

Ruff Ryders "Kiss Of Death"

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Uh, I learnt the game, I know what I want and I'm in it
My time is now and it's gonna be up in a minute
You look a nigga in the eye, you could tell if he tinted
These fake rappers gettin' by with these hell of a
gimmicks

They act like it's all love, only love is your money
So when it's over, nigga, are you a thug or a dummy?
I'm neither, but I been hot so long
It feels like I got a lifetime fever

Now I ain't gotta spit, I could cough and still eat ya
Oh, fuck rap, I make mills of reefer
I'm a man first, tired of punchin' niggaz
So I'ma shoot niggaz 'cuz my hands hurt

And God is great, guard ya space
One hand wash the other, both wash the face
And I had crack so much, it's hard to ace
38 revolver flow, it's hard to trace, what

Fuck that, pop off till nothin' in the clip left
(Pop off)
Till nobody in his clique left
(Nobody)
Hole in the head, slashed or the split chest
Uh, if they ask what happened
(Tell 'em it's the kiss of death)

Hustle hard till none of them bricks left
(Nothin' left)
Stick it up till not a crumb on the strip left
(Take that, take that)
Make sure ain't a chain or a chip left
(Uh, uh)
If they asked what happened
(Tell 'em it's the kiss of death)
Tell 'em Kiss, the kiss of death

This is lox ville and even white America
Let y'all negros know Jada got skill
You a jackass like Johnny Knoxville

So I can just imagine how ya pop's feel, damn

And you ain't worth my shells, no
So you should just imagine how the Ak feel
A lotta niggaz is thousandnaires, where?
Walkin' 'round town, frontin' like they got millz

For what it's worth, I'm one myself
But my strength in the hood outruns my wealth
But you still might catch Kiss in some hot wheels
New Bentley coupe with the stock wheels

Haha, look how I get back to it
I send my young niggaz to do it, in the black Buick
I don't spit bars, I distribute the crack fluid
All I'm really waitin' is for niggaz to act stupid

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To all my real niggaz, sorry for keepin' you waitin'
It's ironic, but the God was beefin' with Satan
I love y'all tho, my niggaz for even relatin'
This ain't Kiss talkin' neither, I'm speakin' for Jason

When you a problem it's harder to keep them from
hatin'
Niggaz jaws is like laws, don't easy to break 'em
If I wasn't on some shit, I'm gettin' on it
Come to me with ya hand out, I'm spittin' on it

I don't wanna hear what happened, matter of fact
I don't even care what happened here
Might as well declare the clappin', 'cuz my bones is old
Gotta lotta wear and tear from scrappin'

Hate a nigga that ain't never there to see shit
But always hear what happened
The only thing better than money, is respect
No love this time, nigga, kiss of death, what

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