

# Ruff Endz, Cuban Linx 2000

(feat. Ghostface Killah, Raekwon)

[Intro: Raekwon (Ghostface Killah)]

(Yo, what up law, wassup, wassup baby? Talk to me)  
Yo, Shorty yo, it ain't even like it's really, it's really, messing with me son  
but it's messing with me, man, for real man  
(Aight, but you know what? Don't even let it get to you  
Like you told me, birds is birds  
After you lovin 'em, they fly away, son)  
They fly, yeah yeah, you're right, you're right  
(Knowlmean? It's like that man) Yeah  
(Word up!)

[Raekwon]

One in the morning tryin to sneak in  
Caught the weace and start beefin, I'm leavin  
and leave, stop speakin yo, no static  
Go get that shit up in the attic  
That old shit look better, kept it so you have shit  
The ice, take it off, no loss  
Knew you was an Indian giver nigga  
Besides, that's the way I floss, yea  
I'm buggin now, actin like an old lady  
It's real, a nigga got mines, she sleepin without pagin me

[Ruff Endz]

Baby, relax, sit back and chill (yeah)  
Just give me a second  
And let me tell you how I feel  
Cause all around town you've been steppin' out  
Runnin' your mouth about  
What made you think I wouldn't find out?  
Wasn't I there for you?  
Truly cared for you  
Maybe my love was just too good  
Could've had it good, now the love is gone  
And went back to your hood with the 54-11's on

[Hook: Ruff Endz]

Does he lace you with the finer things?  
Does he make ya wanna scream his name?  
Does he hit it from the front to back?  
Did you let him break it down like that?  
Should've told me the love was gone  
Never thought that you'd do me wrong  
Girl I though that your love was strong  
Till I saw you with another man

[Chorus x2: Ruff Endz]

No more shopping sprees  
No more late night creeps  
No more VIP's, no more dough  
We can't even kick it no more

[Ruff Endz]

I saw you on the Ave' in the Nav'  
In the backseat B's, spilling Henney in his lap  
Thought it was me that you was all about  
But I'm having doubts cause I see you tryna play me out  
But when the brother called the crib with beef  
Didn't I represent you when I caught him in the streets  
So let me get the keys to Lex and no more checks  
And no more hanging baguettes around your neck, babe

[Hook]

[Chorus x2]

[Break: Ghostface Killah]

Uh-uh

You heard that

That's right

Yo, yeah, come on

And that's a no-no

Yeah, eh yo, eh yo, eh yo, eh yo

[Ghostface Killah]

You met me with a big blow out

African bangel, left hand Gucci, ling braces on my ankle

At the shark bar we at Shaq shit

Ballplayer stats, 40 plus, son hit twenty-somethin baskets

Turn for a second, stop! Son caught my eye, yo 'vine!

Bet you out bag her on the first stop

Peace booby, love you beauty, rock yours truly

Ghostface and who is she? That's my girlfriend

I want you and your girl to grab me, Tonka's

Be careful boo, I got carrots on (Word!)

Carry on, so we stepped back to the bar

The disc jockey threw in the car

Toxi' seen me, so what time is it?

Your back was out, passin we bounced to the powder room

Beggin me, I fucked you for an hour in the room

And when we finished, you was on stuck

Jamal Arief came through, started dartin

and you jumped up in my man's truck

[Chorus x4]

[Outro: Ghostface Killah]

For real

Ghostface Killah, Ruff Endz

No doubt! Y'all know how we do