

DMX, Ryde Or Die Boyz

(feat. Larsiny/Yung Wun)

[Yung Wun]

Man, y'all rap niggas is high fashion
Flashin, talker, no action
Read emcees like TV's with captions
Charts we smash on, guns we blast them
Spit fire like blow dryers and drag dash on
Your career won't last long, real name Shawn Lassiter
Four words for y'all, F type no passenger
Flow nastier, man you know what I mean
And I keep them diamonds shinin blue, yellow, and green
So the wrist look like a twister mat
Man, I cock the biscuit back and twist ya cap
Opps, clipped ya face just missed ya hat
This go out to those that think this just a rap
Well mister, address the gat and we'll address ya back
Nasty, nasty, spittin discusting raps
And I doubt that cha'll cats can fuck with that

[Chorus:]

You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
These Ryde Or Die Boyz will rough you up
You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
These Ryde Or Die Boyz will touch you up
You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
These Ryde Or Die Boyz will bust you up
You don't wanna war, you don't wanna drummer boy
You don't want no drummer boy

[Larsiny]

I hate cops, and I like you even less
I turn your whole block into a bleedin mess
Niggas talk hard, and get an easy death
'Cuz I pop buck shots like I'm ???
And I can tell you won't blow, gotta scary finger
All talk, no show, Jerry Springer
I don't care if you a skinny or a burly nigga
I'ma have ya face lookin like a blurry mirror
We shake your features, y'all make believers
And the eight'll make you shake like you fake the seizure
I ball of the scale, break the meter
And if you ever go to jail, they'll rape and beat'cha
Hold up, take a breather, I'm way too tough
Got kicked outta pre-school, played to rough
I straight grew up, I'm still a bully
Used to take your lunch money now I steal your jewelry

Ha, okay, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay, okay

[Chorus]

[Yung Wun]

Don't make me reach for these, I got heat to squeeze
Make your face melt like pizza cheese
You need to leave, 'cuz you don't stand a chance man
I get greasy like mechanic hands
Y'all niggas all sweet like candy yams
Clear blocks outs, hop out the family van
Lookin like a handy man, with tools on the waist
Put'choo in the ambulance with two's in your face
You'se a disgrace, you've never been hot

And I can tell how you talkin you ain't never been shot
Yo, its whatever or not, if you want it, its war
You can choose what I'ma use, the pump or the four
Then decide where you gon' die, trunk of the floor
'Cuz I'ma tell the law I don't know nothing at all
I was just walkin my dog and discovered the ball
A lotta niggas think they hard, this is somethin for y'all

[Chorus]

Okay, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay, okay

[Chorus]