

## Styles "And I Came To..."

Visit "[And I Came To...](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Turn it up, turn it up Swizz Beats the monster  
Fix ya, face, Ruff Ryders, let's do it  
D-Block, EVE, Styles P and Sheek, wasup, wassup  
Let's do it

Walk wit ya nigga, hawk wit ya nigga, I came to shut it  
down  
Ski mask and four pound  
Baby, grenades, we deep like baby parades  
D-Block I'm gon sharpen ya blades

Let's get it on  
Videos with bullets flying through Korn  
Blaow, Footage turn ya, camcords on  
It's the underground nigga, with bricks, nigga with  
dough  
A nigga fucking all y'all chicks, you know

I'm a gangster and a gentleman too, P  
I'll lay a nigga, down and send his moms a bouquet for  
free  
I could start a pet store with these birds  
I'm the rap Donald Goines with words

Still rob y'all herbs and I came to  
Hit the club on my dick, light up a blunt  
Thug a bitch out, I got the mud in the front  
I got the flight jacket, came with wings  
When I chase you to the roof  
Clappin' at ya ass with one of them things

I gots to live by my pride  
'Cause I came to Ruff Ryde or die  
And I gots to shut down ya' name  
'Cause I came to shut down the game

And I gots to hold down this heat  
'Cause I came to hold down ya' streets  
And I gots to make sure I drop yo ass  
'Cause I came to D-Block all ya cash

Yo, I was determined to sell

And not because I'm just a bunny with a fluffy tail  
Had to prove that I could live hard and spit hard  
Just a bonus that I'm cute and get ya dick hard

See, I ain't never lettin' mine go  
I'ma be here forever with my dogs as the time go  
And I know we makin' niggas sick  
We in they face everyday, every way and they can't  
handle it

Streets choosin' Double R realest niggas out no  
confusion  
Cats don't want it over here have you heard  
S.P. ain't for games little boy lesson learned  
I suggest you stay far from my nigga's face

Hop back go hard all day in a nigga's face  
You see, you cowards ain't a threat to us really  
Just figured that we let you know that testin' us is silly  
Good luck, y'all naw forreal, fuck y'all

I gots to live by my pride  
'Cause I came to Ruff Ryde or die  
And I gots to shut down ya' name  
'Cause I came to shut down the game

And I gots to hold down this heat  
'Cause I came to hold down ya' streets  
And I gots to make sure I drop yo' ass  
'Cause I came to D-Block all ya' cash

I live by my pride, I could never be broke  
I'ma Ruff Ryde or die catch me bein' with dope  
Smokin' weed in the hoopty with the three in the coat  
'Cause my ace boon-koon got a connect

Told me send a hundred bundles to the day room soon  
If the shit go right, he know that it will  
We'll be cash, he'll be movin' straight weight through  
June  
But back to this rap shit who thug it the most  
It'll take the whole coast just to fuck wth the ghost

He done shut down the game, shit on ya' name  
If you ain't hold down the street or bust off ya' heat  
Then me and you is different, we ain't get it the same  
And I represent niggas who live it, keep askin' for it

And I represent niggas who give it  
This a D-Block Ruff Ryder, Holiday Styles  
Cock sucker and I don't give a fuck about you

I gots to live by my pride  
'Cause I came to Ruff Ryde or die  
And I gots to shut down ya' name  
'Cause I came to shut down the game

And I gots to hold down this heat  
'Cause I came to hold down ya' streets  
And I gots to make sure I drop yo' ass  
'Cause I came to D-Block all ya cash

Visit [Styles](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.