

## Lyte Mc "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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