

In Too Deep

Ruff Ryders

Yeah....P. Killer.....L-O-X....Ruff Ryders

Holiday Styles, catdaddy show me the green
And if not, show me the work, show me the fiends
I be writing in the week 'cause I know the routine
Pardon you, light grey off the ?marteen?
Nickel the wheels, used to have to whistle for sales
And now I cop work every tip of the scales
And I can make money for bait, sittin' in jail
Walk by the C.O., hittin' an L
Ayyo, this is for the industry, consider it rep
I'll dis any nigga you name, you give me a check
Old school, new school, hungry nigga not signed
He ain't saying shit if he ain't talking with a glock nine
Please don't call the cops
We got beef, then the shells will pop I'm tryin' to hit you while you park
Hop in, push you over, take it up the block
But I know the jakes is coming, ya man's a snitch
Wakes is comin' so start getting candles lit
I'mma show you how the hustlers handle shit
I'll crack your head like a customer with grams and spliff
Family shit, but ain't no picnics involved just a trip to the zoo
Dressed in all brown with a banger in your shoe
In too deep in the yard with a thousand niggas just like you, cocksucker

A thousand niggas just like you
Narcs is trying to crack down, coke went back down
It's hard to get green, but everybody got brown
They know I got the China for 15 in the diner
20 after 12 in the building, see the minors
Martega massaccare
You run around buying bundles, I get eggs from Africa
Burn the block for a year then I'm stashin' ya and snatch the truck
Free bile with half the dutch
While they got you on the wall, I'm crackin' up
And the police could send you shookin'
When they ask you if you wanna cut them a deal that send you bookin'
In the bullpen with dopeheads and niggas from Brooklyn
You scared to move, another nigga wearin' ya jewels
By the time you get upstairs, he wearin' ya shoes
Got the blood ?cane yettas? and niggas with the coofys
In the dayroom, blowin' each other like Lucys
Matter how big you are or strong you are
Right or wrong, you all get along with star
Just toe to toe with you with the cannon in your face
Motherfuck lappin', here's a stare to face--BLAW!

Sheek got niggas that'll cover his tracks when he walkin' in mud
And use gats with no noise when he dealin' with blood
But they bounce to one bone to the next, like bitches
Hole small enough to use band-aids, no stiches
Everything's eternal from my life to my journal
It's deeper than secrets government keepin'
So bounce with me if you don't wanna fall on the weekend

Or die the weekend, literally, fly off the beacon
Talk slick and get send somethin' quick
Only nigga hard enough to look up to me is my dick
My clique the boss, we don't take no loss
When we flow, the whole room smell like tobasco sauce
Come in your crib with something hot, dead in your brain
And watch your family jump around like the House of Pain
All the numbers takin' off my Benz, no name
Just tints on the window so you can't see through
While my gun is at your face like, "Peek-a-boo!"
I'm teasin' you like an invisible string
Tied to a bag of money, when your reach, I'll pull
Clip hard to stay full, nigga, we in too deep
I rock niggas to sleep, like a Jew, I'm too cheap
Fuck a car show; I don't wanna be around nothing that can heat
And I'm 2-7-30, gimme your gun clean
It's comin' back to you dirty, nigga, watch the birdie

If you a player in the game and you in too deep
And you get knocked, yo, please don't snitch

That's my word

Take your time like ya man do in front of the judge
Ayyo, dog, don't be no bitch

Dog, ya heard?

'Cuase if we all get knocked then we all get locked
Word is bond, won't be no clique

That's for real

Ayyo, sex, money, murder, music, and drugs
Big chains and plenty of whips

That's all we know

Uh, N...I...[?]

What?....L-O-X.....Double R.....P. Killer