

Onyx F/ Lost Boyz

"Ruffest Niggaz Out"

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[Chorus x 8]

We the ruffest niggaz out whomp
Toughest killers out whomp

(Fiend)

It's the bloodshed causer starter
Ash to ash, behind a single quarter
My nasty ex has got your stench, slinging a little longer
Mind sweating like they wetting up my California
With no regretting I dealt with him after he was in a
coma
Jones a tear your head off before he let off
Slack on niggas uh uh bust a u, I'm goin back on niggas
We don't believe going court or trial
But we standing for the news lady, straight in denial
Pimpin' this is how it's done, light weighted hand
Will never run, never see our face same time as the
sun
And my bullets don't hum, they bite
And my survivors don't talk, they fight
You got your rockets with ya
Cause the same killers that can rock it with ya
Will remove your shoes and sock it to ya
I could prophet with ya, or chop your sister
Just keep it in mind, ya ever plot with this nigga

Chorus x 8

(Juicy J)

Only the strong survive my nig
That shit is always real
Surrounded by crossers everyday
That's why I pack my steel
It ain't my attitude my mama always kept telling me
It just some shit all people get that we call jealousy
You see this industry, the stress will make you cock and
blast
I guess the cheese and all the hoes came way in too
fast
Who said the fame will make you happy
Cars, women and wealth

Sometimes I get so fuckin stressed, I think bout killing myself
I'm drinking crown liquor, feeling like I'm down nigga
I'll smoke a pound with ya, even if it's brown sticka
It's like I'm messed up, I'm trying to hide the pressure
You wanna test us, you better put your vest up
It's lots of hatred in the streets, my nigga fess up
I put this four-five to your dome, my nigga guess what
It's just a second away before I play to Mexico
Don't be fucking with them niggas or the good dope

[Chorus x 8]

(D.J. Paul)

Them sett's is throwed up
A bitch nigga straight throwed up
Cause we bowed up, an slice his head like some cold cuts
His click froze up, no anti-freeze tween they shoulders
I thought they bolder, they march in club like some soldiers
They should've told ya, now ass whooping's all I owe ya
I beat a bitch a whole green mile, up off that doja
Just to say I showed ya, the Head Bussaz don't play
Two weeks later you feel a beat down delay
Kicking an ass or two, that's what the hell we do
You don't like how we living, well Fuck You!
This is a click, that won't quit, the longer you talk
The longer we gone shoot up some shit
Quick to smoke up some shit, quick to oot up some shit
Quick to sip up some shit, quick to gangbang your bitch
And treat every nigga like a ho, like a ho cause
If a nigga can breathe, a nigga will cross you dope

[Chorus x 8]

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