

# When We Ride

Lil' Keke

[Talking]

Dirty South, Houston Texas  
4 million strong, CMG, 2003 man  
The young Don man, representing  
This how we ride man, Southside  
Northside, sing it..

[Hook: Z-Ro]

When we ride, it's for the Southside  
(it's for the Southside), it's for the Southside  
It's for the Southside, yeah

[Lil' Keke]

The party over here, the party up over there  
Southside lighting up, Saturday night I swear  
Take a trip to Richmond, down to Westtown  
When your chick driving, I pull up behind her  
Look at the scene, look at the hoes  
Look at the Dubs look at the 3's, look at the 4's  
We gon wild out, till we fall out  
Catch a freak get on, nigga that's no doubt  
I'm the Dirty South lover, undercover brother  
Getting my chips, don't change for nan nother  
Bumping and talking, but that's okay  
Have your weapon loaded up, cause we coming your way, hey

[Hook]

When we ride, it's for the Southside  
(it's for the Southside), it's for the Southside  
It's for the Southside, yeah  
And we get high, with the Northside  
(with the Northside), with the Northside yeah  
With the Northside, yeah

[Z-Ro]

When we ride, it's for the South and for the Northside  
Boppers bopping when they see us, they open they mouth wide  
We them goodfellas, running the city block to block  
Herschelwood to Havistock, Vetapen to Scot  
It don't stop, we get blowed all day long

Brothers got two or three Nextels, steady using a pay phone  
Cause them people, be tapping into our conversations  
If they catch us with that herb, we facing incarceration  
If it's on the low, I love the sound of that  
Plus if it's headbanger, I'ma sco' a pound of that  
Z-Ro the phenomenon, and Lil' Keke the Don  
S.U.C. smoking on cabbage, from dusk till dawn  
That's for the sets my friend, it's no plex again  
We all united in my city, like we all Mexicans  
We all about our bread, candy blue or the red  
Forever dangerous we bust heads, our city is FED ha

[Hook]

[Lil' Keke]

Glock 9, why'all niggaz gon make me pop mine  
Back up lil' daddy, ain't no way you could stop mine  
Drop mine, at the drop of a dime  
Open up your ear, I'ma drop another line  
It's bout time, now the road is clear  
Got the tinted up Range, rolling up in the rear  
We bout six or seven deep, when we pull from the mansion  
Here come big 2, crawling up Avalanching  
Big T, watching out no slipping  
Cock the hammer back, if they breathe start tripping  
CMG fall off, nigga it's no never  
Call your boys call your click, we down for whatever  
Suit yourself mayn, but we roll leather  
Air Force 1's, throwbacks in this weather  
H-Town, and it ain't nothing but love  
I get high with the North, say what's up Slim Thug

[Hook]

[Talking]

South side yeah, North side  
This how we ride man, this how we roll man  
Yeah what, CMG nigga, 2000 and 3  
I'm a try and look at you, a little bit out here  
You understand, check it what

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