

Let's Ride

2 Pistols

when you see me in slow mo once i turn my back
you wanna talk real tough but you not real like that
so let's ride x2

you don't want to try me, leavin niggas soggy

heated repeated the nina be hot as wasabbi
feelin the fury of missouri sicker than ozzy

laughin at playa haters gigglin like fozzie

wocka wocka wocka the nina poppin your shockara
bout to stop up and lock up office i got the body

out at meropolis fuckin offa this pop of this
toss em off in a *** cuz murderin is a hobbie

you be actin like you bleedin the block preachin

crack and rap and you needin to stop

we can wack wax and imediately flop be
the type of crap that indeed it be brought
the want the drama it can be they way but
they don't really wanna see the ninay spary
let em all bleed it can be they day fuckin up

with tech n9ne and dj clay

chorus

you dont even know me actin like we homies then

when i turn my back's when you hold me

pussy motha fuckas the ones we call phonies

keep talkin that leave yo momma lonely

all black van creepin down your street slowly doors

open up and we leave your home holey

if your not in then we know where your ho

be barrel to her head while im makin her blow me

listen

for all you fake flakes givin real a bad name

you can save it cuz we can seee through you

like glasses what you was made of ima let

the oozles like im not aimin make you loose

noodles and i aint talkin ramen

garentee you aint leavin with what you came in me

and tech n9ne will pray for you amen

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>