

Ruff Ryders, Dope Money

[Featuring Drag On Juvenile]

Drag On:

Ha Ha Ha

Oh Damn

Now bop to this

Oh Yeah

Ya'll know what this is

Flame on

Juvenile

Drag on

Flame on

And now Swizz Swizz Beatz yeah

Verse 1

Me and my niggas done licked shots

Even done hit cops

Bet ya'll niggas can't wait till my shit drop

Treat you like your moma given' lip to pop

Nigga you don't want my paper drop

Cause that means I'm empty

And your full of it

Check what the bullet did

Missiles gonna hit you get you

Rip through tissue

Should have never rhymed this cause I miss you

I make plus cash

Ya'll little niggas can't fuck wit Drag

Got the chain out

So it's bust and grab

Nigga fuck that

You better bust back

'fore ya nigga ask back where the vest at

Rock like a girl but you can't trust cash

Spit like a fire but you can't touch black

All you can do is cuss back

And read back how you bust gats

Nigga we don't need that

I don't care about your feed back

Ya'll niggas don't feed Drag

Tell a motherfucker pull out

Bust a bullet out

In ya safe house

Nigga where the keys at

Nigga where the stash at

Nigga where the weed at

Nigga pass that 'fore I pull my trigger

Mater fact where the ass at

Cause I got the Ruff Ryders

And I aint talkin bout my niggas

Nigga we can go hoe for hoe

Toe to toe

Blow for blow

And when you fell your nose crack

That mean I broke that

I'm fittin to PO-PO wit a flame thrower like I told yo' befo' ya know

You can't handle it

You can put me on wax but my fire burn candles

And who that nigga Ruff Rydin'

Drag-on

Ya'll niggas and south siders

Chorus

(Drag-on:)

Do ya'll niggas bust ya'll guns

(Voices:)

Hell yeah we bust our guns

(Drag-on:)

Do you fuck them 'till they cum

(Voices:)

Damn right we make them cum

(Drag-on:)

It's for the north

(Voices:)

Head South, Head East, Head West

(Drag-on:)

Ruff Ryders gonna show ya'll niggas who rides the best

(Repeat)

Verse 2

(Juvenile:)

In the late night

We be cockin high givin' you stage fright

Yo' head might explode

When I bust with the lead pipe

And I say right

Juvenile hey tight

Stay hype

Now page mike and make sure he got all the yeah aight

I'm tired of niggas be thinkin that you usein' me

Runnin with them petty ass niggas lookin' like fools to me

I'm workin wit some change ha

And aint afraid to put 50 up on ya brain ha

You 'bout warin' over ya people I'm the same ha

Look I'ma have some body sayin' thats the shame game

But if them people come they aint gonna give no names ha

Playin' with the number one son don't play no games ha

Come outside don't see nothin' but camoflage and bricks

Yo' get some boys strapped with (ban)danas tryin knock off yo' shit

Ya stankin' bitch

I Ruff Ryde your ass then

Cashin' for money

Juve aint gettin nothin'

Ha, Ha, Ha that shit is funny

(Repat Chorus 2x)

Verse 3

(Drag-on:)

When my niggas get knocked we gonna bail them out

When it come to my gun my shells is out

you better get the message cause I done mailed it out

I'ma bang like a hammer and I'ma nail us out

East west the right

this for my niggas up north

My guns made in China so you better dust off

Cause when they getcha you gonna be ketchup

I always got cheddar

I never ass bet ya'

And I won't even sweat ya'

We roll much larger and better

My dough is never low

But if Drag is down on his last

I'ma reach in my sweater bet my baretta

Make a nigga feel heat in cold weather

Can't stand a nigga hype

Throw me his bitch

Bitch come to my shit

You betta come get her

Be like a dog with a bone I run with her

Ya'll make me so tired

Ya'll niggas still rappin' like ya'll don't know my flows fire

Ya'll aint got ya'll boots

Aint got ya'll suits probaly got a gun that aint never shoot

When they come you better hope they don't name you

Cause like two sticks rubbin' I'll flame you
Don't try to be me cause I aint you
'fore I have your spirits with the angels
My shorty keep a gun on the ankles
Wana fuck watch out she will bang you
Cause I taught her well
Ya'll players better haul to hell
But you niggas couldn't borrow a belt
Who evers wit you is gonna jail
Is you niggas bustin' guns or you aint bustin' none ha
You want to fuck'em till they cum ha
Drag-on Juvenile double up what you want ha
(Repeat chorus 4x)