

Ryder Music

50 Cent

Yeah

Yeah, we can ride to this

Just lay back, crew Here's a taste of my life, it's bitter and sweet

I put my heart out to the sounds of the drums and the beat

I put my life on the line when I'm out on the street

Put my Teflon on and roll with my heat I keep my circle nice and small, I don't **** with these clown *****s

In a race for the cheese, I run laps around *****s

Soon as I step on stage, the crowd applauds

Soon as my sneaker wear in stores, Reebok start sore I ain't gotta say I'm a boss, *****s can tell

The east coast crib, the size of a small hotel

The **** journalist write about me, get me confused

Have me feelin' like the heavy weight champ when he lose I read somewhere, I'm homophobic ****

Go through the hood, there's mad *****s on my ****

Now we can get hostile or we can do this smooth

T&T around, I can still make blow move This is what you call Ryder music

All the gangstas are ridin' to it, come on, let's roll

I can show ya how we do it

When we ride to that Ryder music, let's go, let's go This is what you call Ryder music

All the gangstas are ridin' to it, come on, let's roll

I can show ya how we do it

When we ride to that Ryder music, let's go, let's go Last year, I woke up, a good look, damn it feels good

On the low, I done ***** half of Hollywood

Had your favorite actress from your favorite shows

In my favorite *****, you know how it goes In my Bentley bumpin' Prince ****, "This is when Thugs cry"

This is what it sounds like when ***** *** ***** fly

Homie, this is somethin' you can ride and smoke to

Stay on point, 'cause *****s will ride and smoke you Jealousy's for women, but some *****s is ***** made

They make you wanna run across they're head with a switch *****

They point their finger at me, sayin' I'm bug

My flows ***** you listen, your ***** brains on ***** Look, ice drippin' on my neck, hands grippin' on the

Fool trippin' through the set, you can get ya *** whipped

Cards missin' out my deck, screws loose show respect

You try to come at me kid, your *** better come correct This is what you call Ryder music

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I can show ya how we do it

When we ride to that Ryder music, let's go, let's go
My mama gave birth to a winner, I gotta win
Pray to Lord, forgive me for my sins
Still thuggin', cruisin', rims gleamin' like the stones on my wrist
Zonin', guess this is how it feels to be rich
Homie, you hustlin' backwards if you chasin' a *****
Stupid, chase the paper, they come with the *****
I'm fallin', in love with success
Entrepreneure, kinda sewer, I maneuver the best
Rowin', ruger on my lap, rubber grip on the handle
Stunt I'll have ya homies burn a rest in peace candle
As wise men speak, I listen and learn
A man dies, a baby's born, my *****s the world turns
Rappers, I make 'em sick when I say I'm the *****
They mistake my confidence for arrogance, they hate on the kid
In '99, I had a vision and made a decision
Bein' broke is against my religion, now picked up
This is what you call Ryder music
All the gangstas are ridin' to it, come on, let's roll
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