

# Styles, I'm A RuffRyder

(feat. Jadakiss)

[Styles talking]

It's the tone, Kiss  
I'm lookin for the tone

[Verse One: Styles]

Talk to me, Holiday Styles, S-P or whatever you choose  
A pound of weed, four guns and a liter of booze  
Shootin niggas out they shoes, what  
Come and fuck with me, I could guarantee you'll be makin the news  
P flows like NO NIGGA, twenty-six but I'm a old nigga  
Don't make me fuck around and show niggas  
How to leave a room flat, twenty niggas dead  
No money, no jewels, bullets in they head  
Ain't a nigga you know could fuck with the god  
I said rap was just a hobby, gun bust in the job  
But the sickest niggas out is the bitchest niggas out  
And I could take 'em on the street and straight whip 'em in they house  
Come through in the prettiest Porsche, the grittiest boss  
State gotta talk till the city get hoarse  
I'm the icin on the cake, gangsta of the state  
Guns, money and weight, who you fuckin wit dawg?

[Chorus: Jadakiss]

Uh, I'm a Ruff Ryder  
Weed smokin, gun totin' heroin supplier  
I'm a Ruff Ryder  
On the low dawg, no phone calls, got my shit wired  
I'm a Ruff Ryder  
Bust for my niggas, shh, hush for my niggas, all of us survivors  
I'm a Ruff Ryder  
You got a gun on you, I got a gun on me, both of us could fire

[Verse Two: Styles]

Just deal with the tension and stress  
Understand I'm from the School of Hard Knock and my suspension is death  
I keep the P-89 twenty shot in the coat  
Better squeeze soon as you see me, you plottin to loat  
I'm a little more than itchy  
Motherfucker, when it's time to splatter your mask I burst your kidneys  
So go head and get your sons on me  
Like I give a fuck, like I'm givin up I got four guns on me  
Get down and dirty, all time aloney  
I leave your brains on your block all around your homies  
Live by the code of honor, stay holdin armor  
I treat beef like a album I promote the drama  
Stay bustin a hammer, sweatin a smile  
And I make sure these motherfuckers'll regret while I'm wildin  
I'm the hustler on the block  
With money on his mind and some bricks in his hand, P can't be stopped, what

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Styles]

You're dealin with the ghost of the past  
You could sleep if you want, and get fucked with this toast in your ass  
I'm a gangsta and a gentleman, I hope you the best  
And tell you play the front seat and then choke you to death  
Throw the gun to the chair try to open your chest  
Get blood on the driver face, window and dash  
Burn the car with the body in it, bring you the ash  
I get down on yo head like I'm Sigel the cold  
That nigga sniffed up yo coke I could bring you his nose

If he stole money from you P could bring you his hands  
The nigga talk too much I bring the ears of his mans  
Need weed to calm down, need money to live life  
Fuck a watch cause my time is tickin  
Fuck a chain I'm already hangin  
Fuck a gang I'm already bangin  
Robbin niggas is my only form of steady payment  
Play it sweet I might be in your house  
L-O-X black mob Holiday and I'm out  
What...bitch?

[Chorus: Jadakiss]

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You got a gun on you, I got a gun on me, both of us could fire  
I'm a Ruff Ryder, uhh, faggots