

Ruff Ryders

"Bug Out"

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DMX]

Ughhh

Aieyo (ahhhhhhhhh!!!!!!)

These niggaz is crazy baby

They cant fuck wit da dog (ya know)

Yo Swizz

Swizz (my nigga)

Swizz Swizz Swizz

Anotha one? (Swizz)

Anotha one? (Anotha one?)

Are we being greedy??? (Uh Swizz Swizz)

Or what???

I don't think so

Uh

Come on baby

Like u dont know

Da streets is (uh)

To Bad

They'll find yo body

But in pieces (uh)

Cuz the beast is

On some real cruddy shit
About to split yo wig wit some bloody shit
I ain't droppin' nutitn but dat ugly shit (come on)
Bite yo head like i tried yo man
Cuz what u sayin is nuttin(uh huh)
Must really think im playin
But i'll be layin
While u bluffin
Look out !!!
Dey don't let dat crook out
I took out
Enough of yo family
To have a fuckin cook out (uh)
For one time we get togetha (uh)
Is it when everyone get hit togetha
Or when im in da tent just before they hit da leather
Ima say it so i know how much strenght is left
And curse all who will breathe in da stench of death (uh
huh)
Though after the sixth day im buried
I will rise
And bomb da fluid in my veins and blood in my eyes
(uh, uh)
And them guys that was laughin
Dont even smile anymore
How many 4 pound rounds can yo ass indulge?

20 more of that raw strip to da flesh (what?!)

1000 pounds of pressure

Shit that rip through the vest and pull yo chest open

So what da Ruff Ryder possessed to do?

When u frontin

Give u niggaz what u wantin

Mufucka...

NUTIN

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