

# Ride 4 U

## 3 The God Way

Always on the grind, always down to ride  
Bump bump kick till the wheels fall off  
    Nothin' on my mind, skatin' till I die  
Bump bump kick till the wheels fall off  
    Yo, it's going down  
    You about to witness  
    Pound fo' pound  
    Best contenders in the business  
    We lift the globe on our own, defy physics  
And we keep our sound mo' precious then jail visits  
    Always stay ahead, even if the wheels broke  
    Some HD40 keep us smooth on the rode  
We done made moves down to the deepest trenches  
    A little kick flip, ollie over lunch benches  
    Chillin' on deck something on the boards  
    Grind to ya black till our ten toes are sore  
    Stars in the makin' so you betta take a flick  
    And if ya down to roll just pump pump kick  
    Now, it's just one of those thangs  
    When ya gotta job and ya ain't got paid  
    Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid  
    Always on the grind (skate, skate)  
    Say it's just one of those thangs  
    When ya gotta job and ya ain't got paid  
    Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid  
    Always down to ride (skate, skate)  
Ay yo, old school flava with new school kicks  
    Curb hop, hip hop, funk the skate kids  
    Sidewalk swerving, freestyle fellowships  
    Fat lace, finger flip, hang on my grip  
'cause I'm crusin' down the street on my skateboard  
    Jockin' the freaks, pimp slappin' you hos  
    Stuck in the lome, 'cause the 5-0s follow me home  
    Ridin' on bones, independent, got me grindin' on poles  
I'm in the zone, nobody know the way my bearings will roll  
    The rodes of LA got me Curious George  
My parents is pissed off 'cause I never come home  
  
    Why don't you clones just leave me alone

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Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid  
Always on the grind (skate, skate)  
Say it's just one of those thangs  
When ya gotta job and ya ain't got paid  
Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid  
Always down to ride (skate, skate)

This chick she said she digs my rip game, stay grashin'  
Yea the kid thick, plus he kick flip the big change, mashin'  
Fat tracklist, pull her over just fo' practice  
The wind up pitch, she call it MacTwist  
We ridin', grindin' till the wheels fall off  
We power slidin', 7-20 that plan

The profit is logical, nothing out of our reach  
We call highly impossible  
Gettin' insane, brane, meng it's frightening  
The way she got me switchin' lanes  
I call it half pipin' it, lots of it

Then when she done, I call that pop shove it  
Far East, Big BlackSil, you gotta love it  
This is on a daily album, calenders face it  
It's dangerous  
skate, skate

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Always on the grind (skate, skate)  
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When ya gotta job and ya ain't got paid  
Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid  
Always down to ride (skate, skate)

That's all we do, we do  
Skate, skate X4

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