

## Ruff Ryders

### "Wwiii - Featuring Yung Wun, Snoop Dogg,&hellip"

Visit "[Wwiii - Featuring Yung Wun, Snoop Dogg,&hellip](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

ruff ryders (ruff ryders)  
Ryde or die, volume 2

Tugboats  
It's over...  
(laughing)it's the second time around mutherfucker  
(yeah)  
Volume 2, ryde or die, bitch  
Gangsta nigga  
And we gonna rock this motherfucker, you dig me (for  
sure baby)  
We done square rooted the motherfucking streets (for  
sure baby)  
Double r, you cock sucking sons of bitches (yeah)

State your name gangsta  
Big snoop dogg (bow wow)  
Who ya representin  
West coast  
You gonna hold it down  
Please believe nigga  
Enough said then nigga

(beyatch)  
Let's make this official  
Shine your boots and load your pistols  
Pull out your best crudentials  
Cuz this'll, be the official for the fake tissue  
Doggy dogg and big swizz'll, nigga blow the whistle  
Smoke it on some bomb beat and second hand smoke  
will get ya, hit ya  
And make ya all get the picture  
Dig this, when was the last time you seen me  
Posted up, west coasted up and sippin on some green  
meat  
Believe me, it ain't easy being d'zy  
With these jealous rap niggas and these punk ass  
freezies (fuck em)  
Man, i couldn't remember what they told me  
When i first came in the game, but things done  
changed

Call it what you want it, keep the heat up on it  
Eastside california, spinnin like a 'tona  
Banging on the corner, like a 'sona  
It be best to back up off a boy and put this up on ya

State your name youngster  
Yung wun  
Where you representing  
A-t-l, shorty  
You gonna hold it down  
Damn right  
Well, enough said then  
It's up, man nigga tell ya something

Shorty pop a lot, acting like he got a lot  
With all that fake ice on his watch, this nigga wanna get  
got  
Coming to my city with all that hot shit and his fake ass  
cliq  
I'm gonna put something in him, bust his wig, i'm on  
some thugged out shit  
He better be strapped boy, how ya like that boy  
Hey boy, i'm gonna break your back boy, with a bat boy  
Where ya at boy, hold up, i'm cold hearted  
Damn right, i get retarded  
I'm a young one, and down here, bitch i'm the hardest  
Shoot the shoot, hide and talk that shit  
I'm gonna stay low, keep it real and show then come up  
But when i bite, you gonna feel that there, it's real  
down here  
Watch your mouth boy, you might get killed down here  
I'm a ryde or die nigga, i'll put something in your eye  
nigga  
Get beside them here, it's fly bye nigga  
When it come to glock cocking and drop popping  
I'm the first to hit the black and go to war with the cops,  
fuck nigga

State your name gangsta  
Scarface  
Where your representing  
My motherfucking self  
You gonna hold it down  
You god damn right  
Enough said then nigga

Hi-ho scarface and dogg whippin this streets against  
the law  
Bringing terror with this beretta, i clutch in my paw  
I'm scared motherfuckers, scrape with mine  
You will attack, that's what you get, my enemies die

It's a worldwide story, for all soldiers  
Even if ruff ryders ryde ruff or roll over  
It's a stickup, said down on your knees cuz i'm sick-up  
If disrespected, you don't disrespect me nigga  
I'm the one these niggas call on  
When they go to cases are halted and the time come  
for beatin up the bosses  
Make them an offer they can't refuse  
They don't comply, when i walk out they stack these  
fools  
I guess these niggas think they can't be moved  
Realized it those dead niggas like they think they do  
You fuck with me i gots to fuck with you  
World war three, motherfucker, i thought you knew

State your name gangsta  
Jadakiss nigga  
Where you representing  
East coast dog  
You gonna hold it down  
Why wouldn't i  
Enough said then nigga

Let's go  
If you fucking with the kiss, you ain't gonna breathe  
The only time i lick in the air is new years eve  
Sonny from bronxdale you can't leave  
Get kissed on your cheek then your meant to die  
Cuz when the gun start poppin and my temperature  
rise  
You know my style, twenty niggas with forty cal  
Nine years ago you was hollering when shorty wild  
Now i'm in the rap game twisting these honies out  
Never left the crack game, still on the money route  
I run through the industry looking for enemies  
Y'all niggas sound sick and jada the remedy  
Get shot in your eyes and your mouth  
Can't see can't talk when you fuckin with the heart of  
new york  
And that's foul in then swallow the pulp  
And then fuck with the feds dog, you know i push the  
prowler they caught  
Toast on my lap, got the east coast on my back

How many times must i tell you motherfuckers (yeah)  
We ain't in-du-stry niggas, we in-the-streets niggas  
Ruff ryders forever, now what  
(chorus:) ryde or die, you talk it, we live it  
So ryde or die, you want it, we give it  
So ryde or die, you start it, we end it  
So ryde or die, you talk it, we live it

(repeat chorus)(hollering then fade to end)

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.