

# Ride (feat. C-Bo)

## Celly Cel

Eye for an eye, ride or you die  
Eye for an eye, ride or you die  
Eye for an eye, ride or you die  
Eye for an eye, ride or you die Won't leave the house unless I'm strapped up  
I might get backed up in the traffic  
Niggas is dumping on me when I got my zapper  
Creeping up on me and I got one hand on the wheel One hand on the steel, trying to break a nigga for skril  
And I'm ridin' wit sharp shootin' skills  
Funk season, whatever the reason, I'm dealing wit drama  
Send me one of them mangie ass niggas Runnin' home, cryin' to Mama  
So I kick the door to eliminate the whole situation  
Fuckin' wit me, me will ended up, having his family erased  
Face it, no charges leaving the body behind until You better respect game  
Bow down when real niggas bail through yo hood  
But won't be caught up in a twist  
Flash on us unless you end up sleeping wit the fish Seamin' shoes, lady singing the blues, them sad ballads  
Fried chicken, collad greens, and potato salads  
Surrounded them by [unverified] of family members cryin'  
Eye for an eye, you ride or you die Eye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die  
Niggas get at cha and run back at them but let them bullets fly  
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Eye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die  
Niggas get at cha and run back at them but let them bullets fly He got the Mac One-O and moved nice on the  
piggies  
Hit 'em up and buck and leave them struck when I'm tipsy  
Ain't no love for the true thugs that die for this shit  
Wit 150 round drum ride for this shit Fuck the hard hats end locs, pass the fo fo  
And watch me smoke them hoes like the last hit of indo, and fo' sho  
I smash and blast, nigga, when I'm provoked with a doe of platinum coke  
I holds down a fort Why you smiling for? These niggas playing games on the street  
That's where they meet the heat, they sweep they ass up off of they feet  
This ain't no fairy tale, you fuckin' with Cel  
Hit the scenes wit machines if you want my team It ain't no in between seventeen through your temple  
When your crossing the realest niggas to spit this killa shit on the mic  
And make the world feel us, hit 'em wit rounds [unverified]  
[Unverified] of hollows then we follow niggas to they spine  
And chop they ass up wit fully-auto's Eye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die

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Eye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die  
Niggas get at cha and run back at them but let them bullets flyI ain't no actor bitch, my life is worsen than the  
movies  
For real though, from steel toes to my uzi pushin' Impala S.S's  
Benz, Beamers, to Lamborghinis and chase my strip down  
Wit X.O., Henn, and Remi, Rolex on my wristHundred dollar bill's crisp, I pull the blunt from my lip  
Then the 4-5 from my hip and spit, the incredible medical or hard core  
The deadliest medacine gas ever set off in a war, westcoast's the spot  
Where we lock our million dollar doors, survival in hell, packing heatDucking from them, I'm just a thug nigga  
Step on your street and draw my heat and then I plug niggas  
I be a G from the G.B.C. that's why I mug niggas  
Don't flag I just sag and carry a mag and get off in the snitches asses  
You a bitch but still ride or die, screaming out the block  
Bitch I'll have you die wit docEye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die  
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