Ride (down South)

Foxy Brown

Let's get it hype, nigga
Let's get it crump
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Pass me them Swisher sweets, let's get it crump
If a nigga disrespect me, I'mma prove my shit and dump
Blast rhymes like I pump, turn your belly to jelly
Veteran M.C., I don't think you rookies is ready
Three hundred and fifty pounds of pressure to deal with
I run with Suave, always packin' somethin' to kill with
Feel this bitch, when I get rich, I'mma still hustle
Go down in history, paper taller then Bill Russel
Kilo flows, I got 'em hid in the basement
Choppin' boys up, on some puttin' it in they face shit
Eight ball, F A T M A C K, known for layin' it down
And doin' shit the playa way
Callabo's of the dough ain't no secret
Space-age pimpin' means, I don't do free shit
Time waits for no one, it ain't gon wait for me
Yours truly, signed Eightball and M.J.G.
All my hard core niggas, what you wanna do?
My real thug-ass niggas, what you wanna do?
All my money makin' bitches, if you ride with me
I'mma pimp 'till I die and I'mma ride for free
Now where them real bitches at?
Where them real bitches at?
Where they at, where they at, where they at, huh?
And where my buck niggas at?
Where my buck niggas at?
Where they at, where they at, where they at? Come on
I ain't new to this, damn nice, bitch, that's true to this
Money ain't never been a thing to me
Always stack my dough, holla back
Ass fat, thighs thick, titties perfect
Inhale the cheese, from here to Tel Aviv
Y'all know it, shit, I don't bluff and no dough
I don't fuck 'em, fuck I'mma fake for
Make mine's, I'mma take yours
'Cuz I'm no nigga like love b'fore
Make bitch scream like, gimme some more

If a nigga broke, what'd you fuck him for?
Waste of time
It's like we playette minds
Don't stop, get it get it
Bitches, take it from a real motherfuckin' pro
Y'all get that dough, we don't trust these niggas
They gon' pimp if you let them
From N.Y. to the Dirty South
And them bitches' dime tight
I got my mind right
And my ice got the shine right
And if it don't blind bitches
When them lights hit the wrist
You won't be stickin' shit, you be lickin' this
All my hard core niggas, what you wanna do?
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I'm the pimp motherfucker, baby
Ice cold, stories so high, I pimp the whole village twice
So tight fold crease right on the President's nose
Pimp clothes, drinkin' straight henney' and buckstrum
Touch toed, hoes take a centerfold pose
Break a treat, make 'em pay to enter those pros, slam those
Game tied tight like bows, we never close
Three-sixty-five, twenty-four
Hand chose bitches a L.A. mode, gettin' sold
Plus a load of killer, as chronic gettin' blowed

Keep it froze, tucked up in a Tupperware bowl
Stick of gold, somethin' from the school of the old
Forever flows, I take it down as deep as it can go
Burn rolls, braids tight, blazed afros, we're pushin' hoes
Dicks get erect like poles, pay the toll
M.J.G. is in control
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Peep dis', you and them boys need to slow down
Up in the mornin' in the court, it's 'bout to go down
There's no remorse now, better expose rounds
Them jackets be on the lose until' the dope is found
Juvenile's my name, bitch
I represent it to the end, the same, shit
Niggers don't be wearin' suits on theses blocks
All you see is your boys and Reeboks
A thin hat to the back with a strap too
Willin' to bust a nigga ass if he had to
If you feel the same my nigger, you's a hot boy
Blocka, blocka, blocka, better get up off the block, boy
Call for the cops, boy, your mommy or pops, boy
Cash wasn't a million, never hit the spot, boy
You want props, ha, you sold to the cops, ha
You in a cell block, ha, 'cuz you too hot, ha
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Where the real one's at, bitch?
Oh, you know how we feel
About all you wanna be ass ghetto superstars
Wanna be like, "Me ass" niggas
Tryin' to be like Foxy Brown bitches
I give a fuck about your intermureal status, mothafucka
You ain't nobody
We been doin' this, been doin' this shit
We go way back with this, baby
Talkin' about this real shit on the muthafuckin' microphone
Pimps and hoes and gettin' money
Tricks and hoes and fuckin'
Muthafuckin' clothes and shit ridin' vogues and shit

Nigga ridin' on 20's and shit
Nigga whatchu got? Brand new-assed nigga
You don't know nothin' about this game
Come on
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My real thug-ass niggas, what you wanna do?
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