## Let Me Ride (feat. Snoop Doggy Dogg)

## Dr. Dre

Creepin' down the back street on these I got my glock cocked 'cause niggas want these Now soon as I said it, seems I got sweated By some nigga with a tech 9 tryin' to take mine You want to make noise, make noise I make a phone call my niggas comin' like the Gotti boys Bodies bein' found on Greenleaf With their fucking heads cut off, motherfucker I'm Dre So listen to the play-by-play, day-by-day Rollin' in my '4 with 16 switches And got sounds for the bitches, clockin' all the riches Got the hollow points for the snitches So would you just walk on by, 'cause I'm too hard to lift And no this ain't Aerosmith It's the motherfucking D-R-E, from the CPT On a robbin' spree, a straight G Hop back as I pop my top ya trip I let the hollow points commence to POP POP POP Yeah, 'cause if it don't stop I have to put my shit in reverse go back and take anothers stop 'Cause I'm (Rollin in my six-fo')

With all the niggas sayingSwing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride Hell yeah

> Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride With all the niggas saying Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride Hell yeah

Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me rideJust another motherfucking day for Dre so I begin like this No medallions, dreadlocks, or black fists it's just

That gangster glare, with gangster raps That gangster shit, that makes the gang of snaps, Word to the motherfucking streets And word to these hyped ass lyrics and dope beats, that I

Hit ya with that I, get ya with As I groove in my four on these, hitting the switches

Bitches relax while I get my proper swerve on Bumping like a motherfucker ready to get my serve on But before I hit the dope spot

I gotta get the chronic, the Reme Martin and my soda pop

Now I'm smelling like indo-nesia
Bus stop full of fly bitches and skeezers
On my dick, cause my four on hit
Pancake front and back, side to side and all that shit
So when I crawl I comes correct

Now, if your bitch in my shit, it's your bitch you check nigga

Now let the Chevrolet slide

As I dip a nigga trip to the south side, yeah

(Rollin in my six-fo') with all the bitches sayin'Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride Hell yeah

> Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride With all the motherfuckin' bitches sayin' Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

Know what I'm sayin'
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me rideCheck this out

The sun went down when I hit Slausson

On my way to the strip, now I'm just flossing

Checking my rear view, cause niggas they will do

Jack moves, black fools cause I smack fools

Try to set me up for a two-eleven

Fuck around and get caught up in a one-eight-seven

But I don't represent no gangbang

Some niggas like lynching but I just watch them hang

So on, and so-on, why don't you let me roll on

I remember back in the days when I used to have to get my stroll on

Didn't nobody wanna speak, now everybody

Peeping out they windows when they hear me beating up the streets

Is it Dre? Is it Dre?

That's what they say, every single motherfucking day, yo

But I ain't tripping I'm just kicking it

While my D's keep spinning and these hoes keep grinning I'll be

(Rollin in my six-fo') With everybody sayingSwing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

Hell yeah

Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

With everybody sayin'

Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

Hell yeah

Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

## Songwriters

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