Same mind state that makes a poem rock in Chicago

But I don't get my gangster from movies

I'm a rockstar, 5 star teles, running with gangsters and groupies

Come through and leave a voice sick

Cause my S-type steers with a joystick

I'm the heart in my era

Listen, I lead an autistic life

Paint pictures with my actions, ain't no margin for error My innate features, leave niggas dismayed,

speechless

And please don't mistake weakness for kindness

I fuck with old timers

So don't make me forget that you real and catch

alzheimers

Motherfucking hoes I spoil them

Remember, I'm known to break a bitch for reckless eyeballing

The top dog, nigga, I'm the bear truth

You want to get math?

Nigga I'm the square root

The rockstar

(Cassidy)

I got mean stash

You seen case get his thug on

I strip my bitch and we get our hug on

She what I put drugs on and get my grub on

And dog, when you park your car, put your club on

The next cat I put the snub on

I'm a clap the gat till it get too hot, and that's

withgloves on

You love drawing, you should go to an art school

I get my club on with the glow in the dark jewels

Trees in my shoes, polo in the dark blues
And I spark tools that the po and the narcs use
Fuckers, y'all stupid or something
What's the point in pulling your joint if you ain't shootin at nothing
Dude, fronting will get you banged in the face

If you have braces then you know how the banger will taste

I'm near anything pertaining to cake Just copped the blue lighting with the rectangular face Easy

(Styles)

Easy niggas.. matter of fact fuck that go hard.. Cass' show these niggas how you built.. grab your guns and bust off.. my nigga

(Cassidy)

Yeah my nigga, it's Cassidy bitch, get the name clear I'm what you lame steer got the game near Buy 'caine by the square, sell it by the o I run through snow like a reindeer The cool kid, got the coke heads nose red like Rudolf I grind on the strip so hard I got blue balls I'd rather knock a q off then get blue off That's how I stay on my toes like my shoes off You dudes are soft, really bitch like Ra Paul When's it's war I move out like U-hauls I'm a true boss I send eight balls to the corner My strip like a pool hall And I ball like I been in the sport My trigger finger itching like it got genital warts Don't play around with him boy (why's that) Cause Cass is a pain in the ass like hemorrhoids Faggot

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