

Ruff Ryders, 2 Tears In A Bucket - Featuring Redman

Ruff Ryders niggas, blood in blood out (all aboard)

Sheek, Methical, waddup niggas

Yo yo, hey yo

Soon as I cop the nine I pop the nine

But when I take it out the box I represent Lox

Now when I flow hit the rewind button

So I charge em all when ya all at the door

Fuck heat, Sheek walk around with an oven

Who you gonna kill with that little Foreman grill

How's it gonna look when I come through your block

Sheek, Doc, Meth on top

Force, 300 horse fly by, back open, pumpin how high (how high)

Can ya see that, you can call me whatcha want cuz "I'll be dat"

Get off my dick, I don't care about no jewels

As long as the condos paid and the truck I choose

I'm telling y'all niggas, if it's not double R

You can spell my name out on the side of the car

Chorus:

Come and Ruff Ryde with us

If you wanna get high with us

If you wanna get down with us

Come on now (x2)

I got a twin cam exhaust connected to the jaw

A five speed clutch on my paw when I write

I glow like the heads of light brite

3000 volts of lightning when ya fly the right kite

Me and Meth be henessee, two ice cubes

We can draw (choose your weapon) or do I choose

When I choose the grip, one shot lose your hip

I hope your shoes fit for this movin pick

I avalanche the camp with 10 feet of snow

I'm cold blooded, my fam half Eskimo

My flows move like indo, turn 10 nickels to 10 lows out of 10 stones

Ride the crash course, do the math on it

Swizz Beatz you can ride Amtrak on it

But I'm on it, grillin with George Foreman

Your peeps is at the grammy awards corning

The eyes to fat wallet son I want it

And the helicopter warning before morning

Def jam nigga, Redman nigga

Got fuck your momma on my sweatband nigga

You tough guys will get smacked in the club

With the gun that I bought from Mack in the club

It's P-P-V from brick to Brooklyn

Come on, bring me some more ass to whoop on

Chorus: x2

Look what the cat dragged in

Underground dweller from the cellar bring terror

Scooper high yeller, Cinderella Meth forever

Never rush a rhyme, hope to never bust my nine

But if I have to I have to

It's all in the mind, I stay ahead of time

While you're falling behind, trying to relight your line

It's a crime when I drop bomb lines design..

To tick tick boom, blow your mind

Yeah me, m-e-t h-the o-d done

Trying to find a penny in the seat

Nigga, run for cover son, go and get them guns

Y'all ain't from here, don't try to come around and get into one

Swizz Beatz, the Doc in the head, but I instead

Pull my dark gun and bust sixteen until it's dead

I'm the game, all of my dogs be off the chain

Yelling Wu-TANG, Wu-TANG

Chorus: x5

(fade to end)