

# Ride 2 Night

## Z-ro

[Hook]

How many niggaz, wanna ride tonight  
Fuck with me, it'll be a homicide tonight  
I'ma make me a motherfucker, slide tonight  
And put a swelling on his pimping, ride out tonight

[Z-Ro]

Back in 1994, I use to hustle all the time  
Instead of a woman, Ro had making money on his mind  
Now it's 2000 and 3, and ain't a thang changed  
I'm still fishing for feddy, bringing to make brains hang  
Nigga this Rap-A-Lot Mafia, for life my nigga  
Fuck over us, and you'll be looking for your life my nigga  
I guarantee, that you will lose it  
(cause I'm a motherfucking fool with my hand tool, and I'm not afraid to use it)  
Cause everyday, a nigga be busting for fun  
When I be clutching my guns, bullets get stuck in they lungs  
Who that talking down on the compound, what they smoking on  
Mo City inner-circle, will leave a bitch with broken bones  
United together, forever  
As long as Little J give me the go-ahead, I'ma brandish my Baretta  
So one mo' kill one mo' murder, one mo' homicide  
Challenge my authority, and I'ma show you how to ride

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Mo City motherfucker, run and hide  
I got 17 in the clip, plus I got one inside  
The chamber leaving no remainders, I display myself  
And put my mask on up in my glass house, like a receiver on my cash route  
Until I'm paid, living in the ghetto is hard  
So I take what I need, and seek forgiveness of the Lord  
Can I get a blessing, niggaz is stressing me out  
But when I open fire, seem like they be helping me out  
And not a nan-nother one of these fellas, be still bumping  
Clear the parking lot, ain't nobody left but I'm still dumping  
(automatic twin bitches, out the window)

Cause I be tripping on that cousin, and that endo)  
In a world of my own my nigga, I'm a G in these streets  
And if you looking for me bitch, I'ma be in these streets

It ain't no hiding from the shadow of death, it's do or die

Go to war with a killa, and I'ma show you how to ride

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

I'ma show you motherfuckers, how to ride

Let a motherfucker disrespect me, I'ma show a motherfucker how to slide

(hoping some of that, cause I will lose it

Got a firearm, and I'm able to use it)

Shoot first, and never ask questions later on

This life I'm living, one day you here the next day you gone

Become a memory fucking with me, plus I'm thugging to the finish line

Fuck what they going through, they gon give me mine

A ton and a half, of leave me alone

Coming at me your members too nervous, to come see me alone

Where the real niggaz at, where the real niggaz at

Cause these coward motherfuckers, got me watching my back

And everytime, I whoop a nigga's ass

I gotta watch out for the reproussion, don't be a victim when a bitch nigga blast

I'm on my P's and Q's, at all times

Come and see me motherfucker, I'ma show you how to ride

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

How many niggaz wanna ride tonight, fucking with Z-Ro

It's fa sho, to be a homicide tonight

I be damned, if I let a motherfucker get out of line with me

And I don't pull his co-tail, fuck around and slap the shit out a motherfucker

Bitch you better back-back, give me fifty

Mo' than fifty feet though, bitch you better give me fifty mo'fucking kilometers

Give me fifty miles mo'fucker, you don't wanna be around me man

When my face frown up, cause your bitch ass'll be face up from the ground up

Feel me R.I.P., rest in peace hoe ass niggaz

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