

Ridin Round

Soulja Boy

feat. Waka Flocka
Jump on the beach
Damn Im riding Im swagga
I got that saying
I got that saying
I got that saying
I got the Benz, I got the rings
Im ridin around with extendos
Im ridin around with extendos
Im ridin around with extendos
We looking for the party
Im ridin around with extendos
Im ridin around with extendos
Im ridin around with extendos
We looking for the party
Like who? Who want it, who want it
Who want it
Who want it
Who want it?
Like who?
Who?
Who want it, who want it
Who want it
Who want it
Who want it?
Like who?
Im ridin around with extendos
Im ridin around with extendos
Ill count them in with my eyes closed
Riverdale, pocket scale
Two glass thats some throwaways
Upperdale from Grope street
Thats Riverdale road next to the airport
Smoke cush like pokes...
Nigger, what is this all about?
Mollies, weed, coke, BS on my coat
Bad bitches are with hundred on the floor
Smell that cush when I walk though the door
Throwing stacks nigger I got a sack

Put them bandz on your head...
Put a bullet in your head
Bow bow bow
Waka on that G shit
BSM this motherfucker
SOD in this motherfucker man
We got that chop man
Pull up boy
Turn up!
Put a hole in your head!
Im turned up to the maximum
Im ready nigger lets take it there
Youre shooting shots up in the air
Im shooting shots up at your head
Im everywhere you never at
On Red Billy, on Black Jack
On red flag you know that
Your pussy ass get toe tagged
You John Doe for that fuck shit
I pull up and I buck it up
Soulja and Waka Flocka
Pull over them long choppers
Niggers talking thats fuck shit
Until a nigger come buck it
Im off the deck wait Tony Montana
Came out the water
With an automatic
Soulja, Soulja, will you make it rain?
55 diamonds in my motherfucking chain
Pow pow, nigger
Bang bang
Stancks on is the murder game
Know where I be, know where I am
Know whats up
You know everything
Im ridin around with extendos
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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