

# Ruff Ryders, Keep The Gunz Cocked (If It's Beef.

(feat. Cross, Flashy, Infa-Red, Jadakiss, Kartoan)

[Hook]

Keep the gun cocked  
Keep the gun cocked  
Keep the gun cocked  
The hood know what it is  
Keep the gun cocked  
Keep the gun cocked  
Represent Double R  
The hood know what it is  
Keep the gun cocked  
Keep the gun cocked  
Boost the crime rate  
The hood know what it is  
I'm in the hood 'cause I fuck with the thugs  
Tryin' to figure out why the money never added up to the love

[Verse 1]

I be around but I just be outta sight  
And I'ma be spittin till the world run outta mics  
In the hood till the projects run outta mice  
Bettin' heavy 'till the bodegas run outta dice  
And I'm workin with more hammers than you can imagine  
And when I get in the booth I do it with passion niggaz  
It's the same old kiss mango six  
Seats suede listening to something Sheek just laid  
And sometimes I feel I oughta chill  
And I ain't scared but I guess it's only right  
when you rein' with a quarter mill  
Your ends go up your mens go down  
It's like tryin to roll a dutch with the windows down  
And I'm comin from the gulliest blocks  
Winter time drug game slow my niggaz pump skullies and socks  
But I ain't gonna challenge you to talk  
I'ma see you when I see you with the bats, hi calibers and hawks- what

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Ayo you hatin' on Infa.Red get on line  
I got more fans than the project building in the summer time  
Shit on your idol smack your protege  
Kick your moms in the back crack her vertebrae  
And fagots only respect pressure  
If you ballin' why you staring at old Moet bottles on your dresser  
And I'm not the one to brag  
But I put more red dots on you than a target bag  
I sew your body up in a mattress  
Put you in the basement use you for target practice  
I feel like Q when her pushed Bishop off the roof  
These niggaz in the hood keep sayin I got the juice  
I'm a hustler first a rapper second  
Don't tell Hove or L.A. Reid that's off the record  
I just tripled my advance  
you Hummer stuntin like you got birds  
you only getting points off grams-cock sucka

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I don't wanna hear about your set or wherever you claim  
Don't tell me 'bout oh boy, whatever his name  
Don't you know in anybody hood barettas'll reign

New York don't think O-dog is jealous of Kane  
I'm never mad at a nigga about the letter he bang  
I tell niggaz to get they money up and better they aim  
Controversial sales'll let me make a controversial statement  
I will murder everybody in this game stop hatin'  
If it's true that the rap game ain't far from coke  
I could tell you how many bubbles in a bar of soap  
I'm Double R biatch that's V.I.P  
Ghetto parks on me, street niggaz might need to see ID  
K in the truck on the low-low  
Even got the house on hydraulics it's jumpin with doe doe  
Keep a lil something somethin' kissin that waist  
Cali go hard never mention that place

[Hook]

[Verse 4]

It's Flashy y'all yeah I spit the cockiest bars  
So if there's beef nigga then see me I'm not a mirage  
I rock with a R so if anything pops I'm involved  
The six sawyers poppin' 'em all and the problem is solved  
See Ruff Ryders's like a religion I follow the laws  
Stick to code violating bodies'll fall  
Its not an option to starve  
That's why I stay in the booth like prison guards when they watchin' the yard  
And yeah I heard they callin Flashy insane 'cause I ain't change  
Got a new deal and I still catch a cab or a train  
I'm still the same nigga packaging caine  
Rolling up L after L like cool J was on the back of my name  
So if its drama niggaz know where I live  
But I guarantee you'll pay some repercussions for approaching the crib  
'cause if the raps ain't soak in your wig then ice pokin' your ribs  
'cause when its beef the hood know what it is- Nigga

[Hook x2]