Let Me Ride

Dr. Dre

Creepin' down the back street on Deez
I got my glock cocked 'cause niggas want these
Now soon as I said it, seems I got sweated
By some nigga with a tech 9 tryin' to take mine
Ya wanna make noise, make noise
I make a phone call my niggas comin' like the Gotti boys
Bodies bein' found on Greenleaf
With their fuckin heads cut off, motherfucker I'm Dre
So listen to the play-by-play, day-by-day
Rollin' in my '4 with 16 switches
And got sounds for the bitches, clockin' all the riches
Got the hollow points for the snitches
So would you just walk on by, 'cause I'm too hard to lift
And no this ain't Aerosmith
It's the motherfuckin D-R-E, from the CPT
On a ryhmin' spree, a straight G
Hop back as I pop my top ya trip
I let the hollow points commence to POP POP POP
Yeah, 'cause if it don't stop
I have to put my shit in reverse go back and take anothers stop
Cause I'm (Rollin in my six-fo')
With all the niggas sayinSwing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
With all the niggaz sayin
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me rideJust another motherfuckin day for Dre so I begin like this
No medallions, dreadlocks, or black fists it's just
That gangster glare, with gangster raps
That gangster shit, that makes the gang of snaps, uhh
Word to the motherfuckin streets
And word to these hyped ass lyrics and dope beats, that I
Hit ya with that I, get ya with
As I groove in my four on deez, hittin the switches
Bitches relax while I get my proper swerve on
Bumpin like a motherfucker ready to get my serve on
But before I hit the dope spot
I gotta get the chronic, the Reme Martin and my soda pop

Now I'm smellin like indo-nesia
Bus stop full of fly bitches and skeezers
On my dick, cause my four on hit
Pancake front and back, side to side and all that shit
So when I crawl I comes correct
Now, if your bitch in my shit, it's your bitch you check nigga
Now let the Chevrolet slide
As I dip a nigga trip to the south side, yeah
(Rollin in my six-fo') with all the bitches sayinSwing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
With all the niggaz sayin
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me rideCheck this out
The sun went down when I hit Slausson
On my way to the strip, now I'm just flossin
Checkin my rearview, cause niggas they will do
Jack moves, black fools cause I smack fools
Try to set me up for a two-eleven
Fuck around and get caught up in a one-eight-seven
But I don't represent no gangbang
Some niggas like lynchin but I just watch them hang
So on, and so-on, why don't you let me roll on
I remember back in the dayz when I used to have to get my stroll on
Didn't nobody wanna speaknow everybody
Peepin out they windows when they hear me beatin up the streets
Is it Dre? Is it Dre?
That's what they say, every single motherfuckin day, yo
But I ain't trippin I'm just kickin it
While my deez keep spinnin and these hoes keep grinnin I'll be
(Rollin in my six-fo') With everybody sayinSwing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
With all the niggaz sayin
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

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