

**Danzer Georg****"Ryda Hata"**

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(Talking)

(Myzery)

Are you a Ryda hata? If so you aint shit  
And i'll tell it to your cliq when i'm emptyin' the clip  
bitch  
You get the dick and i'm fondeling your chick  
Wit' my lips around her tit, an my stick all in her clit  
Now who she wit'? the Ryda!, now you hatin it  
I see that mark buck on my dawg, chasin' it, wastin' it  
Drop ya bitch off, i'll get inside her lata  
I pack a mack 11 for all you bitchass Ryda hatas  
(Blaze)

Are you a Ryda hata, you best check yo'self  
Or get knocked out wit' a left right left  
Watch yo' step, hold your breath, drop the heat  
Or find yourself wakin' in my backseat  
Of my car, you never know who we are  
Ridin' 'round the city like some superstar  
Pimpin' hard, lots a cash, and pullin' cards  
If you wanna step, mother fucker let's go to war

Hatas, we (buck, buck!)

Ryda hatas we (buck, buck, buck!)x2

(Violent J)

Hata mother fucka, you hate a mother fucka  
Just 'cuz a brother got butta' motha' fucka what!  
Bitch!, it's time that I check that chin  
Appologize fo' it then check it again  
'Cuz i'm not kinda friend when i'm takin' a bottle of the  
Rose  
I might swerve ya nose  
That's how it goes for a hata that hates, and i'm  
greater  
Bullet be the hater exterminater  
Chorusx2

(Jamie Madrox)

You can hate me, because I ride like the wind  
And leave yo' ass waitin' for love like Cardigans

I'm a thug bitch, and i've been that way forever  
Never spend no cheddar on a bitch no never  
Whatever the fuck you think you talkin' about  
Well it's hard to hear your words with dick up in your  
mouth  
All that hatin' shit is out and i'm all up in this bitch  
Ryda for life, and I aint never gonna switch  
(Shaggy 2 Dope)  
Ryda hata's what the fuck, yo I can't stand'em, talk shit  
behind my back  
And yo' lips get smacked  
Talk shit to my face, get pistol whipped in the face  
Thrown in the torture rack, your back gets braced  
Gettin' mace'd in ya eyes, dome gets Karate chopped  
Cock the gat back, blaw! you got dropped  
Run your body over wit' my..black truck  
Hater-ass, stupid, mother fucker, piece of shit, duck!  
Chorusx2

(Blaze)  
Are you a Ryda hata? you's a bitch-hoe  
And noone really cares what your mom think though  
'Cuz it's all about the money, black trucks and bumps  
So shut your mouth, get on your knees and take your  
loss  
Chorus

(Monoxide Child)  
You's a Chontsy, flat out bitch, you aint shit  
And fo' real-doe yo' bitchass'll die quick  
Fuckin' wit' the cliq, boo-yah we won't miss  
Leave ya standin' still in a puddle of piss  
If you's a Ryda hata, then I annihilate ya  
I'm mobbin' up on your set like a space invada  
Easy to contain ya like a rat  
I'll smash ya wit' my baseball bat, because I rose like  
dat beotch!

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