

Rider, Pt. 2 (feat. Young Buck)

G-Unit

I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rida
I approach you boy with the toaster boy
Get to point blank range and fiyaI ain't tryin to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich
Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread
Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit
Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' headI'll have your nigga in an ambulance tellin' ya hold on
The choir in your funeral singin' you so long
The top shotta, that rock product the block gotta
Then pop hollows then pop bottles the whole spot upThe mo' paper the mo' strength, we gon' get it
The fo' fifth come with the amp we ain't missin'
I'm back on my bullshit, a verse is a full clip
Catch you with your bitch throw a song to herNigga this is G-Unit, fuck your click
Like syphilis, bitch you stuck with this
I'm a loyal nigga, die behind mine
Even if 50 drop me I still wouldn't signYou done lost yo' mind, bumped yo' head
Try to stop my shine but I got bread
And I ain't got time to hear what they said
When I catch them cowards I'ma buss their headI done told you boy I'm a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rida
I approach you boy with the toaster boy
Get to point blank range and fiyaI ain't tryin to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich
Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread
Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit
Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' headI'm comin' out of Southside, you know I'm raw
Big ass check, dey show our score
Pull the dough out and roll out the Kreamizore
Fo' Fo' out, I know 'bout the keys of warI'm hot, five hunnit degrees or more
My do' block an M-16 or more
I'm in the store coppin' shit you ain't seen before
Black card swipe, we galoreYeah, yeah, I said these niggas stop talkin' then start worryin'
The feds keep comin', the money we buryin'
I'm in the mean loft, I'm in the cream Porsche
I let that thing off, I turn to T-WolfI drive a space ship, nigga 2008 shit
Hermaide kicks on I stay in some ape shit
Niggas on some ape shit, they all get hit
Got the Russian AK, Haitian flag on the clipI done told you boy I'm a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rida
I approach you boy with the toaster boy

Get to point blank range and fiyaI ain't tryin' to hear shit, I'm supposed to be rich

Mu'fucka get in tha way of my bread

Then I'm gon' load my shit then cock my shit

Nigga trip, I'll come for yo' head

Songwriters

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