Ryde On Da Regular

araabMUZIK

Every day I ride on the regular
You just regular, probably smokin' the regular
Yeah, you the prey, I'm the predator
Yeah, you the movie, I'm the editor
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Now tell me what'chu know about the zone
You go to jail when your man is comin' home
Try to get Grants but the plan was all wrong
Wait for the time but the sand is all gone
What's the regiment? Smoke weed, get the Benjamins
Hit the spot for cocaine measurin'
Got a Desert Eagle, need a city eagle
Tryin' to tell my niggaz the whole city evil
And all I know is murderers and gritty people
But it is what it is and do what it do
I ain't gettin' money, my nigga
I keep it movin' 'cause it ain't good biz
Half a mill' to a mill', that make you hood rich
If you dope as a dime, I can get you a good brick
You don't understand when I'm talkin' this hood shit
Then turn the volume down and on to the next
Got your girl on Patron then she's off to the X
Got the Lex from the Japanese triad connect
Iraq, Iran, guns on deck
In the hands of the shooters if the funds ain't correct
Yeah, now what you know about the street life?
You could lose your life any night you don't creep right
Hoodie up with the mask down
School of hard knocks, the Ghost never was the class clown
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Now tell me what you know about the hood
You doin' bad but you plannin' to do good
You wanted platinum but they'll put you in the wood
You wanna ride and switch sides if you could
What's the schedule? Hit the streets stay credible
Everybody food seems edible
Got the trey pound, got the four pound
Ride around town playin' 'Pac and the Dogg Pound
Keep a big join, or a long sword
I'm tryin' to win and fuck the points on the scoreboard
Homey, this the game of death
No Bruce Lee, I don't use the pen or the looseleaf
All I need is the Dutchy, if not two sheets of bamboo
Handle you like the bars on the bike
And you don't want a scar for your life
This is the Ghost, I earned my stars and my stripes, nigga
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