

I'm Gonna Ride

Wiz Khalifa

see a nigga well know for switchin states, mackin broads, gettin cake
clockin mags, cock and blast, on a bitch nigga for the quick escape
I move with the dudes that be dishin weight,
smooth with the uz that will hit your face,
came in the game,
and im changin the game, with a flow that'll run around the crews that hate
this guy is a pimp and you know this fam, I dont hold the grams of a colder man
and I do it for the youngins and the older fans,
niggas whippin in the kitchen just to hold the gram
I dont play around, lay em down, for the little homie wanna play the clown
I came to pounce, spray your rounds,
follow a nigga, cause its goin down
money in a rubber band, slangin crack rock
so you did it round a man with a flat top,
ask anyone in the streets, everyone around know wiz a beast
and im killin a beef you could chill on the team, pull the steal and relase,
I'm up in your brain, you bet on me takin a loss, you better be cuffin yo chain.
see this guy here is a nuisance, you talk fly and can't prove it
you just lie up in your music, send my guys to come and shoot shit
Duke I ride, and this as true as you will die if niggas pullin
I dont know what you fuckin see
when its well know that yall cant see me[Chorus]P-I, T-T-S, B-U, R-G-H,
represent to the fullest and I'm puttin cowards back in the place,
when I'm rappin their taste,
they aint crackin a place, laugh in your face, lay up and chill, after you say,
thats a mistake,
cause im all over a gang of ill guys lookin like their lives out of date.
so why you say? cause my nigga, I could die today,
knock down, never see the light of day,
get in that chest and I hide away,
so I never give the cats a ride away,
fire inside that made the kid move through the fools on the right to take the game,
back to the time of the rhymin age, came back for the fact that guys are fakin,
I can't even believe you can spit, shit to the people I get,
chips and just leave you with kids, that leave you see through your bricks,
hear my shit and overdose, sold you rope and sold some coke,
moved some crack how true is that, front on my cats youll lose your back,
finna get stacks til im through with rap, and Ive been on my tracks with truth in fact,
killin em all, wacks, and im movin cats, with a crew in all black, ya im doin that

I gotta flavor that will fuck with your taste, and imma do it til im blue in the face
I think n figure that any nigga that thinkin that he pullin the place,
is gonna need to have a tool on his waste.

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