

# Ruff Ryders' Anthem

DMX

DMX: Somethin' new.:  
Stop, drop, shut 'em down open up shop  
Oh, no  
That's how Ruff Ryders roll Niggaz wanna try, niggaz wanna lie  
Then niggaz wonder why, niggaz wanna die  
All I know is pain  
All I feel is rain  
How can I maintain, with madd shit on my brain  
I resort to violence, my niggaz move in silence  
Like you don't know what our style is  
New York niggaz the wildest  
My niggaz is wit' it  
You want it? come and get it  
Took it then we split it  
You fuckin' right we did it  
What the fuck you gonna do, when we run up on you  
fuckin' wit' the wrong crew, don't know what we goin' thru  
I'ma have ta show niggaz how easily we blow niggaz  
When you find out there's some more niggas, that's runnin with your niggaz  
Nothin' we can't handle, break it up and dismantle, light it up like a candle  
just cause I can't stand you  
Put my shit on tapes, like you bussin' grapes  
Think you holdin weight? Then you haven't met the Apes  
Is ya'll niggaz crazy?  
I'll buss you and be swazy  
Stop actin' like a baby, mind your business lady  
Nosy people get it too, when you see me spit at you  
you know I'm tryin' ta get rid of you  
Ya I know it's pitiful  
That's how niggaz get down  
Watch my niggaz spit round  
Make ya'll niggaz kiss ground, just for talkin' shit clown  
Oh you think it's funny then you don't know me money It's about to get ugly, fuck it dog I'm  
hungry  
I guess you know what that mean, come up off that green  
Five niggaz or a fiend, don't make it a murder scene  
Give a dog a bone, leave a dog alone  
Let a dog roam and he'll find his way home  
Home of the brave, my home is a cage  
and yo I'ma slave til' my home is the grave  
I'ma pull capers, it's all about the papers  
Bitches talkin' paper then how they wanna rape us

Look what you dun started  
Asked for it, you got it  
Had it, should have shot it  
Now your dearly departed  
Get at me dog, did I rip shit with this one here I flip shit  
Niggaz know when I kick shit  
It's gonna be some slick shit  
What was that look for, when I walked in the door  
Oh you thought you was raw, boom not anymore  
Cause now you on the floor, wishin you never saw me walk  
through that door, with that 4 4  
Now it's time for bed  
Two more to the head, got the floor red  
Yea that nigga's dead  
Another unsolved mystery, It's goin' down in history  
Niggaz ain't never did shit to me Bitch ass niggaz can't get to me  
Gots to make the move, got a point to prove  
Got a make'em grove, got'em all like ooh  
So to the next time, you hear this nigga rhyme  
Try to keep your mind, on gettin pussy and crime

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>