

# How We Ride

## Da Beatminerz

You got real street niggas that ride on your side  
They know the code, it's either do it or die  
I got real street niggas that ride on my side, what  
They know the code, either do it or die  
You got rich street niggas that ride on your side  
They know the code, it's either do it or die So what the world gon' tell us  
Me and mine too strong and rebellious, the petties stay jealous  
Find me in the dusty cellars, writing  
To feed the 5,000 fellas, hustlers and street dwellers Heather B devoted, quote it  
I feed the desperate and demoted  
Want passion? I'm loaded the truth, I uphold it  
Wisdom, I tote it  
Bet that outdoes me, Heather B self promoted I know thieves, thugs and crooks  
We be ridin' and I don't care how it look  
You better take it easy 'fore you get that took  
Yo my mans and them be off the hook, PA My peoples be's behind me so I fears nobody  
Foxxx push the Navie, while I'm ridin' shotty  
The last nigga that tried me, what, he came apart  
He dropped mine and they took his heart so don't start You got real street niggas that ride on your side, what  
They know the code, either do it or die  
I got real street niggas that ride on my side  
They know the code, it's either do it or die Who got real street niggas that ride on they side, huh  
They know the code, it's either do it or die  
You got real street niggas that ride on your side, huh  
They know the code, either do it or die My walk through life is iller than most niggas that carry toast  
I'm ya emcee, lyrical host  
Stretch a nigga if he stand too close  
My niggas know who the boss is  
The 240 pound bald-headed killer that don't know what a loss is We like black Yukons and Navigators  
Real street agrivators and we'll kill you in a suit and gators  
Don't get it fucked up, niggas'll run you like plays  
And cut you like 'Back in the days' I got real street niggas that ride, right or wrong  
They always on my side, so bring it on  
Take ya picture, then we come and get'cha, ya little bitcha  
We bust ya with them four pound shells That split'cha when they hit'cha  
My unpredictable style of emceein'  
Kinda reflects the unpredictable zone a nigga be in  
My niggas seein' what I'm seein'  
Bustin' out the back window when we fleein' We heard your radio record, you bitch nigga

Now we sittin' back waitin' to rob this fake rich nigga  
Biters and snitch niggas, get put in PC like lyrical police  
Stay the fuck away from me  
I'd rather bounce to Jerse' and rock with Heather B  
Then fuck with fake ass niggas that ain't like me You got real street niggas that ride on your side, huh  
They know the code, either do it or die  
You got real street niggas that ride on your side baby  
They know the code, it's either do it or die We got real street niggas that ride on our side, huh  
They know the code, it's either do it or die  
We got real street niggas that ride on our side, huh  
They know the code, it's either do it or die, what

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