

# Ruff Ryders, Get Wild

(feat. DMX, Flashy, Jadakiss, Kartoon)

[Hook: Flashy]

All my niggaz all my bitches  
get high get drunk get wild buck fool  
you know my style get crunk  
bitches bounce niggaz bounce  
let me give you that funk shit blunt shit  
while I make you bang it out your trunk

[Verse 1: DMX]

You cats, talk slick but walk quick when the dog hit  
The dog hits coming back to the raw shit  
Aww shit they done let me back out the gate  
back out to tape back out to rape  
Back off the chains so please back out the way  
Before I blow ya back out with this fuckin AK  
Don't give a fuck what a nigga say no matter who he sound like  
Make sure you know what the rain is but its gonna be coming down like  
cats and dogs hold up it is cats and dogs  
keep fucking with the dog its gonna be cats in the morgue  
twenty- two million sold lets keep it real  
most y'all killers ain't even twenty- two years old  
Aint never felt the cold wet behind the ears  
know what real pain is cried real tears  
I go hard bogard and stand my ground  
Fuck y'all niggaz it's how its goin down baby

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Jadakiss]

It just don't look right  
Bullshit coke don't cook right  
The judge ain't throwin the book right  
Should thank the lord that you blew up softy  
Don't talk greasy you grew up off me  
I ain't letting go of the block  
and if I get a good enough grip I ain't lettin go of the lock  
If I happen to pinched I ain't goin to shock  
I'm gonna to get aquatinted with niggaz in general pop  
Stop but don't hate cause everybody got a lil blood to donate  
Thugs'll go ape the women'll come around  
shortly after that is when the jealousy sets in then they'll shut it down  
It's just raspy nothin on the neck wrist ware just classy  
no way I'm letting this money just get past me  
When all I had to do in the first place from the beginning was get nasty

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Kartoon]

Niggaz been waitin' for that west coast shit I tell them to go fish  
Blowin purple in a purple Laker jersey wit the gold kicks  
bitches be like Toon you a mutha fuckin trip  
Hop in the whip and lean til that mutha fucka flip  
and every club in Cali crackin' its gangsta town  
keep a couple of niggaz with me that'll bang you down  
now lil mama put switches on and make it jump  
before me you needed Lil Jon to make it crunk  
naw for real come to Cali player take ya pump  
my New York niggaz leave y'all wit razor bumps  
now pappa raised a rolling stone I feel like pops  
In the absence of Makaveli I feel like Pac  
even though I got the deal I still might pop  
right in front of the po-po you could feel my shots

man all my niggaz carry bangers we feel like SWAT  
and that's the reason why Rialto feel like Watts

[Hook]