

Yung Wun, Ww Iii

(whispered)

Ruff Ryders, Ruff Ryders
Ryde or Die - Volume 2

(Tugboats.. ehh, it's over..)

(yelled)

Ahhh-HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!

It's the second time around motherf**ker! (YESS!)

Volume 2 - Ryde or Die, BIATCH!

Gangsta nigga and we gon' rock this motherf**ker, you dig me?

(Fo' sho' baby!) We the square root of the motherf**kin streets!

(Fo' sho' baby!) Double R, you cocksuckin sons of bitches!!

YEAH!!

(Swizz Beatz) (Snoop Dogg)

State yo' name gangsta (Big Snoop Dogg.. bow wow!)

Where you representin? (West coast)

You gon' hold it down? (Please believe it nigga)

Enough said then nigga (hold up.. BIATCH)

(Snoop Dogg)

Mmm, let's make this official

Shine yo' boots and load yo' pistols

Pull out yo best credentials cause thislll

be the official for the fictitial

Doggy Dogg and Big Swizz'll, nigga blow the whistle

Smokin on some bomb-beeda secondhand smoke

will getcha, hitcha, and make you all get the picture

Dig this - when was the last time you seen me

posted up West coasted up and sippin on some Remi?

Believe me - it ain't easy been Deezy (nah it ain't)

wit these jealous rap niggaz and these punk ass breezies

Man - I couldn't remember what they told me

when I first came in the game but thangs done changed

Call it what you wanna, keep the heat up on it

East, Long Beach, California - spinnin like a 'Tona

Bangin on the corner, hot like a sauna

so you best to back up off me or I kick this ? on ya

(Swizz Beatz) (Yung Wun)

State yo' name yungsta (YUNG WUN!)

Where you representin? (ATL SHAWTY!!)

You gon' hold it down? (DAMN RIGHT!!!)

Well nuff said then (Ease up, nigga!)

(Man throw dem chains up!)

(Yung Wun)

Shorty pop a lot, actin like you got a lot

wit all that fake ice on his watch, this nigga wanna get got

Coming to my city wit all that hot shit and his fake ass click

I'ma put somethin in him and bust his wig, I'm on some thugged out shit

You better be strapped boy, how you love that boy, act boy

I'ma break yo back boy, wit a bat boy, where you at boy

Hold up I'm cold hearted; DAMN RIGHT, I get retarded

I'm a yung-un and down here, bitch I'm the hardest

You can hoot, hide and talk that shit

I'ma stay low, keep it real and sho' to come up

But when I bite you gone feel that there, it's real down here

Watch your mouth boy, you might get killed down here

I'm a Ryde or Die nigga, put somethin in your eye nigga

Get beside yourself it's bye bye nigga

When it come to glock cockin and drop poppin

I'm the first to hit the block and go to war wit the cops f**k nigga

(Swizz Beatz) (Scarface)
State yo' name gangsta (Scarface)

Where you representin? (Motherf**kin South)
You gon' hold it down? (You God damn right)
Enough said then nigga

(Scarface)
Heidi-hoe! Scarface and Don, pullin the strings to your alarm
Bringin terror wit this beretta, I clutch in my palm
I'm scarin motherf**kers straight wit mine
Guerilla tactics, guranteein my enemy die
It's worldwide army alert for all soliders
Either you Ruff Ryde, Ryde Ruff, or roll over
It's a stick up, so down on yo knees, cause I'm sicker
Don't disrepect it, you don't disrespect me nigga
I'm the one these niggaz call on; when negotiations are halted,
and the time comes for the beatin of the bosses
Make 'em an offer that can't refuse
They don't comply, well now I'm bout to stank these fools
Fool, I guess these niggaz think they can't be moved
Realizie they don't scare niggaz like they thank they do
You f**k wit me, I gots to f**k wit you
World War 3 motherf**ker, I thought you knew

(Swizz Beatz) (Scarface)
State yo' name gangsta (Jadakiss nigga)
Where you representin? (East coast dawg)
You gon' hold it down? (Why wouldn't I?)
Enough said then nigga (Let's go)
(Let's go)

(Jadakiss)
If you f**kin wit the 'Kiss, you ain't gon' breathe
The only time I lick in the air is New Year's Eve
Sonny from "Bronx Tale," you can't leave
Get kissed on yo' cheek then you meant to die
Cause when the gun start poppin then my temperature rise
You know my style; 20 niggaz wit 40 Cals
Nine years ago you was hollerin shorty wild
Now I'm in the rap game twistin these honies out
Never left the crack game still on a money route
I run through the industry looking for enemies
Y'all niggaz sound sick and Jada the remedy
Get shot in yo' eyes and mouth
Can't see can't talk when you f**kin wit the heart of New York
And that's fouler that swallowin pork
And to f**k wit the feds dog
you know I push the prowler to court
Toast on my lap, got the East Coast on my back, UH

(Swizz Beatz)
How many times must I tell you motherf**kers
We ain't industry niggaz
We in-the-STREETS, niggaz - you motherf**kin right!
Ruff Ryders forever, yeah bitch - now what?

(all together)
Ryde.. or.. Die.. you talk it, we live it (East COAST!)
So Ryde.. or.. Die.. you want it, we give it (West COAST!)
So Ryde.. or.. Die.. you start it, we end it (Dirty SOUTH!)
So Ryde.. or.. Die.. you talk it, we live it (Mid WEST!)
So Ryde.. or.. Die.. you want it, we give it (Ruff RYDERS!)

So Ryde.. or.. Die.. you start it, we end it (Biatch!)

(ad libs for 8 seconds)

(Swizz Beatz)

Yeah, Double R motherf**kers - Ruff Ryders!