

# Let Me Ride

## The Staple Singers

Creepin' down the back street on Deez  
I got my glock cocked 'cause niggas want these  
Now soon as I said it, seems I got sweated  
By some nigga with a tech 9 tryin' to take mine  
Ya wanna make noise, make noise  
I make a phone call my niggas comin' like the Gotti boys  
Bodies bein' found on Greenleaf  
With their fuckin heads cut off, motherfucker I'm Dre  
So listen to the play-by-play, day-by-day  
Rollin' in my '4 with 16 switches  
And got sounds for the bitches, clockin' all the riches  
Got the hollow points for the snitches  
So would you just walk on by, 'cause I'm too hard to lift  
And no this ain't Aerosmith  
It's the motherfuckin D-R-E, from the CPT  
On a ryhmin' spree, a straight G  
Hop back as I pop my top ya trip  
I let the hollow points commence to POP POP POP  
Yeah, 'cause if it don't stop  
I have to put my shit in reverse go back and take anothers stop  
Cause I'm (Rollin in my six-fo')  
With all the niggas sayin  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
Hell yeah  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
With all the niggaz sayin  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
Hell yeah  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
Just another motherfuckin day for Dre so I begin like this  
No medallions, dreadlocks, or black fists it's just  
That gangster glare, with gangster raps  
That gangster shit, that makes the gang of snaps, uhh  
Word to the motherfuckin streets  
And word to these hyped ass lyrics and dope beats, that I  
Hit ya with that I, get ya with  
As I groove in my four on deez, hittin the switches  
Bitches relax while I get my proper swerve on  
Bumpin like a motherfucker ready to get my serve on

But before I hit the dope spot  
I gotta get the chronic, the Reme Martin and my soda pop  
Now I'm smellin like indo-nesia  
Bus stop full of fly bitches and skeezers  
On my dick, cause my four on hit  
Pancake front and back, side to side and all that shit  
So when I crawl I comes correct  
Now, if your bitch in my shit, it's your bitch you check nigga  
Now let the Chevrolet slide  
As I dip a nigga trip to the south side, yeah  
(Rollin in my six-fo') with all the bitches sayin  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
Hell yeah  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
With all the niggaz sayin  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
Hell yeah  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
Check this out  
The sun went down when I hit Slausson  
On my way to the strip, now I'm just flossin  
Checkin my rearview, cause niggas they will do  
Jack moves, black fools cause I smack fools  
Try to set me up for a two-eleven  
Fuck around and get caught up in a one-eight-seven  
But I don't represent no gangbang  
Some niggas like lynchin but I just watch them hang  
So on, and so-on, why don't you let me roll on  
I remember back in the dayz when I used to have to get my stroll on  
Didn't nobody wanna speaknow everybody  
Peepin out they windows when they hear me beatin up the streets  
Is it Dre? Is it Dre?  
That's what they say, every single motherfuckin day, yo  
But I ain't trippin I'm just kickin it  
While my deez keep spinnin and these hoes keep grinnin I'll be  
(Rollin in my six-fo') With everybody sayin  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
Hell yeah  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
With all the niggaz sayin  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
Hell yeah  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

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