

Ruff Ryders "Stomp"

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Wun, y'all done fucked up now
Oh, shit, 'Ryde Or Die', nigga

It's Yung Wun with the big gun
What you gon' do, boy?
You betta sit down, boy, we don't play like that
Betta yet tell ya man to put down the gat

Before it get ugly, I'ma leave ya bloody, lil' bloody
Don't play with the gun smoke
For the East to the West Coast
Nigga get [unverified], no problem, Barry

You no cemetery, home
Is the pipe bomb dropped off in the woods
A man to come home, it's a three be like that
Tell his ass to come right back to the block with a gat

Standing out in the track with a bumma hard
Bumming weed into the sack
Nigga, let the weed smoke blow
I'm intoxicated trying to make a few hits in the head

Baby 'cause I be wilder, big baller, call up with quarter
Trying to make a few [unverified]
Be borrowing from the police, never wanna follow
And parlor and it ain't no stopping it
(That's shit)
Y'all niggas from [unverified], ain't locking it

Give it up, give it up, g-g-give it up
Them cops on put and they came to town
Y'all boys betta put 'em up, put 'em up, what?
Put 'em up, put 'em up, p-p-put 'em up
This is a stick up and y'all boys betta give it up

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Look, I'm slipping right behind ya, nigga
Don't try to hide 'cause I'll find ya, nigga
I'm representing Big County, nigga
I gotta a clip for all ya slimmy niggas

Don't eva try me, nigga
Don't try to run no bullshit like that [unverified], nigga
You know I'ma a fool for this, I gots two for this
I'll tear yo' mammy and your crew plus you for this

Them Daddy dollars, y'all, my shit harder, dog
I'm from the city of Caprice and them parlors, y'all
I'ma go and kill this, nigga, kiss above this realest,
nigga
First nigga to take you to the bar
And now you feel this, nigga

The respect you gotta give us
'Slip-N-Slide' and Ruff Ryders, nigga
And all yo' money can't buy this nigga
My ecstasy got me wyling, nigga
I'm twice that body, nigga
About 100 miles an hour, nigga

Trick Daddy, Trick Daddy
Yung Wun, Yung Wun
Yo, ball out

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Wait a minute, goddammit, y'all done fucked up now
Y'all gotta nigga from the A on the Ruff Ryde
Representing from the South
In a glass [unverified]

This man got cash in mind on the cash route
Niggas there with they ass out
Talking 'bout Yung Wun's a bitch
(Man)
That DS Cliq, I'ma 'bout to pitch a fucking fit
And start blowing this bitch

What you think my gun bust ice, Wun?
Down in Georgia, six hours from Florida
Niggas get slaughtered, boy, where I'm from
Problems gon' get solved by getting robbed

Causing tear drops and closed caskets
On tha glasses, get beside theysel
And suffocate from plastic
Face down on a mattress

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