Ridin In The Streets

Bizzy Bone

[Chorus]
Just, just, just...
Just ridin', ridin'...
Ridin' the city streets in a black benz lexus
Just ridin', ridin'...
I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me, ain't nobody jealous man

Just, just, just...
I'm just ridin', ridin'...
Ridin' the city streets in a black benz lexus
Where we be feelin' the beat, tuckin' the piece
I'm just slidin', slidin'
Feelin' my (?), I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me

I'm just ridin', ridin'
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I'm just slidin' slidin'
Feelin' my (?), I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me

[Bizzy]
We're nothin' but crumbs, crumbs, we're nothin' but crumbs
We're nothin' but crumbs, crumbs, we're nothin' but crumbs
See it's the thug, thuggish ruggish, give me some bud
I'm out on the way to go get me some love
Stuck in the part where I put up the cup, don't
What about the slopes, tryin' a get dangerous
We're nothin' but crumbs, they gave me the tomb
And heavenly Father all over your son
The people are part of ya, never be found
But what was it for, tellin' my people to point to the guns
And what did the fools finally see who really be ridin'
Look at the war and here it come
I'm the beginning and the ending, what are we spending
Watch your paper, gospel gangstas walkin' in churches
Don't search us, they tyrin' to escape though
Monotony and a monopoly, gotta get ready to put us a chair
Rott there, get in the car, Day's of our Lives oh well
I'm from the best, the sick of the best

The sicker the test, will settle finesse, so Bizzy the Kid
The best...let me get this, that we feelin' depressed

[Hook]
How many times we gather our rest, so why do they cuss
My lips are (?), Lord know's I'm not ugly

And how many times we gather our rest, so why do they cuss
My lips are (?), the Lord know's I'm not ugly
Heavenly father you are the best, one time...

I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me, ain't nobody jealous man

[Chorus]
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[Layzie]
I'm a rise to the fullest, make 'em do it
Make 'em pull it, fill your torso's up with bullets
Nigga this the true shit, and it sit's with a new kid
Who goes there, I, we used to slam them dog's
Now we raise 'em up high, lamborhgini dog's to the sky
My nigga, I be flossin' on a dog, I ain't shy my nigga
No wonder why nigga, I'm a hard workin' horse
Keep my grammy on a mantle, fuck puttin' it in a source
If rap was a bitch I'll want a divorce
And if rap was a study, you would need you a course
I'm a rap 'til my voice gone, probably 'til I lose it
But y'all can't do it, duplicate my music
Listen 'til they cruisin', haters be refusin'
They bitches want to listen to it
But they gotta be true with it
Get bucked knuckler, act a foo' with it
It's rider season, and really ain't no rules to it
Nice and smooth gettin' through it

I'm the ace, realest rapper since Pac want to take my place

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Feelin' my (?), I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me
Nobody's just...

[Mr. Criminal]
I'm just ridin', ridin', ridin' the city streets
Packin' the strap in the back of my black khakis
That's creased, windows down, system on blast
Feelin' the breeze, smokin' and chokin' that reefer dog
I'm needin' my trees (ha, ha--ha, ha)
Windows down, system on blast, feelin' the breeze
Eyes on my rearview, watch my back for the police
The homi's say watch my back for enemies
Touch your back, the hennesey stay (?) my remedy
Catch me dippin' through the streets
Givin' a fuck, runnin' them stoplights
Swerve it to the left, and I swing it to the right
I'm a hard switchin' lane, scrapin' bumpers and all
All eyes on me whenever I'm rotatin' white walls
And as soon as night falls
I let them hundred spokes crawl
Straight dippin' through the city
With my rider's and dogs
It's Mr. Criminal puttin' it down
With the homi's from Bone Thugs
And these hater's get flossed on
These bitches get no love

[Chorus]
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