

Ruff Ryders, Gonna Be Sumthin

Mm

Ruff Ryders

Next generaion

I didnt see the empire

If you want Jacksons with a system that'll wake up the dead

With a truck full of birds feedin them bread

And before y'all bet just noticed that (uh-huh)

I treat dice games like football;

I pop niggaz and don't give 'em a quarter back

And then I'm spendin that in the store where the linen at

Same night in the club where the Cris' and the women at

Y'know, twenty-three with a hell of a flow

Six with no steering wheel, I just tell it where to go, uh

"Stop, make a right at the bar" - to all the C.E.O.'s it's ten o'clock

Do you know where your artists are?

Dee, I'm in the club smellin like Cristal cologne

Dial Star-8-2 before you call my phone

A little boy in a grown man's world

But as a little boy I could fuck a grown man's girl

And if I bust in your mother then you become my enemy

Get it? .. Enemy? Uhh

[Chorus: Aja + Infrared]

Ladies is jumpin, niggaz is thumpin

Bottles is poppin, it's gon' be somethin

Cause I don't care if my ladies in here

And you know, I don't care if your niggaz in here, uhh

Ladies is jumpin, niggaz is thumpin

Bottles is poppin, it's gon' be somethin

It's gon' be somethin - cause I don't care if my ladies in here

Cause you know, I don't care if your niggaz in here, whooooo!

[Cross]

Let's get shit poppin

Ladies, call me Cross cause I hit the spottin

And I, stay fresh cause they take me shoppin

We can en-joy life (uh-huh) as the cash spends

Flash Bent's (uh-huh) fast Benz (whoooo!)

You and me Ma, your man's past-tense (let's go)

And I'ma wait to put the baby asleep

Cause you know, I'ma hit you while your baby asleep

Whooooo! To say this a creep, after I nuttin

Bitch, I'm a pimp, I ain't askin for nuttin

I mastered frontin, fuck cocky, I got olympic ice

Rock's the size of olympic lights, uhh

[Chorus]

[Infrared + Cross]

They call me dick 'em down, slick 'em, I'm quick to hit 'em

They call me dick 'em down lovely, it's nothin above me

You know, a house is not a house unless there's four drive-ways

While I be in the club pourin Cris' sideways

And I'm standin outside to wipe out your team

and come to your funeral and pour out casket cream

Yeaaaaah - I said slow down honey

I'm bout to wrap you up in jewels like Egyptian mummies

Cause when I.N.C. die they puttin our face on money

Ain't that funny? Y'all haters move and get stoled on

You know we keep killers under the wing like roll-on

You ain't never seen nothin like this before

Y'all been gettin straight cook up nigga, we straight raw

And if you did, you lyin to yourself for these past days

We like Big, we get more butts than ashtrays nigga

Uhh..

[Chorus] - repeat 2X