

# 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 mecopolis 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 imediatey 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 see 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

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