

# I'm A Ruff Ryder

Styles P

Talk, Holiday Styles, S-P or whatever you choose  
A pound of weed, four guns and a liter of booze  
Chew niggas out they shoes, what  
Come and fuck with me, I can 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 that was just a hobby, gun bustin' 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 the house  
Come through in the prettiest Porshe, the grittiest wars  
State gotta talk till the city get hoarse  
I'm the icin' on the cake, gangsta of the state  
Guns, money you wait, who you fuckin' wit' dog?

Uh, I'm a Ruff Ryder  
Weed smokin, gun totin' heroin supplier  
I'm a Ruff Ryder  
On the low dog, 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

I 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 by my lonely  
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 when 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

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 the 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's face, window and dash  
Burn the car with the body in it, bring you to ash  
I get down on a hit like I'm Sigel the cold  
That nigga sniffed up yo coat 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 fans  
Need weed to calm down, need money to leave light  
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

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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  
I'm a Ruff Ryder, uh, fagots