I'm A Rider

South Central Cartel

[Prode'je]
Eastside and Westside riders
(Gangsters)
Cartel gang, nigga
(Fo' life)
What set you from?
"S.C.C."[VERSE 1: Prode'je]
Gees tryin to move but some niggas wanna trip
Slide through yo hood bustin hollow-point tips
Eastside rider, locs without a doubt fo' the funk
Like the House Of Pain the fools 'jump'
Makin these fleas cease, niggas fleece for the piece
Double up on that ass like five g's
Ease down the Cartel road with my niggas in a 4
Lookin for the busters Ã la mode
Nada, suckin for your fuckin chin-checkin
Swervin through the Manchester intersection
Next in line for the ass-whippin - on a dime
The West coast stays on your mind - the line
Is thin, I'm in for the win so you lose
Original like Chuck T shoes
Who wanna dis the rider
Light a sucker up like the 4th
And leave him burnt toast
[CHORUS]
Busters don't know but I'm a Eastside rider, rider
(And if I catch you trippin, yo ass is gone)
And niggas don't know that I'm a Westside rider, rider
(And if I catch you slippin, yo ass is gone)
You get your ass bumped by the Eastside rider, rider
(And if I catch you trippin, yo ass is gone)
And get your ass fucked by the Westside rider, rider
(And if I catch you slippin, that ass is gone)[VERSE 2: Havikk the Rhime Son]
Skatin down the 110, it's hot as fuck
Khakis on crease, pavements fucked up my Chucks
Flossin on the chip Motorola, hit the off-ramp bangin
Jesse Owens Park, neighborhood's out hangin
Glock on my hip, nigga, Westside gees
Easin through the breeze, spinnin on gold d's

Cavi-ass gangsta, nickel-plate-packer
Mark-ass-subtracter, anybody-blaster
I'm bouts to put that ass in a lynch
Marinate that ass on the curb like a bitch
Rhime Son regulatin things like Hussein, I'ma getcha
Yeah, and let these nine slugs get witcha
Dippin on a off-ramp, Rhime Son ain't nothin nice
A gangsta down to put that ass on some ice
I'm posted with the info aimed at your temple
It's simple for I to throw up Westside
[CHORUS][VERSE 3: Young Prod]
On a mission dippin, ratatat like that
Desert Eagle eager to lay yo ass down flat
For my scratch, knockin niggas out like I was Michael
Mack-10 got niggas' brains blowin in the wind
Holler at me rollin in a bucket lookin tacky
On the d-l don't love em cause niggas been tryin to jack me
Stackin ends, fetti, a nigga get ready to roll
Park the bucket, fuck it, nigga get ready to stroll
Walkin up the streets heated, money green gleam in my eye
Wanted to low-ride so I tried
To sell cavi but shit was too slow
So now I'm lookin for that fo'-do' lo-lo
Slow mo' West coast rider Eastsider
I'ma put it inside ya when I find ya
I'm behind ya and you're kinda scared
So be prepared, or shake the spot if you're scared[CHORUS]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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