

## Wrestling Lyrics

### "MC Lyte- 'Ruffneck'"

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(chorus)(x3)

Gotta what yo  
Gotta get a ruffneck

(verse one)

I need a ruffneck  
I need a dude with attitude  
Who only needs his fingers with his food  
Karl Kani saggin' timbos draggin'  
Frontin' in his ride with his home boys braggin'  
Lying 'bout the Lyte how he knocked boots last night  
But he's a ruffneck so that's alright  
Triple o baldie under the hood  
Makin' noise with the boys up to no good  
C-low on the down low cops come around so ruffneck  
front like he gotta go  
Evil grin with a mouth full of gold teeth  
Startin' beef is how he spells relief  
Actin' like he don't care  
When all I gotta do is beep him 911 and he'll be there  
Right by my side with his ruffneck tactics  
Ruffneck attitude,the ruffneck bastard

(chorus) (x6)

(verse two)

I need a ruffneck  
I need a man that's quick and swift  
To put out the spliff and get stiff  
Boxer shorts and everything is fitting large  
But he don't gotta be large to be in charge  
Pumpin' in and out and out and in and here we go  
He knows exactly how I want my flow and that's slow  
Never questioning can he get buck wild  
He's got smack it,lick it,swallow it up style  
Drinkin' a beer ,sittin' his chair  
Hands in his pants fiddlin' with his dick hairs  
He's a rudeboy,a raggamuf  
Ready to bag another brother that he ranks ruff enough  
'Cause if it ain't ruff it ain't right  
And if he ain't ruff,well then he's all wrong for the Lyte

I love my ruffneck and ain't nothing going down  
Or going up if my ruffneck ain't in town

(chorus) (x6)

(verse three)

I need a ruffneck  
I need a man that don't stitch like a bitch  
She'd tears or switch  
Doin' whatever it takes to make ends meet  
But never meetin' the end 'cause he knows the street  
Eat sleep shit fuck, eat sleep shit  
Then it's back to the streets to make a buck quick  
Quick to beg even though gimme gottem here  
Hit'em wit a bit a skins then he's out of there  
On the avenue girls are passin' thru  
Too much of ruffneck so they ain't havin' you  
Hard boppin' always grabbin' his jock and braggin'  
about his tec  
That's the rep he'll pull the plug on the tour  
Pissin' in corners  
Doing 80 by funeral mourners  
Showing little respect  
Now that's a ruffneck

(chorus) (x18)

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