Ryde On Da Regular

Styles P

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Every day I ride on the regular You just regular, probably smokin' the regular Yeah, you the prey, I'm the predator Yeah, you the movie, I'm the editor Every day I ride on the regular You just regular, probably smokin' the regular Yeah, you the prey, I'm the predator Yeah, you the movie, I'm the editor Now tell me what'chu know about the zone You go to jail when your man is comin' home Try to get Grants but the plan was all wrong Wait for the time but the sand is all gone What's the regiment? Smoke weed, get the Benjamins Hit the spot for cocaine measurin' Got a Desert Eagle, need a city eagle Tryin' to tell my niggaz the whole city evil And all I know is murderers and gritty people But it is what it is and do what it do I ain't gettin' money, my nigga I keep it movin' 'cause it ain't good biz Half a mill' to a mill', that make you hood rich If you dope as a dime, I can get you a good brick You don't understand when I'm talkin' this hood shit Then turn the volume down and on to the next Got your girl on Patron then she's off to the X Got the Lex from the Japanese triad connect Iraq, Iran, guns on deck In the hands of the shooters if the funds ain't correct Yeah, now what you know about the street life? You could lose your life any night you don't creep right Hoodie up with the mask down School of hard knocks, the Ghost never was the class clown

Yeah, every day I ride on the regular You just regular, probably smokin' the regular Yeah, you the prey, I'm the predator Yeah, you the movie, I'm the editor Every day I ride on the regular You just regular, probably smokin' the regular Yeah, you the prey, I'm the predator Yeah, you the movie, I'm the editor Now tell me what you know about the hood You doin' bad but you plannin' to do good You wanted platinum but they'll put you in the wood You wanna ride and switch sides if you could What's the schedule? Hit the streets stay credible Everybody food seems edible Got the trey pound, got the four pound Ride around town playin' 'Pac and the Dogg Pound Keep a big join, or a long sword I'm tryin' to win and fuck the points on the scoreboard Homey, this the game of death No Bruce Lee, I don't use the pen or the looseleaf All I need is the Dutchy, if not two sheets of bamboo Handle you like the bars on the bike And you don't want a scar for your life This is the Ghost, I earned my stars and my stripes, nigga Every day I ride on the regular You just regular, probably smokin' the regular Yeah, you the prey, I'm the predator Yeah, you the movie, I'm the editor Every day I ride on the regular You just regular, probably smokin' the regular Yeah, you the prey, I'm the predator Yeah, you the movie, I'm the editor

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