

## **Bill Tithers**

### **"Ruff Era Niggas Bust"**

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(Crazy)

Crazy Don alias Doc Holliday  
I took four shots, and I'm back  
You muthafuckas surprised?

(Crazy+????):

Ask my niggas bout my history, I took four shots  
You niggas wanna go to war? Well here's your grave  
plot  
Mix some weed with the hennessey, I start to trip  
We'll be in Providence with Roderick, runnin' the lip  
Let's reincarnate Bishop, up to where we  
Northville nigga, got the chopper for the Non-believers  
I could've sworn that you niggas from my town homie  
Where were you bitches when the feds came down on  
me?  
I never guessed that my phones were tapped  
From Texas to Atlanta, you niggas know I ride strapped  
We, run the block nigga  
Score the G's  
Score from the hoes on the highway talkin' a hundred  
ki's  
I want the G's, nigga that's the only way  
Put some hennessey in my casket on my death day  
And if I die, I'm hopin' that I get to heaven  
If not I'm goin' to Hell, bustin' with my Mack-11

(Uncredited male rapper)

Get ready for combat,  
Known for totin' straps or prior  
Tire, all black, smokin' sacks, intended acts  
Caps get peeled back on gats that's stolen  
Gimme what'cha holdin', fuck all the bull dozin'  
Straight foreclosin'  
Shops on blocks with glocks  
Plow on the clock  
But we don't all stop  
Puttin' the red dot and that's on top  
Of Presidents,  
Chopper City Residents,  
Evidence irrelevant for marchin' a settlement

With a regiment of soldiers  
In fatigues, blazin' weed  
Chasin' at top speed, stackin' G's,  
Pumpin' ki's  
You know the stee  
Me and T, trunk blazin'  
Duct tapin', pocket rapin',  
Beenie masqueradin'  
Regulatin' lames  
In the game, for the cane  
Layin' in the pubic range of your dame  
Bustin' brains for chump change  
And remain the same  
Meals, deals, legs  
Wheels concealed  
Steals battlefields from the 'Ville to the Hill  
Throw Cita, night creeper  
Equal to gettin' cheeba  
Workin' off the beeper, twerkin' your senorita  
Peeped ya, from the hidin'  
Can't help ya nigga, dividin'  
Won't stop us  
Spittin' with choppers, you can't dodge it

Chorus (Crazy):

You bust! I bust with my trigga  
You don't wanna fuck with me, RUFF ERA NIGGAS!!!

(4x)

(Uncredited Female Rapper)

Understand I'm Ruff Era Nigga til' I die  
Certified, pass me the clip, watch them bullets fly  
See my life is high beams, take the limit, the sky  
Let niggas know I'm the bitch of this entourage  
Find that line, everything I touch is platinumized  
Capitalize, monopolize, hypnotize  
You bitches never could fuck with me, lyrics crystalized  
Just like ??? in it's purest, bitches droppin' like flies  
Surprised? We low ridin' in Crazy's expedition  
When you see it, then do not wonder why yo nigga's  
missin'  
I been rappin' since nineteen ninety scandalous on that  
mission  
Pack somethin' bigger than nuts, female intuition  
You know you pussy ass bitches really make me sick  
And bitches that try to stop me can lick my clit  
Cuz I'm a bad bitch, niener the only hoe I trust  
So don't fuck with my entourage cuz if they bust I bust  
I'm scandalous

(Uncredited Male rapper)

Just a young nigga drinkin' malt liquor  
Try me, bitch you wanna get to heaven quicker  
Hit the scene with my mausburg two-twenty-three  
Cuz every nigga on my team flashin' red beams  
Never will I let me enemies capture me  
Strap a bomb nigga, smokin' weed, picture me  
Be the ones with bandanas and cream  
And I'ma flip til' you muthafuckas murder me  
Got my glock on my hip, try to fuck with this  
You wanna take it like a man, goin' fist to fist?  
Nigga, I'm smokin' weed til' I enter the World  
Never forgot about the time I screamed "Fuck the  
World"  
Lord forgive me for the shit I said  
I pray daily, cuz a nigga got a price on my head  
Fuck 'em  
We in the expo gettin' blowed  
Ninety-nine, this be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Remember me from the St. Bernard Avenue?  
We kill each other so imagine what we'd do to you  
Bitch, you wanna run and feel the wrath of me?  
And my muthafuckin' mausburg two-twenty three  
The police got me crazy  
I can't walk in my own hood, that's the way you made  
me  
My nigga Cane in the feds, sendin' me mail  
Told me "Nigga please pay my bail"  
When I bust you bust!

Chorus

(uncredited male rapper)

Which one of y'all wanna meet a nigga head on?  
Infra-red's and the lead til' your head gone  
Call the feds but my clique made of teflon  
Any nigga wanna bust he better come strong!  
Bystanders gettin' caught up in a war zone  
Adversaries past tense, niggas dead and gone  
My heater makin' niggas get they rest on  
AK's stay bustin' til' they chest gone!  
In the city where these niggas stay chopper totin'  
Minyard find ya with your head bust open  
Like that, muthafuckas get dealt with  
Niggas slip, they get hit up with a hollow tip  
Me and Crazy makin' niggas have nightmares  
Lights out! Muthafuckas better say they prayers  
From the four, so fa sho, I bust quicker  
Breather Life, if you bust, I bust nigga

(uncredited male rapper)  
First if I hit, glock spit, your gut tore  
Stuck close  
Fuck you! I hang with nothin' but cut-throats  
Shot through your ligaments  
You gettin' indignant? My niggas ignorant  
Very ignorant, to be sufficient  
They gat bustas  
That's slushas, ya block puzzled  
We use a silencer to keep the shot muffled  
You thugs and losers  
Drug abusers  
Scheme runners  
We savages, look what New Orleans done us!  
We tryin' to get ours by plottin' to get yours  
Skip those that ain't got shit  
We want your bricks hoe, and quick though  
And we sick though  
You flashin' jew-els  
We bust a few shells  
Up that  
We greedy, fuck that  
You outta luck Black  
I'm beyond heartless, a con artist, raised hostile  
Been wild, when I get mine, then I smile  
Right now, ain't shit to laugh for  
So I blast for my figures  
You don't wanna cross Ruff Era niggas

#### Chorus

(BMG)  
We devour fake niggas, claimin' to be the realest  
We'll see, so fuck it, I guess that I'm charged with it  
My guards up, my guns cocked to hit it  
Your girl jocked to lick it  
You gotta die if you snitchin'  
Who got the weed? Fire it up  
Check and see if them people got that boy, wire it up  
Hit 'em twice in the gut  
A dead issue, man you see 'em on the South Side  
smokin' a swisher  
See the news caught'cha picture  
BMG done got wit'cha  
Shit he must don't know, now go on and cope  
Them downtown warriors, we cut throat  
We drop and run inside and bustin' through the door  
Heard 'em hit the floor  
Silencers on the four-four  
Hit Sam on the mobile  
Man, that hoe ain't no more

He ain't play the game how it go  
Tried to cross a nigga out fa sho  
But I handled that so pass the Mo'  
Pour it slow, doin' one-fifteen in the Camaro  
From the H-town to the N.O.  
Florida, A-L, Five-four

(Crazy)  
Feel the wrath of Doc Holliday  
Nigga as I spray  
I'm tryin' to get rid of a hundred rounds of my K  
For play  
I've been bustin' niggas heads for years  
Now they done released me on the World, now it's time  
for tears  
A hundred breathers screamin' "KILL ME! WE DON'T  
WANNA LIVE NO MORE!"  
Beggin' Jesus to let us into Heaven's door  
Picture me runnin' at my adversary, glock in hand  
I possess, immortality in this one man  
I smell death in the air, nigga watch me breathe  
I was born into this helter-skelter from my Mama's seed  
I'm puffin' weed until these bitch niggas assassinate  
me  
Once I'm in my casket, will these bitch niggas still hate  
me?  
When I die, let me die clutchin' on my trigga  
Believe me I would die for these Ruff Era niggas!

Chorus

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