

Ride Out (feat. Vince Staples)

ScHoolboy Q

Ride out, big smoke
Re-up, big dope
Gs up, hoes blow
Freeze up, eyes closed
Ride out, big smoke
Re-up, big dope
Gs up, hoes blow

Freeze up, eyes closed Young nigga and I'm proper like
Couple hundred thousand on me, nigga, yeah I'm baller like
Bitch I think I'm Dolomite, bitch I'm goin' poltergeist
You said this is overnight, album four is really like
Crippin' on my minibike
Either hoop or sellin' white
Brillo pad, the smoker's pipe
My pistol cocked, you tryna fight?
Say he wanna be a cuz, put his brains to the right
Bruh, this ain't the eighties, mane
Niggas shootin' everything, everything
You know the gang we represent
Specialize in pistol grips
Shootin' out my momma's whip
Always got an empty clip
Top Dawg in this bitch

Nigga's puttin' dicks inside your baby momma's momma's lips
Shootin' all the witnesses, it ain't no fuckin' murder scene
Crips don't fuck with Crips oh now it's jeans that look like the rival team
Wrong hat and shoes, put your ass on the forever dream
Heatin' up the summer 'til the winter fall, spring clean Ride out, big smoke
Re-up, big dope
Gs up, hoes blow
Freeze up, eyes closed
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Couple hundred thousand on me, nigga, yeah I'm baller like
Bitch I think I'm Dolomite, bitch I'm goin' poltergeist
You said this was overnight, me and Vince, we crackin' like
Crippin' in our afterlife Yeah, 'cause at Ramona Park we beef with everybody

Light or dark I'll spark, don't fuck with narcs
So don't be talkin' 'bout me
My big homie named me 'Get 'em kill 'em'
'Cause if I got 'em I'mma kill 'em, I ain't playin' with 'em
I'm from the bottom, that's the top of the town
We on the boulder so they clip us up for knockin' 'em down
My burner tucked, I learned from Chuck so I ain't turnin' it down
Get to bussin', know you bluffed it, nigga
If that bitch can't make me rich then ain't no need in fuckin' with her
Turn around and fuck her sister
Heard that bitch, got EBT
Long Beach ain't seen shit like me
Since Tracy D and DPG I went and got a burner
On the day they murdered Baby D
I'm in that Benz with Lil Boy
So lil boy don't play with me I'm ridin' cys through Hoover Street, my knuckles full of teeth
Try to creep on me, you're dyin' in your homie's seat
Keepin' my gun in reach
Filet the beef, clip reach from Fig side to Norfolk Beach
In a stolen Expedition, in your hood 'cause you the mission
Been a mathematician, load nine, subtracted eight
I'm keepin' one for just in case, don't cover face but I ain't trippin'
Blunt was laced, niggas know I'm 'round the way
So ain't no liquor stores today Ride out, big smoke
Re-up, big dope
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Crippin' in our afterlife Ride, ride, ride, ride
Ride, ride, ride, big dope
Gs, gs, gs, gs, gs
Eyes closed
Ride, ride, ride, ride
Ride, ride, ride, ride
Ride, ride, ride, ride
Ride, ride, ride, ride
Ride, ride, ride, ride

Songwriters

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