

Ridin'

David Banner

I'm from a place
Where you gotta let yo' nutz hang
Where them crakas used to cut your stomach open
Just to let your fuckin' guts hang
Right there in front of the kids
I might as well split your wig
'Cause that's just what the master did
But now I'm the new Nat Turner
Spreadin' something to the kids
Like Sojourner, man, the truth
Fuck a 'Creek, I care
But you in doubts and go "Woof"
He ain't dead, what pledge
There's a stank up in the Bush
Or a stank up in the White House
Shootin' board bullshit, man, it's dead props
Here in Chicago but hit this hi-lo
Warriors come play, click the bottles
Cock them AK's, bust on KK's
With the knuckle boy or the other two and the Stic-Man
Given dead on your shirt like a wristband
You a grown man, nigga, stand tall
Don't it hurt, 'cause you really ain't a nigga, dog?
Don't it hurt, 'cause you really ain't a nigga, dog?
Don't it hurt, 'cause you really ain't a nigga, dog?
Country boys, city boys
Cadillacs, Rolly Royce
Whatever, long as we ridin'
Pretty girls, ghetto boos
On the boulevard, in the avenue
It's a long walk, now that we ridin'
Yo, niggas is not original
Niggas follow the radio
Niggas think if you blow
Then you gotta be on the TV show
Crackas is hypocritical
Crackas will rob and shit on you
'Cause see you do what they do
They know freedom is powerful

Niggas is very visual
If we see it, we think it's true
Very few niggas make a move
And even less'll see it through
Crackas make up the chemicals
Then they call us the criminals
Crackas make all the loot
And we just get the residuals
Niggas will rob and shoot on you
Crackas will drop a bomb on you
Niggas is having funerals
Crackas is having barbecues
Niggas sing the blues
That's reminicin' the spiritual
But when you say gawd is you
Niggas ain't really hearing you
Crackas like to capitalize
Them crackas a lie
They say if you don't unionize

Then you'll probably die
I hate callin' niggas, niggas
So I'ma take it backwards
But I got now love for Whitney
I love callin' 'em crackas
Country boys, city boys
Cadillacs, Rolly Royce
Whatever, long as we ridin'
Pretty girls, ghetto boos
On the boulevard, in the avenue
It's a long a walk, now that we ridin'
Yeah, I call myself real N I G G A
'Cause Kweli be showin' on the floor
And they policies, my philosophies
Show you that the block is a part of me
Freedom fighter like Richard Carter be
It's deep how the street knowledge beef
'Cause it ran like a code inside of me
It's practical, not scholarly
Now why do I call myself a nigga, you ask me
Who's got my back when the cops harass me
New York, L.A or Cincinnati
Can ride the train or with the Caddie
When they call you, nigga they scared of you
They fearin' you so actually

If crack is gone, be fearing niggas
Then that's what the fuck I have to be now
It's a badge of honor
And some say that shit's absurd
It's more than just a word
We flip the shit like it's a bird
Pass it down through generations
Then cuss you out and say it loud
The first generation of muthafuckas
To grab our nuts and say it proud
Country niggas or city niggas
Tupac niggas or biggie niggas
In the corridor, floor or door
And all my Mississippi niggas
We connected all throughout
The north, the east, the west, the south
And if a white boy say the shit
He'll still get punched right in the mouth
Country boys, city boys
Cadillacs, Rolly Royce
Whatever, long as we ridin'
Pretty girls, ghetto boos
On the boulevard, in the avenue
It's a long walk, now that we ridin'
All they got for you is a cell, my nigga
They want you dead or in jail without rebel, my nigga
In the streets, it's similar to hell, my nigga
But we gonna boss up and live well, my nigga
You see, all they got for you is a cell, my nigga
They want you dead or in jail without rebel, my nigga
In the streets, it's similar to hell, my nigga
But we gonna boss up and live well, my nigga

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