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## **Ruff Ryders** "Dope Money"

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Intro What, what You over there Styles? Yeah dog Second album nigga, real L.O.X Blaze We run the streets, yall know who to bet (C'mon) Fuck yall niggas (Let's go)

Couldn't live the life I live

Why's that

I could die any minute, I get high every minute Fuckin' with snake niggas, and sleepin' with foul

Came thru on the lightest whip with two pounds in it Pull over where the hustlers be Why's that

Cause I get chills when you talk of hustlin' Gs So I'm always where the powder be at What it mean

I can blow five bricks to ten in an hour if that Stay away from where the cowards be at Why's that

Time is money god, and you can't get an hour back Or I would do it again to get the power back Have godfather status, make niggas bow to that You can all shine and glitter and keep the ones Fives and tens, for twenties and up, we dummy it up Make a lot of money, and look bummy and what Cause money aint shit, respect is everything So if I kill niggas dead, don't ask me shit I take blunts to the head, so don't pass me shit I'd rather die from a bullet, than a nasty bitch If the good die young, all that mean to me Is that the hood die young/ We call it the last days What you know about coppin a house to fight pits in Or blowin' weed smoke on the cops that write tickets Henny and what, shit we can semi it up With your picture on the wall, in memory of Stay in sync with the hood, gray minks with the hood We tryin' to get money like chinks in the hood They ask me how I'm doing now

I tell and #8216em better than them
And if your man front
He can get eleven in him
And if you told them once
Then you better tell him again
Ay yo, now let's see
Who you know fuckin with Sheek Luc, Jadakiss
And S' paper

From dope money to rap money, and back to dope money (C'mon)

Loaded guns, the empty ones, over dope money (Let's go)

Car house in the smoke, over dope money (C'mon) All my niggas will die over dope money (Let's go) Bust your nine niggas, Side by side niggas (C'mon) We hit the ?wreek? of law, Run and hide niggas (Let's go)

Death is the only thing that might divide niggas (C'mon)

So don't fuck around with them Ryde or Die niggas (Let's go)

So we speakin', all I know your face will be leakin' I rap full time and still pump bass on the weekend A nigga hoppin' all over the map And what you learn

That niggas with long paper take longer to crap That's why every chance I me a gat And why you rather buy you a chain I aim at your brain

Nigga, robbery is all we know, so how we gon go broke When we can just take all yall dough

And then fly out to Cuba, and get in the coke fields Die off the buddha, fifty and fifty mill

Bring drama cause Gianconna got Kennedy killed If you come thru in a jet, you frontin' wit us

Cause when the coke price was up

It was nuthin to us

We got blocks full of heroin

Weed and dust/ Seen bullets pop off

Cause of greed and lust

And when the big dogs die

Who gon feed the pups

My niggas is here, so you know the circle is tight I circle the block, and cut off the lights

Pray to Christ

Cause when the cops come in, we carry shotguns
Dem niggas with the most ice, get the hot ones
Stay on your job, nigga I'ma stay on mine
And if I lose my voice nigga, I'ma flow online

And by next year, we should have a thousand guns Nigga Ruff Ryde, Ryde or Die Volume One

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