

# DMX, Ryde Or Die (Remix)

(Background talking)

Knumskull (DMX)

Yeah Yeah, now we on the west coast (nigga),  
Hooked up with my partners, Ruff Ryders,  
To represent the turf,  
Come to lay down the turf stories,  
To represent real brothers gettin money, on the paper chase (nigga),  
We gon start off with my man, so, you know what I'm sayin, DMX let em know.

DMX:

Niggas is gettin trampled on, what's all the fuss about?  
Suckin my dick so hard, I'm bustin in their mouth.  
And then I stuff em out, four to the mid', f\*\*k what I did  
With no regard for a bid, ripped you up, while you wit your kid  
Slid into the shadows, cause I'm dark like that  
I bark like that, jet black, but I spark like that  
Where ARE they at, when I get thirsty, shit  
Ain't a nigga strong enough to stand the worst it gets  
Bits, and pieces are all thats that left  
Niggaz so scared to death, they hold they motherf\*\*kin breath  
Til I pass, cause they asked, and I smelled em  
The S-P-E-L-L-E-D T-H-E-M, I spelled em  
To make me have to swell one, eye up, lump up one head  
Catch a body with the shottie, pump up one dead  
Red alert, niggaz is about to get hurt, do work  
to skirts, like a jag on the merk, ARF  
Night time is the right time for creepin  
Vandalize your crib, rape your wife while she's sleepin  
I been off the deep end, since I was semen  
That's why now, I'm such a motherf\*\*kin demon!  
SCREAMIN, my bloody head off, shit on my mind I gotsta get off  
Can't even hold a joint, lest I let off  
A couple of rounds, from the big three pound, seven  
That's about eleven hundred as of now.

Chorus- (2 times)

Yukmouth (DMX):

We ride, side to side, guys back to back, (nigga)  
Surrounded by a wolfpack, tryin to scrap with gats,  
You betta ride or die, nigga ride or die, (uh huh, uh huh)  
You gotta ride or die, nigga ride or die!

Drag-On:

I put a grenade in your pocket to blow your arms out,  
Put something black in your moms mouth, ya'll cats better calm down,  
This rap shit is Drag-On's now, if I catch ya'll clowns,  
No question what I axe (ask) ya'll clowns, I'ma gat ya'll down,  
For the benjamin bills, I shoulda been killed,  
I keeps it real though,  
For these plats though I leave nothin but widows,  
You're a gang, but so what, can you really bang with us?  
Be like a phone, cause we off the hook,  
And ya'll better hang it up,  
I stay high, but I don't plan to go to heaven,  
I plan to burn like the furnace, til ya'll learn,  
Even if it's with the burners,  
Until your mom can dish straight, forget her son,  
To give her the dick, tore a clip and I stripped her one,  
For that's dragon, that's the one,  
What's blastin, that's his gun,  
Who's lastin, no one,  
So if you splashin to blow one,

Like I said before, I'ma lock it down like Shaqula  
So make your sister be the ??? and none back to her.

Yukmouth:

After midnight, busta niggas can't even hang out,  
Niggas on the west, we put them dank things out,  
Drive by and try to blow them f\*\*kin brains out,  
And cocaine drought,  
survive and reside with a new click,  
But use the same route,  
Pull the range out,  
Get brains pal, while I'm drivin,  
Live and direct, front five and a tech,  
Stash in the Range, but nine in the Lex,  
Got bitches, shining briggets, for me,  
Grindin correct, for me,  
Signin off checks, for me,  
Send a bitch outta town, now she buyin the bricks, for me,  
Passes from the brick, homie,  
Keep grindin with your click, homie,  
Cause on top there's no way,  
Cock your chromayy,  
Stock your monayyy,  
Feds caught the homayyy,  
It's just the monay got coppers on mayyy,  
Helicopters on mayyy, bust off the blockers phonayyy,  
Ramshack this house, put choppers on it,  
Bitches safe and shit, niggas takin shit,  
Break his wrist, pistol whipping duck tape his bitch.

Chorus (2 times)

Yukmouth:

Bitch, to all my niggas locked in Rita and Simson,  
We still the ice cream men,  
Just switched it up from a truck to a great benz,  
We made men, and kingpins, triple-beam men,  
Give me a quarter key, I bet I flip a key,  
By the weekend, our styles are grand theiven,  
If not, niggas ain't leavin,  
Unless they bleed the demon prayer from my deacon,  
In front of the casket, you done it you bastard,  
I pack mathematics to keep it crackin,  
Head ride to ask it, BITCH!

DMX:

How-can-one-man-kill-so-many-and  
the-sin-be-plenty-before-the-age-of-20,  
Life ain't worth a penny in, my book faggot,  
That's why I took faggot shit, I'm a crook faggot,  
Fat loops leather jackets, I bag it, along with,  
The jewels smackin tools out the hands of fools,  
On the strength that they don't know what they holdin,  
Niggaz called me TAILOR cause the WAY that I be sewin,  
Shit up cause I get up, off my ass and SKATE  
Makin more moves than U-Haul, from state to state  
I speak the GREAT, and if a nigga tells you different  
You turn around you ask the nigga, "F\*\*K is you be sniffin?"  
Cause when it come to riffin, I am the riff raffin,  
Gots to say nuttin, niggaz know they get half,  
And I can still laugh, at those who's toes I'm steppin on,  
Disrespect and pulling out a weapon on,  
Nice joint, I know you wish you coulda kept it on,

But that's another story, don't even sweat, it's gone (echo gone).