

If It's Beef ...

Ruff Ryders

The hood know what it is they know who I am
and they don't care what I scan but they know I'm the man
know I could bring 'em to the spot show them the grams
or I could bring 'em to the garage and show them the lam
know that I could show 'em the Range and show 'em the Beemer
and I could lift up my shirt and show them the steamer
Had ups and downs but I stil get along with 'em
Nobody hatin cause I ain't get on a song wit 'em
Yeah and I ain't out there pumpin
but I might slide through and give the crackheads somethin
Not only on my off time I be in the studio
usually though probably hit the block by my 4th rhyme
Think wit a boss mind lot of evil thoughts run across mine
I sell it if I could get it off fine and you already know I'm real
when it comes to the game and the hood you know how I feel... What

If it's beef
The hood know what it is
(Tell'em Kiss)
The hood know what it is
If it's Beef
(Yeah)
The hood know what it is
Three words 1-8-7
Man the flow got 'em very jealous
Besides that I'm from a coast where ya bitch ass could be gone In 30 seconds
dickie this dickie that you in perry ellis
California sunshine compliment the heavy carrots
if it's beef three words 1,8,7
niggaz get popped and start singing like Faith Evans
niggaz know I got a gift they must hate presents
spray up everything look like the case spelling
had to settle for the d cause we hate failing
hit after hit I'm like the hip-hop Hank Aaron
I'm in the BX riding with cali On the ds
doing drivebys off the T-Rex
got love on the west and the es
we don't play games guns stashed in the ps
and ps y'all niggaz is bs
we kick swing and take shots at you like it's recess

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(Yeah)
The hood know what it is
Three words 1-8-7
The hood know what it is
we setting up rat traps, fuck ya ascap
can't hide behind platinum plaques
cause when the A.R. 15's get the poppin
That's when your artists'll really be droppin
I ain't talkin 'bout release dates
I'm talking 'bout this Ruff Ryder lifestyle in every single state
you feeling lucky roll the dice who got the bank stop it

throw'em in the bathroom he getting outta pocket
mock it, chop it, do what you will
I just wanna see your mans' face in the street when his blood spill
man made the money money never made the man
that's why you'll never see security where I stand
and we stil tryin to eat
you poppin shit from your hotel with federallies In your suite
two shots of patrone, then I run up in your home
cut the wire to your phone, strangle you then I'm gone
who want it

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(Yeah)
The hood know what it is
Three words 1-8-7
Well it's that flashy nigga with a flow so through the roof
The way I do the booth all they say is you the truth
Yeah I was with that other label but I flew the coop
Now I'm Ryding and Dying it's Ruff Ryders new recruit
and do remember we ain't all about the music duke
cause every member of my family got a screw that's loose
and when it's drama all we do is shoot with guns so big
they put a hole through you the size of a hoola - hoop
believe you me the streets do see
that lyrically I'm in a zone like a 3 2 D
if I ain't DWI-ing up the BQE
I'm blowin some boon with Toon in a 323
Flashy nigga it ain't a flow to match up to it
this that music that make a nigga act up to it
you might get smacked stabbed or clapped up to it
I'm so head of my time I find myself tryin to catch up to it you know

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(Tell'em Kiss)
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If it's Beef
(Yeah)
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Three words 1-8-7
You know what they want right Three words 1-8-7