Ride Or Die

Xzibit

[Chorus]
We just ride and get high, 'til the sun cracks the sky
Keep that heat by my side, that's how gangsters get by
Cause it's an eye for an eye, when I bust you that's fly
My gun never been shy, that's how gangsters get by
It's either ride or die

We just boogy, advance
The rubber band stack thick in my pants
Real gangsters make plots and plans and touch dirt
Only prayin for the day when they can wash they hands
Real gangsters leave nothin to chance at first glance
If it ain't a sho' thing then you bet' not swing
Real gangsters keep that Cutlass clean, keep the monsters mean
And when you dump it drop it right at the scene
Real gangsters got a gangsta lean
You might not talk red, black, or blue but everybody talk green
Glance to my left look over my right shoulder
Livin life in my rearview, FUCK stayin sober
Forget back I sit back and wait for the click-clack
Real gangsters want real spit so I spit that
Real gangsters don't even say it
They just hit the trunk cock it and spray it
Light up your Christmas! Yeah!

[Chorus]

And don't slip up
It's way too late when the bodybags zip up
Real gangsters pray for they soul when they get up
You live by the gun but you'll die by that hit up
Watch that rig up, find yo'self in a box
in a spot where the cops can't dig up
Real gangsters ain't just thugs in bandanas
Slugs and big cannons, drugs and big hammers
Real gangsters open up ya minds and expand 'em
Why was Tupac really spittin at the cameras?
Cause real gangsters get no peace, they want us six feet deep
or locked down in the belly of the beast

Real gangsters make bread, rise like yeast
Won't hesitate to put hot chrome to ya teeth
So fuck beef! Real gangsters load heat
When ya see 'em in the street better call the police, c'mon

[Chorus]

Syndrome is a fear
that inner-city residents have of they own peers
People in they own community
usin a case where two blacks got smoked by one in '93
And ain't now nigga be the murder case
Usin and servin survival shit as a defense plea
In Cali big knot (knot)
The judicial system out here'll have you level fo' 'til you rot
It's because of the system we violence stricken
Forced to frequent the zone when the reefer's driftin
And it's hella drift cause in Southeast Danglewood
Damn near, 30 years of Bloodin and Crippin
And we inflicted with a disease mo' trip than an H-I-V
Can't nuthin protect you from a hundred, drummer 2-2-3's
You can call the police
Wear a V-E-S-T but forget about safety

[Chorus]

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