

Get Wild

Ruff Ryders

All my niggaz, all my bitches
Get high, get drunk get wild buck fool
You know my style, get crunk
Bitches bounce, niggaz bounce
And let me give you that funk shit, blunt shit
While I make you bang it out your trunk

You cats, talk slick but walk quick when the dog hit
The dog hits coming back to the raw shit
Aww shit, they done let me back out the gate
Back out to tape, back out to rape

Back off the chains so please back out the way
Before I blow ya back out with this fuckin' AK
Don't give a fuck what a nigga say no matter who he sound like
Make sure you know what the rain is but it's gonna be coming down like

Cats and dogs, hold up it is cats and dogs
Keep fucking with the dog its gonna be cats in the morgue
Twenty-two million, sold let's keep it real
Most y'all killers ain't even twenty-two years old

Ain't never felt the cold wet behind the ears
Know what real pain is, cried real tears
I go hard bogard and stand my ground
Fuck y'all niggaz, it's how it's goin' down, baby

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It just don't look right, bullshit coke don't cook right
The judge ain't throwin' the book right
Should thank the Lord that you blew up softy
Don't talk greasy you grew up off me

I ain't letting go of the block
And if I get a good enough grip I ain't lettin' go of the lock
If I happen to be pinched, I ain't goin' to shock
I'm gonna to get aquatinted with niggaz in general pop

Stop but don't hate, 'cause everybody got a lil' blood to donate
The thugs'll go ape, the women'll come around
Shortly after that is when the jealousy sets in
Then they'll shut it down

It's just raspy nothin' on the neck wrist ware just classy
There's no way I'm letting this money just get past me
When all I had to do in the first place
From the beginning was get nasty

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Niggaz been waitin' for that west coast shit, I tell them to go fish
Blowin' purple in a purple Laker jersey wit' the gold kicks
Bitches be like Toon you a mutha fuckin' trip
Hop in the whip and lean till that mutha fucka flip

And every club in Cali crackin' it's gangsta town
Keep a couple of niggaz with me that'll bang you down
Now lil' mama put switches on and make it jump
Before me you needed Lil' Jon to make it crunk

Now for real come to Cali player take ya pump
My New York niggaz leave y'all wit' razor bumps
Now pappa raised a rolling stone, I feel like pops
In the absence of Makaveli, I feel like Pac

So even though I got the deal I still might pop
Right in front of the po, po you could feel my shots
Man, all my niggaz carry bangers we feel like SWAT
And that's the reason why Rialto feel like Watts, come on

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Can't fly, get away
You know my style
Bang it out your trunk
While I make you bang it out your trunk