

Let's Ride

Jim Jones

Jones, Capo Status

You know what this is about, 'bout riders
All my states around this country
All my ghettos, my niggaz ready to ride
R.I.P, Biggie Smalls, this one's for you
We some riders, I hope you know we riders
Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders
You know we riders, that ride out and get high and just ride
And get high and get high, let's ride
You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders
You know we riders, that ride out and get high and just ride
And get high and just ride now let's ride
Lock and load the clip, see po-po then slow the whip
Big ass guns in a stolen whip but if you got weed then roll the shit
You rollin' with them rollin' Dips, straight up weed no poofin' these
Straight up G's no doopin' me, crazy b's that shoot up shit
Major cheese off of movin' bricks
From cuttin' up rain to shufin' rain
Baggin' these hoes, fuckin' some dames
Waking up morning and fuck is the name
I'm in restaurants Mr. Chows
Stuntin' hard like 50 thou
I keep my goons my niggaz wild
Shootin' that thing till ya shit go blaow
The palmin' cheese can't come my needs
Hatian niggaz bombin' weed
Gats mo-mo, techs gon' blow, all in these streets
Shots with a four pound, AK when it go 'round
Don't play when it go 'round
In little Haiti them niggaz crazy like "Get 'em, baby"
Let's ride, here go some riders, I hope you know the riders
Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders
You know we riders, that ride out and get high and just ride
And get high and just ride and let's ride
You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders
You know we riders that ride out and get high and just ride
And get high and just ride now let's ride

Call my gang to bust, know you fags ain't dangerous
Must be high off Angel Dust
To think that you can bang wit' us hang wit' us
Tape you to the hood no thang with us
Shoot up ya club get ya mangled up
I call my gangstas up and get ya faggot ass tangled up
Now what you bitches, step on the corner wit' a bunch of G's
Tryna dump the heat, while you duck police
Me, myself, I run the streets wit' no regard like, "Oh my God"
We just sittin' here not to lose, high off weed with lots of booze
Call my G's when I got to move
'Cause I drop 100 G's when I dropped the Coupe
Niggaz found a way tryna take my life
'Cause I run 'round the way wit' a neck full of ice
Gotta bunch of doggs and I set 'em to bite
So if you niggaz want war we can do it tonight
I'm prayin' to the Lord that optimize
Dip Set Byrd Gang know I'ma ride
And I'ma rep till my last breath
Take a pull of my last hit
Pull up on these niggaz and blast the bitch
East side when I mask the bitch
We ride on some panther shit, gotta go prac, lotta load gats
If a niggaz run on me then I gotta go back, back
And we gon' ride out, just ride and get high
And just ride and get high add let's ride
You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders
You know we riders, that ride out and get high and just ride
And get high and just ride now let's ride
You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders
You know we riders, that ride out and get high and just ride
And get high and just ride, now let's ride
You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
You think you roll wit' liars, you'll hear them 4's wit' fire
Listen lame, I'm insane to this game, get this flame in ya brain
Like bang, bang, bang, bang, bang
You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
You think you roll wit' liars, you'll hear them 4's wit' fire
Listen lame, I'm insane, to this game, get this flame in ya brain
Like bang, bang, bang, bang, bang
Yo, who is realer than us? We'll turn jailers to smuts
I'm too real chill, you can't inhale what I puff
Peep it duke, me to you's, like a whale to a gup

Keep ya Chuck Taylors, I'ma go Taylor my Chucks
You'll get whaled on the snuck, gat for ice, match it twice
Faggot dyke, mag to bite, there go ya appetite
My niggaz blast the pipe, black ya lights, flag the kite
Shout to my man Tito Lino facin' natural life
I'm just natural nice, you's hermaphrodite
My man Zeke be home three nigga pass the kite
This the facts of life, facts of ice, scrap ya right
Cabbage sliced, matchin' chain, matchin' Nikes
You's a coward please, I keep the power squeezed
Creep this thunder'll leave you under them flower trees
I done crowd the please, wit about a thousand keys
Ask about me, I ain't gotta break a smile to cheese

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