## Ruff Ryders "Go Head"

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Ruff ryder nigga, volume 2 We show niggas the meaning of ryde or die So all that bullshit you talking, go head nigga

You don't gotta slap me five or give me a hug And it hurts when you gotta kill a nigga you love But I'm gone deal wit my enemies sooner Cause I got'em looking for my solo album like kennedy jr

Fuck crush ice, go head and get your shine on I'm bout to cop rocks that y'all niggas can climb on Don't worry bout why I ain't got mine on I want some new shit, I don't want nothing that you can tell time on

Things ain't all good right now Cause some more niggas die an turn all you in the hood right now

Y'all can stop acting like that nigga j gone squeeze Cause all I got is misdeameanors and some acd's Y'all gon make me lay something down I promise And puff wear scarmas and listen to carl thomas Puff running and hide and we coping more guns An we coming outside cause somebody gotta die

Go head you know we getting plenty of dough Go head you know we lighting plenty of dro Go head you know we coming from y-o Go head truly though go head really though Go head you know we hitting plenty of hos Go head you know we ripping plenty of shows Go head you know we coming from y-o Go head truly though go head really though

Now I warned y'all niggas that sheek was the one Now I'm warning y'all niggas that I got my gun Read to kill, don't worry bout no doctor bill It ain't gone be one of those just yo casket clothes Lox, nah you rather fuck wit the cops Cause I pop and turn y'all like the optimum box No paper feud, it's straight hate wit dude So I'm hungry and let the morgue zip up your crew You wanna hope on our dicks and go whilly yo bikes

And wear ruff ryder tees, motherfucker please
You a poke-a-nose nigga, want you stick to the skis
And I don't hear a nigga raps no more
So I don't bother to go in the store an cop y'all shit
Only time I cop y'all shit if lox on it
I shoot you in yo mouth ain't no calling the cops
I want my shit back like cash flo and elian's pop
Go head you know we getting plenty of dough
Go head you know we lighting plenty of dro
Go head you know we coming from y-o
Go head truly though go head really though
Go head you know we ripping plenty of shows
Go head you know we coming from y-o
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I'm always that, I'm always this But the floor stay nasty like hallway piss If you here the p spitting it's a deep ass song When I die mama bury me wit street clothes on Cause drama be the threapy, the beef goes on Should've been speaking out of it makes it a lot But I was fucking wit the savages, kicking the drop Live for the money, die for my niggas, run from the law Catch me smoking my weed or fucking your whore Push my whip to the limit kind of hoping it flip Throw my clip to the tip kind of hoping you flip I feel sorry for the crackheads, but happy for myself So I got mixed feelings about this hussling shit I keep saying I'm gone quit after a couple of bricks But I can't stop building and I don't pop children But I got no problem kidnapping a bitch

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