

## **Ruff Ryder**

### **"Ruff Ryders Anthem"**

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(Drag-On)

This thing right here.. (yeah yeah)  
is for my peoples in the streets.. (ha hah) Swizz Beats  
(uh-huh)  
And this thing right here.. (Ruff Ryders)  
will get your ass off your feet (Remix! .. c'mon)

They call me Drag-On, when it's time to bomb  
I burn em all, til they all say turn em off  
Cause these chips, I'ma run em all  
Chickenheads, know I, be the Colonel  
Cause I burn eternal, mixed wit the inferno  
So be careful, 'fore I burn you  
You better learn dude, yeah I heard you  
but I'ma hurt you, but you don't know?  
My versatile, is a virtue  
Ruff Ryders be the team, which means  
a lot cream, lot of schemes  
Lot of beams to make your stock drop, right on the  
seams  
Nigga here is too hot and too much for you to touch  
Better tell your man cause I'm too tough  
Indubitably, too dust  
Do you bust? Cause we do  
You need to ask the people, but quietly  
But they don't believe until they leave violently  
Is you buying this?  
Cause niggaz that purchased is under the dirt kid  
They call me Drag-On; I'm the youngest but get  
bonkers  
Collabo' wit my dogs from Yonkers  
but this Bronx bomber's spittin flame  
so you better wear your armor  
Flame on!

Chorus: DMX (repeat 2x)

My dogs gon' STOP, your dogs gon' DROP  
And then we gon' SHUT EM DOWN, OPEN UP SHOP  
First we had em like OHHH, now they like NOOO  
What baby?!! THAT'S HOW RUFF RYDERS ROLL

(Jadakiss)

When I pop up, I lock shop up, pull the drop up  
Park a block up, hit the alarm, put the top up  
Stash the 'dro in my sock then pull my sock up  
And keep the burner but if it's hot put my glock up  
You know what I'm about, slidin off get my cock sucked  
Or writin rhymes watching Scarface in the hot tub  
Whatchu wanna bet, when I pull it out  
if you don't shout that every bullet'll go in and out  
Who you know besides 'Kiss take the piss in the bottle  
of Crist'  
and then give it to a modelin bitch  
And you like your watch plain, I'ma flood mine  
Alligator bloodline trained to find coke and bite one  
time

(Styles)

Y'all niggaz ain't hearin me out, til I pop up  
appear in your house, clearin it out, holiday style  
Everybody actin violent and wild  
Snatch the wife silence the child, that's how we move  
Kill me my man kill you, that's how you lose  
I Ruff Ryde, I don't like to slide felt that I slipped  
Then the gun's only helpin the clip  
And the clip's only helpin my hand  
And like who the fuck is helpin your man?  
When I cock back and hop out the van  
Double R, get a job, play the shit in the car  
Hit a party start a fight at the bar, and snatch your R  
Sell your shit for some coke and get the fuck out of  
Dodge

(ve)

Guess you figured that my niggaz, flippers, pullin  
triggers  
News team crowd around, tryin to flick a picture  
Get witcha, this bitch from Illadelph marches quicker  
Nigga not makin sense better stay up off the liquor  
Blonde bombshell, car-a-mel, heavy spender  
Groups be sayin I'm they sister, hush ya mouth 'fore I  
hit ya  
Stickin in wiseguys, fake thugs, and bullshitters  
Take you for a ride, cover up your eye, then I get ya  
Used to be shy-er, now I'ma Ruff Ryder  
Big niggaz play me close, when they used to ride by  
her  
Snatchin up your figures, frontin, know you dig us  
Haters, screamin, "Who that bitch?" (UHH, UHH)  
Mind your business nigga

## Chorus

[DJ Clue \* talking over chorus \*]

Yeah!!DJ Clue!

The Professional!Part One

C'mon!Mad shout out, Donnie Brascoe

Big Skate, Duro..CLUE!

(MX)

Uhh, uhh, uhh..

The X is gonna hit y'all niggaz hard, leave y'all niggaz  
scarred

Fuckin with the Dog when you fuckin with the God

Rip y'all niggaz off, faggot niggaz soft

Remember me from up North, I had you scared to  
cough

My name is ringin bells, in penitentiary cells

I'm making thugs rebel, ain't hard to tell

You never really wanted it, so the mic you jumped in  
front of it

Outta sixteen shots I'ma hit, which one of you niggaz  
am I gonna get

Thought you knew what I was gonna spit, this time with  
this rhyme

but by the end of it, y'all niggaz is gon' be like, "Yo X  
ripped it!"

Did my thing as usual it's never gon' stop

Them cats can't be for real, I got this shit locked!

Is that a game or a joke?Say the name or get smoked

Simple as that, simple as black, to the throat

Hit em all up to the coat, now you losin your life

(Grrrrrr) A dog is a dog for life!

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