

We Ride for Shady

Obie Trice & Cashis

We run this shit, fo-five on the hip
Been ridin' for Shady... Cashis 'n' O, Shady Records
The dream team... Sittin' in the back of the, all gray Accura
 Gun to the passenger, for acting tough
 Scatter wheel in the passin, Harder than assassin
 Plus I'm on the draw-down, quick as fuck,
 Last move 'fore I give all street shit up
 Put a nigga in the ground, face down, feet up
 This nigga here tried to cuff me for my Re-Up
 When I went to his crib he called police up
 Now you on your way to being pimp paplega
 For sending messages through bitches like, '
 You gon' see us'
 Shady!
 Cash, king of the dope-fiends, plus
 Can move a square mile by blocks 'till I'm creamed up
 Take the bullet out of Obie head, put it in my pistol and use it
 As ammunition on the niggas that hit, fam
 I got to war on the regular, man
 Cause I'm part of the dream team, you a regular man
 Force rap, I don't see no competitors, and
 You see things like me, when my metal run hand
 I'm a state case boy with a federal plan
 And huntin' them beats, beatin' the shit out skinheads
 I'm the spirit of a G, bringin' lyrics to the street
 I'm Cashis, a real dope boy on the beat
 Slumped in the seat, tucked, clutchin' the heat
 Basically, you niggas can't fuck with me [] We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip,'
 Bout to ride for Shady
 Y'all niggas ain't hard, y'all niggas ain't real
 Y'all niggas ain't crazy
 Bring it on if you want, you don't know the homicides
 That I've done lately
 We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip'
 Bout to ride for Shady Yeah, Trice is back on the Alchy track
 With Cashis, capitalising on this mic, in fact
 We fuckin' with the captain of rap, my nigga with the Nike cap
 Keep the cottonoid in quite exact
 So I'm luring you cats into the second class act

Where maturing's the number uno asset, as yet

Who's the pastor, driver, O.

Trice

The flow to die for and death blow survive

I echo through your external vibe

With internal experiences I've acquired

I'm probably the most honest Hip-Hopper alive

A victim, depicting images from my own eyes

Never livin' through holmes, why

Homie got his own set of stand-up cahoonas, stand-up guy

It's Cashis, O.

Tri', rappers we blow by

This is as accurate as the masses will have it, no lie(nigga!) [] []

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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