

## Ruff Ryders "Ww Iii"

Visit "[Ww Iii](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ruff Ryders, Ruff Ryders  
Ryde or Die Volume 2 (Tugboats)  
It's the second time around motherfucker  
Volume 2 Ryde or Die Biatch  
Gangsta Nigga and we gone rock this motherfucker  
We the square root of the motherfucking street  
Double R you cocksucking sons of bitches

Swiss Beatz (Snoop Dogg)  
State yo name gangsta (Big Snoop Dogg)  
Where you representing (Westcoast)  
Yo gone hold it down (Please believe it nigga)  
Enough said then nigga (Hold on Hold up Biatch)

(Snoop Dogg)  
Uh, lets make this official  
Shine yo boots and load yo pistol  
Pull out yo best credentials cause this will  
Be the official for the fake tissue  
Doggy Dogg and Big Swissal, nigga blow the whistle  
Smoking on some bomebee to second hand smoke  
Will get you, hit you, and make you all get the picture  
When was the last time you seen me  
Postin up while ?oastin up, while sippin on some remi  
Believe me it ain't easy been Diese  
Wit these jealous rap niggas and these punk ass frizes  
Man I can remember at what they told me  
When I first came in the game thangs done changed  
Call it what you wanna, keep it on her  
Eastcoast, Long Beach, California spinning like a toner  
Banging on the corner, hot like a sauna  
Get the best of you then ? to California

Swiss Beatz (Yung Wun)  
State yo name yungsta (Yung Wun)  
Where you representing (ATL shorty)  
You gone hold it down (Damn, right)  
Enough said then (Nigga)  
Lets go

(Yung Wun)  
Shorty pop a lot, acting like you got a lot

Wit all that fake ice on his watch, this nigga wanna get  
got  
Coming to my city wit all that hot shit and his fake ass  
clit  
I'm a put something in him and bust his wig, I'm on  
some thugged out shit  
You better be strapped boy, how you love that boy, act  
boy  
I'm gone break yo back boy, wit a bat boy, where you at  
boy  
Hold up I'm cold hearted, damn right I get retarded  
I'm a yung-on and down here bitch I'm the hardest  
You can hoot, hide and talk that shit  
I'm gone stay low and keep it real and shorty come up  
But when I bite you gone feel that there, it's real down  
here  
Watch you mouth boy, you might get killed down here  
I'm a ryde or die nigga, put something in yo eye nigga  
Get beside yourself and it's bye bye nigga  
When it come to glock cocking and drop popping  
I'm the first to hit the block and go to war wit the cops  
fuck nigga

Swiss Beatz (Scarface)

State yo name gangsta (Scarface)

Where you representing (Motherfucking southside)

You gone hold it down (Goddamn right)

Enough said then nigga

(Scarface)

Holly hos, Scarface an?

Bringing terror wit this beretta, I clutch in my palm

I'm scaring motherfuckers straight wit my

Guerilla tactics guranteeing my enemy die

It's worldwide army alert for all soliders

Either you Ruff Ryde, Ryde Ruff, or roll over

It's a stick up, down on yo knees, plus I'm sicker

Cause disrepected, you don't disrespect me nigga

I'm the one these niggas call on when negotiations are  
halting

And time come for the beating up the bosses

Make them an offer that can't refuse, they don't comply

When I walk out they stank these fools

I guess these niggas think they can't be moved

Realizing they don't scare niggas like they thank they  
do

You fuck wit me, I gots to fuck wit you

World War 3 motherfucker, I thought you knew

Swiss Beatz (Jadakiss)

State yo name gangsta (Jadakiss nigga)

Where you representing (East Coast dog)  
You gone hold it down (Why wouldn't I)  
Enough said then nigga Let's go

(Jadakiss)

If you fuckin wit the kiss you ain't gone breathe  
The only time I lick in the air is New Year's Eve  
Sonny from Bronstail you can't leave  
Get kissed on yo cheek then you meant to die  
Cause when the gun start poppin then my temperature  
rise

Yo know my style 20 niggas wit 40 Cals  
Nine years ago you was hollering shorty wild  
Now I'm in the rap game twisting these hunnies out  
Never left the crack game still on a money route  
I run through the industry looking for enemies  
Y'all niggas sound sick and Jada the remedy  
Get shot in yo eyes and mouth  
Can't see can't talk when you fucking wit the heart of  
New York  
And that's fouler that swalling pork  
An don't fuck wit the feds, dog you know I push the  
prowler to court  
Toast on my lap, got the East Coast on my back

How many times must I tell you motherfuckers  
We ain't industry niggas  
We in-the-streets niggas  
We motherfucking riders forever bitch now what

So Ryde or Die you talk it we live it (Eastcoast)  
So Ryde or Die you want it we give it (Westcoast)  
So Ryde or Die you started we ended (Dirty south)  
So Ryde or Die you talk it we live it (Big West)  
So Ryde or Die you want it we give it (Ruff Ryders)  
So Ryde or Die you started we ended (Biatch)  
Motherfucker, Ruff Ryders, Double R motherfucker,  
Ruff Ryders

Visit [Ruff Ryders](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.