

## **Ruff Ryders**

# **"Shoot 'Em In Tha Head"**

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Fuck all these niggaz, if you ask me who  
I'll answer back anybody you can think of  
I'm S.P. bitch, I'm the boss of boss  
I talk arrogant and me and guys link up

And these is more than words, if you feel like the songs  
is to you  
Then it probably is, if I can't getta long witcha  
Then I'm gon' hit 'cha, all in ya face and ya body kid  
H O L I D A Y Styles, hit somethin' by trial

I'm the nigga to hate and when it's time  
To merk something bitch  
What? I'm on time in my job and I ain't never been late  
If there's beef in the hood

A nigga like P can't sleep 'til I'm good  
'Cause somebody dead  
This 4/5 gotta hit somebody head  
I'm all up in the safe takin' somebody bread

Shoot 'em in the head, shoot 'em in the face or the  
chest  
Then shoot 'em in the waist or the neck  
Then shoot 'em in the gut or the mouth  
Then shoot 'em in the back and don't stop 'til the blood  
runnin' out

Shoot 'em in the head, shoot 'em in the face or the  
chest  
Then shoot 'em in the waist or the neck  
Then shoot 'em in the gut or the mouth  
Then shoot 'em in the back and don't stop 'til the blood  
runnin' out

Guess I gotta burn down bridges, and break down  
rocks  
And come through and let this tre pound pop  
You all grown now and I don't care if you from home  
town  
I'll put a slug in the dome clown

'Cause most of these rappers is talk  
I'm the nigga in the back of the court  
Wit 5 L's and a 1/2 of a quart  
By 7 o' clock I'm stone cold drunk, wit a blunt and a 2yr  
old pump

Boulgin' out my pant leg  
I'll put it out and make ya man beg  
And shoot 'em anyway, y'all niggaz penny weight  
Niggaz like me just do what the semi say

Any way we can do it any where any day  
I'm Paniero bitch, I ain't the nigga you play hero wit  
End up dead, ya T-shirt look white it's gon' end up red  
And my dogs look hungry they gon' end up fed bitch

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chest  
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I'm hope you lookin' forward to die  
Hope you wanna look the Lord in the eye  
Hope you ready for this motherfuckin' shot  
To ya head or this sword in ya eye

You the shit I'm the 'Lord of the Flies'  
If you got beef say it now, bitch niggaz  
So I can load up and come toward you wit nines  
I spray you and ya man, the coup and the van

The office and the studio where ever you stand  
I don't wanna be the king of the coast  
Feds watchin' me and you gotta stay low when you  
bring in the dope  
Gotta look a lil' dirty when you swingin the toast

If you say the guy name, I'll be ringin' ya throat  
I don't rap about niggaz but I do like to cock back  
Hit 'em the chest and blow the back up outta niggas  
Ya man is pussy? I'ma play wit 'em  
Look at ya nigga pop, pop, pop, now lay wit 'em

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chest  
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