

Ruff Ryders

"WWIII"

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

Tugboats
It's over...
(laughing)It's the second time around motherfucker
(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 Ficticial
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 Remi
Believe me, it ain't easy being D'zy
With these jealous rap niggas and these punk ass
breezies (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 wanna, keep the heat up on it

East Long Beach 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

Ease 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 somethin in him, bust his wig, I'm on
some thugged out shit
He better be strapped boy, how ya love that boy
Act 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'un, and down here, bitch I'm the hardest
You can hoot, hide an' talk that shit
I'm gonna stay low, keep it real and surely 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 yourself, it's bye bye nigga
When it come to glock cocking and top popping
I'm the first to hit the block 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 pullin' the strings to your
alarm
Bringing terror with this beretta, I clutch in my paw
I'm scared motherfuckers scrape with mine
Guerilla tactics, guaranteein my enemy die
It's a worldwide army alert, for all soldiers

Even you Ruff Ryder, ryde ruff or roll over
It's a stickup, so down on your knees cuz I'm sicker
If disrespected, you don't disrespect me nigga
I'm the one these niggas call on
When negotiations are halted and the time come for
beatin up the bosses
Make them an offer that 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 fouler then swallowin pork
And then fuck with 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 (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)

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