

## **Larsiny & Yung Wun**

### **"Raise it Up"**

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[Swizz Beatz]

Millenium time, millenium time

Yo, Strings, Drag-On

Swizz-Swizz-Swizz Beatz

Yo, yo, yo (1-2-3-4)

[Chorus One: Strings]

Raise it up, in the front

Raise it up, in the back

Raise it up, on the side

Raise it up, where you at?

Raise it up, in the middle

Raise it up, in the back

Raise it up, raise it up

Raise it up, raise it up

[Chorus Two: Strings]

Blaze it up, in the front

Blaze it up, in the back

Blaze it up, on the side

Blaze it up, where you at?

Blaze it up, in the middle

Blaze it up, in the back

Raise it up, raise it up

Raise it up, raise it up

[Strings]

How many y'all real ones feelin this in yo' feet?

How many y'all real ones bumpin Strings in yo' Jeeps?

How many y'all real ones got beef?

Packin heat, packin in yo' sleep

Haters is hungry up in them streets

How many y'all real ones got dough after ass?

How many y'all real ones hustle and make it fast?

How many y'all real ones got women with class?

Bringin they own shit, makin they own cash

How many y'all real ones is ready for combat?

How many y'all real ones' lions was takin for tomcats?

Contacts for contracts, that's where I'm at

Lyin ass for cash for eternity, I'm stacked

Ruff to the Ryde, never been what I'm about

What the hell are y'all waitin for?  
My toque is fired up  
Make my pocket lump-lump, I give you the pump-pump  
Let me see you jump-jump, and shakin your rump-  
rump-rump  
Party over here, bump that over there  
Hands in the air, drinks e'rywhere  
And if wherever you from, please we don't care  
Long as you got that derriere  
Make that cash, make that dough  
Break that chick, pimp that yo  
Sisqo flow, uhh, Sisqo flow  
Throw yo' hands up, my soldiers puttin it down  
Where my ladies at, shake that thang all around  
I said throw yo' hands up, my soldiers puttin it down  
Where my ladies at, shake that thang all around

[Chorus One] - 2X

[Drag-On]  
(Flame On!!)  
All my people Ryde 'em Ruff like giddy-up  
Get a nigga, pick 'im up, stick 'im up  
Get the nine, hit 'im up, ambulance come pick 'im up  
All my people push weight  
Ain't nothin but a word to move the bird  
We fly them south for the winter  
Cook them up then push 'em out like dinner  
Now eat.. Drag-On get enough to feed the streets  
Like here's a key, take that  
Who him? Break that  
Y'all boys better make my kick-back  
With a pen in my hand y'all see gashes  
Bullets will land y'all see splashes  
When I send them loose beadies  
Brains on the walls like grafitis  
All my peoples is millionaires  
But in the hood, they still there  
When there's a cop, let's bail out, we bail there  
Come back to the hood and get killed there  
Get carried out, when I go to the hood  
Why them girls wanna marry me now, and follow me  
now?  
I just tell them to shut up..  
All my people done Ryde the people  
Put they body where you can't see them  
Half of they body is stuffed tissue  
Other half got you peakin  
Drag got you peelin  
Double R got you leakin  
Swizz got your brain sodomized

Ruff Ryde or Die

[Chorus One] - 2X

[Chorus Two] - till fade

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