

## 2 Tears In A Bucket

Ruff Ryders

Ruff Ryders niggas, blood in, blood out  
Sheek, Methical  
Yo yo, hey yo

Soon as I cop the nine, I pop the nine  
But when I take it out the box, I represent Lox  
Now when I flow, you hit the rewind button  
So I charge out more, want it all at the door

Fuck heat, Sheek, walk around with an oven  
Who you gonna kill with that little Foreman grill?  
How's it gonna look when I come through your block?  
Sheek, Funk Doc, Meth on top

Porsche, 300 horse fly by  
Back open, pumpin' How High  
Yeah, can y'all see that, bitch  
You can call me whatcha want 'cuz I'll Be Dat

Get off my dick, I don't care about no jewels  
As long as the condo's paid and the truck I choose  
I'm telling y'all niggaz, if it's not double R  
You can spell my name out on the side of the car

Come and Ruff Ryde with us  
If you wanna get high with us  
If you wanna get down with us  
Come on now, yeah, come on

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If you wanna get down with us  
Come on now

Yo, yo, I got a twin cam exhaust connected to the jaw  
A five speed clutch on my paw when I write  
I glow like the pegs in Lite-Brite  
3000 volts of lightnin' when ya fly the right kite

Me and Meth be Hennesey, two ice cubes  
We can draw or do I choose?  
When I choose the grip, one shot lose your hip  
I hope your shoes fit for this move and pick

My avalanche, it came with 10 feet of snow  
I'm cold blooded, my fam half Eskimo  
My flows move like endo  
Turn ten nickels to ten loads out of ten stones

Ride the crash course, do the math on it  
Swizz Beatz, you can ride Amtrak on it  
But I'm on it, grillin' with George Foreman  
Ya peeps is at the Grammy Awards cornin'

The ice, the fat wallet son, I won it  
In the helicopter warnin' before mornin'  
Def Jam nigga, Redman nigga, Doc

Fuck ya momma on my sweat band, nigga

You tough guys will get smacked in the club  
With the gun that I bought from Mack in the club  
It's P P P from Bricks to Brook-nam  
Bring me some more ass to whoop on

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Look what the cat dragged in  
Underground dweller from the cellar bring terror  
Scooper high yellow Cinderella, Meth forever  
Never rush a rhyme, hook could never bust my nine  
But if I have to, I have to

It's all in the mind, I stay ahead of time  
While you're falling behind, trying to relight ya lime  
It's a crime when I drop online's design  
That tick, tick boom, blow your mind

Yeah me, M E T H the O the D  
Can't be done like tryin' to find a penny in the sea  
Nigga, run for cover son, go and get them guns  
Y'all ain't from here, don't try to come around and gettin' ones

Swizz Beatz, the track in the head, but I instead  
Pull my dart gun and bust sixteen until it's dead  
I'm The Game, all of my dogs be off the chain  
Yelling Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang

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