

# Ruff Ryders, Eastside Ryders

[Tray Deee]

Who run these streets? Love Thug Beats?  
Ruff Spoken, Guns Speak, Blood Leak  
Lug heat for the threat not protection,  
Not a question, Busta Tests I got rest 'em  
Catch 'Em Slippin, in the hood or the mall  
You ain't strapped, we can scrap, I'm good with the Doggs  
Fuck Talkin', Chuck Walkin' in my khakis  
Rag Swangin', Gang Bangin' nigga brang it at me  
Eastsider, Ruff Ryder loved by the masses  
We The Niggas holla out the set when we blastin'  
Insane 20 gang, anything killa,  
Tracy Davis, Hair Raises, Goldie Loc The Stealer  
Gang Lock Down, We Cant Stop Now,  
Get in the way of villan and Tray spray hot rounds  
Suckas chose thuggin' as a last resort, aint that a bitch?  
Here we do this shit for sport This CRIP

[Chorus]

We ridaz, keep the heat beside us,  
Better Not try us, Touch ya like Midas  
Ruff Rydaz, Ride with Eastsidaz,  
Bustaz bow down to crown, the Royal Highness  
Well we gonna take your raps, and gats, stacks and sacks  
Dippin with the Jags and 'Lacs  
Eastsidaz roll with Ruff Rydaz  
Try to step aside us or get right behind us

[Styles]

When I die, fuck a moment of silence, this is Holiday  
Gangsta rap gunnin' and havin' moments of violence  
Its an Eastsider, Ruff Ryder thing, Why you mad at me?  
Holdin on an AK, puffin' on some Cali weed  
Streets is my girl, asked her to marry me  
Yellow and Purple Ears, tryin' to see Shaq's Salary  
D-Block Gang, Ruff Ryder Mafia,  
Make Sure the bullets hit u cause i stand on top of ya  
Bounce like I'm Hydrolics (Hydrolics),  
And i got niggaz in the hood that would shoot you over nine dollars  
Asked if I'm a gang member? Fuck nah, I'm a gang leader  
Boss to the boss and I bang heaters  
And you dont wanna see my arm jerk  
Cause the work i put on your face is bound to make your mom hurt  
And this one is for my Cali niggaz  
Eastsiders, Ruff Ryders and you can die in an ally niggaz

[Chorus]

[Goldie Loc]

I never write raps like a song can make me  
Trick off my money and let these bitches break me  
Cause I'm a cold piece of gold, dickies saggin in the dirt  
Sellin' my double knucks, to enhance my work  
Nigga Q keep it Pimpin, I'm 'a keep it Crippin' (Crippin')  
Me and Dip Dippin, Dogg tha Police Trippin'  
Im an Eastside Ryde or Die Nigga  
And I believe you fools are some quick to lie niggaz  
Sippin on Sans call me lil Bit  
A down to earth brother, Gang Bangin' and rappin'  
Fake Blow Joes not hoppin' Lo-Lo's  
Im tired of you bustaz and fake C-O's  
You can ask Deal Dogg, Motherfuckin' Scoop  
We Done rounded up the homies and the front line troops  
Look Cuz, This game dont give me my cheese,  
Im 'a shit down your thorat, with tricks up my sleeve

[Chorus]