

## Aim 4 The Head

Ruff Ryders

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Let them lames know you ain't playin' with 'em

Shit real, I know how baggin' a whole brick feel  
Big deal, hit the garage and switch wheels  
My chicks real, with the menage and tip drills  
Give me a massage, then show me how them lips feel

I'm shinin' cause I'm clinin' on the strip still  
And I grip steel, still keep the clip steel  
Everything I spit real, everything I spit ill  
Everything I spit sick, for real

When shit switch, ain't shit changed  
Like Rick James, I'm rich, bitch  
Get change, big chain and wrist gliss  
I'm with game, I'ma make cake like this quick  
My album went gold in a month, that was a quick flip

Don't say shit, bitch 'cause niggaz with the lip bit  
Ain't one in the gun, 'till it go click click  
Then I'ma switch clips and squeeze like toothpaste  
Palm over my forearm so I could shoot straight

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My objective is to live lavish, rip mad kids  
Jin stand out like Swiss ad libs  
Compared to me, your shit's average, no matter how you come  
Should've been spit on volume one, tell your corner it's time

Throw in the towel, you done  
Call up Jimmy, Kevin Lyles, whoever you want  
It's a wrap, your career cannot be saved  
Fuck makin' a comeback, you ain't Flavor Flav

Before my album dropped, I rocked show for G's  
Blowin' trees, while I'm tourin' overseas  
Flew to PR, won a quick fifty G's  
And I'm still poppin' up on Smack DVD's

Ain't got no platinum plaques for records sold  
But if eatin' rappers was sales, I'm seven times gold  
Bout to blow, get set for detonation  
Speakin' on behalf of the next generation

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No matter what they spit us, I still ain't convinced  
Not at all, your brains over the window, make it look like you got red tints  
Hope your GT got a bulletproof F R O N T  
Pop with them slugs and give a fuck about your Bentley

You a punk and I'm a boss boy, it's the U Cheeks  
And I ain't talkin' 'bout that nigga from 'The Lost Boys'  
The barrel was too big, you had to see the fall  
You had to see that havin' it all was just a casualty of war

I got keys like a chord when I'm swingin' a sword  
I could bring you the law, got them things on the fog  
We the best and I ain't got to spit a punchline  
'Cause I do sit ups all over the track when it's crunch time

Fuck this rap shit, I've been realer, you got thin scrilla  
I'll put this machete through the side of your chin chilla  
Black hoodie with the matchin' fitted  
Don't come up short lil' nigga, we even clappin' midgets

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