

Styles

"I'm a Ruff Ryder"

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Talk, holiday styles, SP or whatever you choose
A pound of weed, four guns and a litre of booze
Shoot niggas out they shoes, what? Come and fuck
with me
I can guarantee you'll be makin' the news

P flows like no nigga, twenty six but I'm a old nigga
Don't make me fuck around and show niggas
How to leave a room flat, twenty niggas dead
No money, no jewels, bullets in their head

Ain't a nigga you know could fuck with the God
Rappin's just a hobby, gun bustin' a job
'Cuz the sickest niggas out is the bitchiest niggas out
And I could take 'em on the street and straight whip
'em in the house

Come through in the prettiest Porsche, the grittiest
boss
State gotta talk till the city get hoarse
I'm the icin' on the cake, gangsta of the state
Guns, money and weight, who you fuckin' wit dawg?

I'm a ruff ryder, weed smokin'
Gun totin' heroin supplier
I'm a ruff ryder on a low dawg
No phone calls, got my shit wired

I'm a ruff ryder, bust for my niggas
Hush for my niggas, all of us survivors
I'm a ruff ryder, you got a gun on you
I got a gun on me, both of us could fire

I'm just dealin' with the tension and stress, understand
I'm from the school of hard knock and my suspension
is death
I keep the P 89 twenty shot in the coat
Better squeeze soon as you see me, you plottin' to loc

I'm a little more than itchy, motherfucker
When it's time to splatter your mask or burst your
kidneys

So go head and get your sons on me like I give a fuck
Like I'm givin' up I got four guns on me, get down and
dirty, all by my lonely
I leave your brains on your block all around your
homies

Live by the code of honor, stay holdin' armor
I treat beef like a album I could promote the drama
Stay bustin' a hammer, sweatin' a smilin'
And I make sure these motherfuckers'll regret while I'm
wildin'
I'm the hustler on the block with money on his mind
And some bricks in his hand, P can't be stopped, what?

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Dealin' with the ghost of the past
You could sleep if you want and get fucked with this
toast in your ass
I'm the gangsta and a gentleman, I hope you the best
And tell them clear the front seat and then choke you to
death

Throw the gun to the chair, try to open your chest
Get blood on the driver's face, window and dash
Burn the car with the body in it, bring you the ash
I get down on a hit like I'm Sigel the cold

That nigga sniffed up yo coke, I could bring you his
nose
If he stole money from you P could bring you his hands
The nigga talk too much, I bring the ears of his mans
Need weed to calm down, need money to live life

Fuck a watch 'cause my time is tickin'
Fuck a chain, I'm already hangin'
Fuck a gang, I'm already bangin'

Robbin' niggas is my only form of steady payment
Play it sweet I might be in your house
L O X, black mob holiday and I'm out
What, bitch?

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Gun totin' heroin supplier
I'm a ruff ryder on a low dawg
No phone calls, got my shit wired

I'm a ruff ryder, bust for my niggas
Hush for my niggas, all of us survivors
I'm a ruff ryder, you got a gun on you
I got a gun on me, both of us could fire
I'm a ruff ryder, uh, faggots

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