

Lil' Troy F/ Scarface

"Ruff, Rugged, and Raw"

Visit "[Ruff, Rugged, and Raw](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: repeat 8x]

How many niggas living ruff rugged and raw

(Boy Backs)

Hey yo, im like a flame thrower

Top notch name knower

Games over cherry red Range Rover

Sold boulders till marijuana took over

Freestylist Richard Allen crack viles

(Tommy Hill)

Live for the gangsters in the club that'll shank ya

Make moves on prowls like a shark for the paper

My mans like a thief in the night

Im like a thief in your wife

He awake ya I get you later

(Boy Backs)

Lets take it back 80's I'll be picking your wallet

On trial with the state wanna book me solid

Rap speech hollers flow like im Christopher Wallace

Baby baby Blueface crazy crazy

(Tommy Hill)

Live for the Blue G bad bitches eating sushee

With Eppy up in a mansion out in Scranton

I stand for ruff rugged raw

And I dont care for the mother fucking law

And I came here for to tell you all

I do it way big thats the mother fucking deal

He's all right but he's not Hill

He's all right but he's not Hill

[Chorus: 8x]

(Six Nine)

All my niggas tattoed up, form legondary statued up

Watch your back in my hood niggas will snatch you up

Snake niggas be the fake niggas

I barely speak cause I dont know how to take niggas

Only streets put work in the game, now im hurting to

gain
Old flames even try to throw dirt on my name
On 28 im like the god sent
Them Richard Allen bitches like where they find him
He be with Hill in that big Range
You see them niggas with them big chains
They be gettin big doe they be doing big things
Hoes flock when I walk through the old block
I got it locked my nigga Feece run the whole block
Ghetto superstar chains shine when the sun out
My niggas leave the club its real with they guns out
Life is like a fantasy up in the hood
Still catch me in a hooptey rolling up backwards
Aint no jailing aint no telling the felons feelings
Charlie never been convicted for the dealing
Con never been convicted for the killing
But in an instant Hill trust me I will kill him

[Chorus: 8x]

(Suave)
Conquered the game sick nigga 5 to a 6 nigga
6 figgas got it stacked up rich nigga
Who you spittin for thugs or them broads
Me I spit for the elite with heat
I stay low key ride the hooptey yeah you know me
Cock sucker blow me legand like Opey
Stack grands usually spend it on goochie
Linen in the prada joints short sleeve cool G
Chain smackin my balls wrist semi gloss
Lights out arm to the moon its back on
I cant help how these broads wanna fuck me man
Got a ?? be grand damn lovely fam
I spit bars that hang glide bump in your ride
Bring it on your wrong right im out smoking 9
Let a nigga hit a thousand bars like miles to mars
Star or a no name nigga I kill em all

[Chorus 8x]

Visit [Lil' Troy F/ Scarface](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.