

Ruff Ryders

"Gonna be somethin'"

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[Infrared]

Ruff Ryders, next generation, I.N.C. the empire

If you want Jacksons with a system that'll wake up the
dead

With a truck full of birds feedin them bread

And before y'all bet just noticed that (uh-huh)

I treat dice games like football;

I pop niggaz and don't give 'em a quarter back

And then I'm spendin that in the store where the linen
at

Same night in the club where the Cris' and the women
at

Y'know, twenty-three with a hell of a flow

Six with no steering wheel, I just tell it where to go, uh

"Stop, make a right at the bar" - to all the C.E.O.'s it's
ten o'clock

Do you know where your artists are?

Dee, I'm in the club smellin like Cristal cologne

Dial Star-8-2 before you call my phone

A little boy in a grown man's world

But as a little boy I could fuck a grown man's girl

And if I bust in your mother then you become my
enemy

Get it? .. Enemy? Uhh

[Chorus: Aja + Infrared]

Ladies is jumpin, niggaz is thumpin

Bottles is poppin, it's gon' be somethin

Cause I don't care if my ladies in here

And you know, I don't care if your niggaz in here, uhh

Ladies is jumpin, niggaz is thumpin

Bottles is poppin, it's gon' be somethin

It's gon' be somethin - cause I don't care if my ladies in
here

Cause you know, I don't care if your niggaz in here,
whooooo!

[Cross]

Let's get shit poppin

Ladies, call me Cross cause I hit the spottin

And I, stay fresh cause they take me shoppin
We can en-joy life (uh-huh) as the cash spends
Flash Bent's (uh-huh) fast Benz (whoooo!)
You and me Ma, your man's past-tense (let's go)
And I'ma wait to put the baby asleep
Cause you know, I'ma hit you while your baby asleep
Whooooo! To say this a creep, after I nuttin
Bitch, I'm a pimp, I ain't askin for nuttin
I mastered frontin, fuck hockey, I got olympic ice
Rock's the size of olympic lights, uhh

[Chorus]

[Infrared + Cross]

They call me dick 'em down, slick 'em, I'm quick to hit
'em
They call me dick 'em down lovely, it's nothin above me
You know, a house is not a house unless there's four
drive-ways
While I be in the club pourin Cris' sideways
And I'm standin outside to wipe out your team
and come to your funeral and pour out casket cream
Yeaaaah - I said slow down honey
I'm bout to wrap you up in jewels like Egyptian
mummies
Cause when I.N.C. die they puttin our face on money
Ain't that funny? Y'all haters move and get stoled on
You know we keep killers under the wing like roll-on
You ain't never seen nothin like this before
Y'all been gettin straight cook up nigga, we straight
raw
And if you did, you lyin to yourself for these past days
We like Big, we get more butts than ashtrays nigga
Uhh..

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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