

# Get Yo Ride On (Feat. Eazy E and M.C. Eiht)

## Mack 10

[Mack 10]

Do some shit with my niggas from the CPT, ha ha  
You ready Eiht?[MC Eiht]  
Yeah, c'mon[Mack 10]  
I was born to ride, banging, pack heat  
Got turned out early by them scandalous freaks  
Addicted to crime so I stay in the mix  
With a love for hoochie chicks and pulling jewelry licks  
Moms said, "Mack, baby watch for danger"  
I said, "Momma don't you know I'm a real gang banger?"  
I can't switch over night and be good  
And I'll be damned if a nigga turned his back on the hood  
So I walked out the door, hopped in the Regal  
Twisting triple gold with the all black eagle  
Got a deuce fired at Scoob's, I need a gat  
So I stopped and got the Tech from my G homie Wreck  
He said, "Mack, don't slip dog, u gotta stay heated  
And here's the extra clip incase you might need it"  
Get the eighty eight skate, ang get your slide on  
Throw the Hoo-Bang plack in the back and your ride on[Chorus: x2]  
Ride for me, I'ma ride for you  
You Hoo-Bang, I Hoo-Bang, so we all a crew  
Get yo ride on, get yo slide on, who the best  
Nobody rides like these killas from the west[Eazy E]  
1, 2, 3, and to the 4  
Eazy motherfucking with a chrome to your dome  
Cruising, in my 6-4 rag top  
I got a lot of juice, a lot of fucking block  
Now when I hit that switch I'm bouncing  
More bounce to the ounce and I'm clowning  
Keep the gat in my lap cause I'm fully strapped  
For the car jackers, but no haps cause I pack a  
Tech 9, plus a A-K 47  
Send a one way ticket to my hell or maybe heaven  
Peep, nigga I don't sleep  
Bury motherfuckers in the concrete  
You try to creep kinda slow in a Astro  
But I'm peeping niggas out in my left window  
So I blast, and I blast, so I blast no more

Yo, they call me motherfucking John Doe[Chorus][MC Eiht]  
Real thugs roll cause the Westside's sick  
Which enemy depicts to catch the 9 clip  
Slick, but not like Rick, the gang story  
G's kill and ain't shit funny like Joe Corry  
Don't make me laugh cause I'm on the wrong the path  
Catch the blood bath, it's the aftermath  
Slang strike to make money, now ain't that simple?  
That silly nigga's wearing vest's but we aim for the temple  
Watch my nigga's back, who sacked the yayo  
Keep the calico with extra ammo  
So and so gets blasted, to the casket  
Never seen these west side G's face, we masked it  
Y'all best be defeat and be discreet  
Catch the hot heat from across the street  
Take me in the dump schools that, wanna push me  
Retaliation, straight better than hitting pussy[Chorus]Ugh, MC Eiht in the motherfucking house  
(yeah, Hoo-Bang one time)  
Yeah, ha  
(Hoo-Bang two times)  
Rest in peace Eazy E  
(the hip hop thugster)  
(yeah)  
Fa sho  
(Mack Dime)  
Come on, ugh  
(all day baby, all day baby)  
West side riders! Ugh

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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