

# 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

BERNARD, MARVIN / BROWN, DAVID DARNELL / LLOYD, CHRISTOPHER CHARLES / THOMAS,  
RICARDO / JACKSON, CURTIS JAMESPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>