

DJ Clue, Who, Ruff Ryders

(feat. DMX, Drag-On)

[DMX]

Grrrrrrr

From the dogz to the pups

Drag-On baby, Ruff Ryders, come on

[Drag-On]

Drag On baby, uh

Yo who them niggaz at the bar niggaz?

On them job niggaz

See y'all frontin mine niggaz

But drugz revolve niggaz

Y'all fake coke dealers slidin away wit soap niggaz

The size ain't right, y'all should be 300 hundreded pounds on thin ice

Run in yo set, pullin yo gun from under yo desk

Snatch the weight from big niggaz doin a hundreded a set

With the gun to y'all neck I'll have y'all niggaz runnin in sets

Under the bed, two to the chest and one to yo leg

Cocked it have one in the head and wanted by feds

Said they on the prowl for Drag and niggaz wanted him dead

That's what you get, gambling yo life wit a hundreded to bet

Ace to the dues, now yo face has seen a hundreded Gilletes

Niggaz think it's funny and shit, when chicks is suckin they dicks

Till they control you like Remotes, bustin buttons and shit

Y'all can't control me, all y'all can do is promote me women

And caught no shots, from my glock wit 16 in it, uh

[Chorus by: Drag-On and (DMX) x2]

Who them niggaz that's comin to take over? (Ruff Ryders)

Whom them niggaz that's makin they moves? (Ruff Ryders)

Who them niggaz that pay they dues? (Ruff Ryders)

Who them nigaz that'll never lose? (Ruff Ryders)

[Drag-On]

This lil nigga's too young to show the i.d.

But if y'all don't feel the hits now y'all gon feel it later like Ali

Y'all got respect? Not at all, but we do and got it all

Cause y'all know there's a lot of dogs that'll sell y'all for a lot of dough

Playboy, u sniff out, and pull out and leave em stiff out

Poke em wit somethin they couldnt get it out if they shitted out

Hercules thinkin he hurtin me, but they ain't hurtin shit

If only they could see behind curtains, they girl is jerking dick

And I might bust inside her then the next day say hello to you

Hopin that my nut ain't touch nuttin it wasnt supposed to

When you get up from the get go, nigga disapper like Presto

The cats is Pedro, since double R got the metro

They almost dead yo, niggaz wanted butted down

We throwin up the parties soon as they pat us down

? Woulda been more than music sounds

Coulda been round after round goin straight thru yo crown

[Chorus by: Drag-On and (DMX) x2]

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[Drag-On]

What's this I'm hearin niggaz sayin I ain't ready

What you tellin me? I been caught felony's y'all nigaz funny like Bill Bellamy

Fuck what you tellin me, I pull out gunz like niggaz pull out swords

In the old days, whan I spray I'm yellin, touche

Either you can stay and lay and this'll be yo last day

Or you can help me put my shit away and then you get away
And nigga clear the way, you blockin what I'm droppin
See the stocking? Dont let me pull the shit put that'll have you
Emptyin out yo pocket, stop it, Drag is you for real? Shit
And tell it like if y'all takin a lot of pills, now they pumpin yo stomach
For the slugz from the semi, still fuckin wit me?
Y'all nigaz is little like a buck for a 20 and y'all niggaz is mad that
Ruff Ryders Got me, cause all them bees you stick on me
Not one of em stung me
And by my dick y'all niggaz is gon wish, y'all hung me
Double 0 nigga and I'm hungry and I'm goin all out, cause y'all numb me
You feel this

[Chorus by: Drag-On and (DMX) x2]
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