

Ruff Ryders "Keep Hustlin'"

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[Jadakiss]

Ahh

Uhuh

Yeah

D-Block

R 3, motherfuckers couldn't wait

Yeah

Niggas not want Jada to kiss on them (kiss on'em)

Throw sour milk or piss on them (piss on'em) burn their cell

Snitch niggas playing the game "Who turn to tell" (what?)

I'm waiting right here for the warden and burning the L

Recognize real this is an example of that (yeah)

Grey uncut diesel come and sample a sack

D-Block where the hammers is at (that's right)

Every night is like the Apollo with guns, even amateurs clap

I hit raw in the store, ravined, then laid low on the yea-yo

When I cop more of the green

Got a BX connect and a Georgia Team

My life is juicy nigga

It was all a dream

It's my house so I'm a ask you to leave

I'm like carbon-dioxide

Cause I don't want you faggots to breathe

And I might murk two in the new Smurf blue

2002 BM wagon with the B's (unuh)

[Chorus] 2X

All my niggas with guns

Keep busting them

All my niggas with drugs

Keep hustling

All my niggas with money

Keep getting it

All my niggas that ride

Keep living it

[Styles]

It's the kid with the attitude
Chip on the shoulder
Brick in the whip with the 5th in the holster
Purple in the dutchee (un huh) I got a circle full of
niggas
that will kill your grandmother if she touch me
Told you I get deep with a gun
If I die then my niggas teach the rules of the street to
myson
Cause I might got to meet with the lord
What I live by? die by?
My gun, my word, and my sword
Cause niggas sound hard but they just ain't convincing
me
Microwave killer, do my shit instantly
Built that courage in Anna, it's the dark side
that makes me want to flip and go smother your mama
(bitch)
Just for birthing your ass
And this the ghost when you take your last breath
And I'm cursing your ass
And I'm sort of like the Grim Reaper, but I'm a get
deeper
Cause I'm right here on earth for your ass

[Chorus] 2X

This is it
Sheek Luc, c'mon

[Sheek]
You know Sheek hold it down wherever he at (no doubt)
You wanna knock yourself out?
Nah let me do that
I'm thugging everything I'm on (yeeah)
I spit too hard
Keep the hawk like I'm out in the yard
Even in the boot Luch keep a gat in his hand
Brick under the fan, think I care about a moon man or
Grammyaward?
What did you expect? I ain't seeing double platinum
unless I take it off your fucking neck (right now)
Cut my check and get out my face
Before I go home and get that new shit out the case (no
doubt)
I don't think y'all hearing me, it's not fair to me
I'll clap you if my niggas is daring me
Your God is dumping your face
Then run up and choke your bitch ass, just in case
Then that y'all is thirsty to hear some more
You better put a rush on Volume four (d block)

Walk with me

[Chorus] 2X

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