2 Tears in a Bucket (feat. Method Man & Redman)

Ruff Ryders

Ruff Ryders niggas, blood in blood out (all aboard)
Sheek, Methical, waddup niggas
Yo yo, hey yo
Soon as I cop the nine I pop the nine
But when I take it out the box I represent Lox
Now when I flow hit the rewind button
So I charge em all when ya all at the door
Fuck heat, Sheek walk around with an oven
Who you gonna kill with that little Foreman grill
How's it gonna look when I come through your block
Sheek, Doc, Meth on top
Force, 300 horse fly by, back open, pumpin how high (how high)
Can ya see that, you can call me whatcha want cuz "I'll be dat"
Get off my dick, I don't care about no jewels
As long as the condos paid and the truck I choose
I'm telling y'all niggas, if it's not double R
You can spell my name out on the side of the car
Come and Ruff Ryde with us
If you wanna get high with us
If you wanna get down with us
Come on now I got a twin cam exhaust connected to the jaw
A five speed clutch on my paw when I write
I glow like the heads of light brite
3000 volts of lightning when ya fly the right kite
Me and Meth be henessee, two ice cubes
We can draw (choose your weapon) or do I choose
When I choose the grip, one shot lose your hip
I hope your shoes fit for this movin pick
I avalanche the camp with 10 feet of snow
I'm cold blooded, my fam half Eskimo
My flows move like indo, turn 10 nickels to 10 lows out of 10 stones
Ride the crash course, do the math on it
Swizz Beatz you can ride Amtrak on it
But I'm on it, grillin with George Foreman
Your peeps is at the grammy awards corning
The eyes to fat wallet son I want it
And the helicopter warning before morning
Def jam nigga, Redman nigga
Got fuck your momma on my sweatband nigga
You tough guys will get smacked in the club

With the gun that I bought from Mack in the club
It's P-P-V from brick to Brooklyn
Come on, bring me some more ass to whoop on
x2Look what the cat dragged in
Underground dweller from the cellar bring terror
Scooper high yeller, Cinderella Meth forever
Never rush a rhyme, hope to never bust my nine
But if I have to I have to
It's all in the mind, I stay ahead of time
While you're falling behind, trying to relight your line
It's a crime when I drop bomb lines design.
To tick tick boom, blow your mind
Yeah me, m-e-t h-the o-d done
Trying to find a penny in the seat
Nigga, run for cover son, go and get them guns
Y'all ain't from here, don't try to come around and get into one
Swizz Beatz, the Doc in the head, but I instead
Pull my dark gun and bust sixteen until it's dead
I'm the game, all of my dogs be off the chain
Yelling Wu-TANG, Wu-TANGx5
(fade to end)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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