

## **Ruff Ryders "The Hood"**

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Shit, this shit right here...is for the thugs in the street  
Do yall here me?  
Shit, and this shit right here...will get you mugged in  
the street

[Beanie Seagal]  
Beanie Segal hit hard, and I'll wire ya jaw  
Trademark niggas eyes, give them perminant scars  
Twist backwards, never catch me rollin' cigars  
Only cock and blow dro out of perservative jars  
On the block serving like I never heard of the law  
Cops hit the spot fuck it, mad bro to bar  
Fuck crack, flip powder, I aint takin' a loss  
Plus if I get snatched, it's less time for the song  
I was been known to stroll the block, hold the glock  
Blow dro, pick up doe, reload the spot  
I'm the shit with crushed ice and some arm and  
hammer  
I'm the reason why smokers steal car antenna's  
I get bricks, so you know I make big nicks  
The size of Chiclets, that make you pricks sick  
While you try to profit, i just flip quick  
Ya niggas know my flow be sick, my doe be quick

[NuChild]  
Now when you wake up  
I'm wiping the cold out your eys with the barrel of the  
gun  
Holding your son, smoking Branson  
Blowing smoke in your face, I want the ransom and  
some  
His shit'll get the opposite of handsome  
I mean I got to come clean  
I've done bagged up and served everything you've  
seen in the feds magazine  
I'm what y'all haven't seen  
I swallow kerosene and piss out gassoline  
Strike a match and burn the fucking scene  
I'm no joker - I could blow you into smoke  
And make your man a second hand smoker.  
I'm so vulgar - I'm sendin' niggas straight back to their  
maker

Broke, with a PlayStation for a CD player, see me  
player?  
I don't even play that shit  
I just spit and have the whole hood sayin' my shit  
Y'all got a bible? Well pray in that shit  
While I smoke a scripture, load up the guns then come  
to rip ya

[InfraRed]

This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Gun up in your mouth, hands around your throat  
Choke nigga choke, I'm dope  
Roll me up and smoke, on contact  
Niggas react, and play me back  
For doe, I'll murder ever nigga not on this track  
I spit back, at any nigga claimin' he teflon  
The best on, be the next nigga get stepped on  
A sick dude, type to ask God "You wanna battle?"  
"I could care less, send me hell I like to travel"  
After waxin' him, I wax you  
Smack you, clap you, and that's two  
Niggas I left lookin' like statues  
I have to, bring it to these cowards that talk hard  
Some jail shit? Never even walked through a junk yard  
I thump hard  
Make a nigga yell for crew quick  
A true bitch, eat a nigga up like a chew-stick  
Too rich, is what I plan to be in the 9-9  
It's all mine, Fagots ride bench when it's crunch time  
So bump mine, make a nigga lean off the opium  
You Ethiopian  
Willie niggas, yeah we scopin 'em, and ropin 'em  
Do a nigga Rosewood style  
Hangin' by his weak picture, callin' his moms and his  
child

[Mysonne]

It's Mysonne, lefty, gun up in the right palm  
Poppin' niggas in their sleep so they die calm  
Kill or be killed, that's the shit that I'm on  
It's desparoto style, shooting at them side arm  
I'm gone, see I'm dope like heroin  
And my guns got scopes, so they zero in  
Here on in, know I fear no men  
And mutherfuck shootin' five, here go ten  
Know that if you start a problem, there's no end  
You tough? Fight death and be a hero then  
Niggas call me Poppiseed, I'll pop your seed  
And move bricks on the block that's too hot to breath  
I'm a real type of nigga, that cock and squeeze  
Y'all them second guess fagots, that cock and freeze

So I fuck with real niggas, like The Lox and D  
And yall niggas got problems, just watch and see

[Drag-On]

I'm the kid with the unlaced boots, but'll lace you  
Leave a hole in your facial, the size of a bagel  
All my bullets hit, never graze you  
If you never was shit, I'ma promise you this  
I'ma front page you, I'ma young'n  
The first one there, and the last one to get to running  
Unless you tell me the cops coming  
'cause I like to feel assed out, so when they trap me I  
blast out  
I'm quiet my gun gotta bad mouth  
I wake up with the mad south  
You know how many chinks and jews  
Drag's done dragged out, on a cash route?  
'cause when I walk in, stop the talking  
I don't give a fuck if it's a nigga with a walkman  
I'ma put him in a coffin  
Soon as I step in  
I'm runnin' up on the nigga with the thick lens  
I'm tryin to get the benz with the thick rims  
Double R, soon half of us'll goto jail  
The best studio, 16 bars to post bail

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