

Ruff Ryders

"Weed, Hoes, Dough"

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I'm pushin' for the single yo, c'mon
Yo, lock the door, uh huh
Ya heard, uh, uh
C'mon, yeah
Ya'll know who it is, or should I say what it is
Uh, uh

All Drag do is fuck bitches and drain his body
Kickin' bitches out the bed and sleep next to a shottie
A bitch'll never get me pump, I make niggas pump IV
I'm the type to follow the cops wit a midget drivin' me

Make them think the car drivin' itself and I'm in the
passenger seat
Signal lights, stash box, a package of D
Drag dash, I'm happy to be
On this rap shit is like a jacket to me
I wear it with cracks in my sleeves

So I keep it on, don't never take my jacket off 'cuz my
shit be gone
What are you, lost your mind?
It took my time to cut these dimes
So I could dump drug a few minds, so don't make me
bust a few nines

Dip the T T in polish watch the shoe shine
Slip in the Tunnel with a banger in my boot line
All it takes is the finger to make a sour sit, linger
Double R is hard, the rest of ya'll is R & B singers

Weed
That's what we smokin' up
Hoes
That's what we pokin' up
Dough
That's what we foldin' up
That's all we know about

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I got more bullets in my clip than chocolate got in chip
I got more bitches suckin' dick than niggas smokin'
niks
I got more shit up in my whip than most niggas got in
cribs
I got more, blocks of raw while ya'll tryin' to stop wars

Coward nigga lock your doors
I'll come through with the locksmith and pop it
With the glock 4 and show ya'll what a mouth's for
I got black steel, blue steel, wheels, I mean wheelchair

'Cuz Drag is real fair, it's all real here
I own more buildings on my block, than real estate,
Philly ave
Hit ten niggas I'm tryin' to see mils like Billy Gates
'Cuz me in Philly rollin' dutches
Me and Eve, stuck off the trees, got her laughin' off
bitches' weaves

Double R, pop niggas, make niggas bleed
Fiends come to me my top rock's been asleep
Seven foot bouncers 'bout to be six feet, under me
Now that's a foot left, you shouldn't have took that step

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I know ya'll wish ya'll woulda, shoulda, coulda
Didda, getta, gotta, guns we cock it then pop it
Make 'em holler and swallow
Niggas stop it, catch it, all up in his jacket

I'm not a stingy nigga, I'll let a nigga have it
Hate chips that go away, lookin' like white coke
Sit in the sun long, come back like French toast
Hair was up, now is down, eyes are black, now is brown

Used to frown, now you smile, nigga must have left you
now
Went from bikes to the car, from the cars to the boat

Went from keys to the coke, went from coke to the
dope
Went from cracks to the raps, went from bats to the
gats
Went from slums to the stats, been to London and back

Me change 'cuz I rap, I can't do it
I went from muggin' ya'll to payin' niggas to do it
It's all the same stupid
I got cake on cake 'cuz I went from pow to pow
Wit my family, two R's, Ryde or Die

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