

# DMX, Ruffest Ryders

The present!

[Sheek]

Yo, yo, yo!

Ayo if gon' sleep on somethin, might as well be a bed  
And if you gon' crack a nigga, might as well be a head  
Cause if you targettin the L.O.X. You might as well target a box  
That you gon' sleep in for years, all covered wit rocks  
Cause I think not, I pop shots, I double what y'all got  
Ya hotshots aint got blocks, ?llabuta? muchacha  
From the days in school, now a motherfucker rule  
And I could drop my chain in court, yeah, keeps ya cool  
That's how ice be, I'm priceless, the iciest  
And I dont gotta wear fatigues to blow out your chest  
My bullets thump when I'm laced in some fly shit, punk  
The baby nine be on the daily, aint no poppin a trunk  
But if I pop the trunk, its to hand you a rag  
So you can wipe down the windows on the side of my Jag  
Must I brag? My shit paid for, yours tagged  
And every bitch you grabbed,  
Sheek bend em back

[Jadakiss]

Ayo I hope you aint tongue-kissin your spouse  
Cause I be makin love in her in the mouth  
Type of cat buck at your house  
Too slick, means she be suckin my dick  
And before you know it, I'ma have her stuffin my bricks  
Jada, if I kiss you now, you'll die later  
I been nice since people was watchin movies on Beta  
Ready to clap, everybody givin me that  
Cause believe it or not, we be the ones settin the traps  
You listen to y'all hits, then listen to our hits  
Ain't nuttin y'all cowards could do but gossip  
That's the reason now y'all niggaz ain't got chips  
Cause everytime I turn around y'all on the L.O.X. dick  
Niggaz thats narrow, I just smack em wit the barrel  
Give it to em at the light, like Kane's cousin Abel

[Chorus- Jadakiss & Styles]x4 (DMX)

The Ruff Ryders! (What?) The Ruff Ryders!

[Styles]

Catch you and your son  
Ya know when its done  
Show me the money, I show you a gun  
Cocksucka!!  
SP'll spin corner while you party with dun  
I clap you I clap him, and thats rule number one  
Suckin' my clip!  
And I don't give a hell what you spit  
Who you are, where you from, and who the hell you can get  
Cuz I sell records, plus I got a jail record  
Ya niggas aint sayin' shhhh until ya'll bare weapons  
Im 3 years older than 20, holdin a Henney  
Can rip a dolla bill but cant fold up a penny  
Wanna murder Styles cocksucka load up the semi  
Im at your baby mom house, on the steps climbed out  
Like you played the don out, bout to rip your arms out  
You done screwed up and did it, tryin to act like you with it  
Came two in ur short sleeves, three in your fitted  
And even when you dead, you can still flinch and get it  
A ryda that'll smack ya, cock back and clap ya  
Styles P ya favorite rappers favorite rapper

[Eve]

Aint no surprise killaz, only fuck wit recognized killaz  
Babygirl want the world, gave ya pies killaz  
No tops, take em in all shape and size niggaz  
No lie, prefer them ready do or die killaz  
What? What you want? cutey starin at me like  
&quot;Damn, where you from?&quot;  
You be comin at me like &quot;Can I get some?&quot;  
Lick your lips for this brown sugar  
Suck mine like a thumb, if you want, til I uhhh...

[Chorus]

[Drag-On]

I be the D-R, A-G, dash O-N, slash often Comma, burnin niggasz often  
They call me Drag-On, I'm hot scorchin  
Keep the block roastin Light a dutch wit the flames comin, toastin  
In my eyes you could see what summer's holdin  
Realizin, every guy I'll fry or dead rowdy  
I burn to a degree of 130, and my gun dirty  
Cause it got one bury, so you better run, hurry Or catch one early  
You wrong, tryin to touch me, what type of shit you on?  
You better through your boots on and your unflammable suits on  
Cause I'm comin through wit a Yukon Black tinted wit gats in it  
Catch you while you smokin, send your casket, throw the sack in it  
But only half of it, cause y'all like half-ass dude  
And we are one whole, and y'all niggaz is one slash two  
My gun blast you, tryna out the flames, what're you, firemen?  
You'll catch a hell of a Backdraft cause my fire retirin, aight then

[DMX]

Its my, survival instinct that keeps my head above the water  
Everyday I show another how a lover slaughter  
Flood your daughter, full of more holes than spurges  
Taxin businessmen for stocks over lunches  
Wit these, I shoot the breeze, and extort  
Enough keys from the Cuban, to build a fuckin fort  
Caught up in somethin that I cant control  
Tryna get a hold of a bankroll, let's role  
Catch bodies like a cold, and I stay slick so face it  
Make me chase it, I take your life and erase it  
Wasted, in the fuckin streets cause it ain't worth shit  
The undertaker take your ass unbder the earth quick,  
I Love money, but the scrambles hot  
So i snatch up my man and the gamblin spot  
Twenty grand is got, when niggaz shot, one nigga less  
What used to be his chest is now a mess under his fuckin vest