

# How U Ridin' (Amended Version)

## Webbie

Trill Fam., Young Savage you can catch me

Fresh kicks, fresh bows, and a fresh tee

We two crucial ass hoes yea that's me

Look at him his eyes closed he ain't even sleep Say Boosie chill wit all that swervin' too much dope in here

Nigga slow down you betta think about Big Head and Pimp

Y'all want that savage shit, I gotta represent

Y'all want some rider shit well here it is then How you ridin'? Bad bitch hair did nails feet too

How you ridin'? Leather seats TV's with the beat too

How you ridin'? Gettin' bent behind tint you can't see through

And my rims way bigger than yours How you ridin'? Bad bitch hair did nails feet too

How you ridin'? Leather seats TV's with the beat too

How you ridin'? Gettin' bent behind tint you can't see through

And my rims way bigger than yours Red truck, blue truck, green truck, black truck

Suburban, Excursion, that Tahoe, that 'Llac truck

Fuck it a bucket, a Delta, a Cutlass

A Regal, a Montague whatever you thuggin' It's suped up, it's couped up, it fold down with gray sound

When summer hit you gotta keep the roof up or it go down

That bad bitch now she be in that Mustang or that Sebring

Or stuntin' her ass off in that '05 her man bought How much your paint cost? Look like it just got rained on

Tell me this when you stop do your rims stop or they keep goin'

Your Nissan, your Neon, your old man Caprice own

You finna take off them twenties and put them big 23's on Watchin' the latest DVD's with the TV's on

It's hot AC in winter can turn your heat on

You hear them loud pipes as soon as you put your feet on

Bicycles, motorbikes, whatever you on the street on How you ridin'? Bad bitch hair did nails feet too

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How you ridin'? Gettin' bent behind tint you can't see through

And my rims way bigger than yours You went the cheap route or do that deck pop out

You gon' let that tech pop out if that mess pop out

How you ridin'? Want you ain't worried bout flossin'

You hollerin' fuck what I'm talking your shit better than walkin' It's five stickers up on it look like the junkyard on it

The 26's up on it and Boocu bitches up on it

What kinda motor up in it think it can fuck with that Hemi

I gotta Cutlass 350 will leave your ass by a distance You ain't customly did it or oringally interior

Your like them West side niggaz'll sit that thang on them switches

Them by 9's be tickin' you broke the rear view mirrors  
But that's the 415 shit I run with the 412I gotta 'llac chrome grill on the factory rims  
Hoes piled up in here all on laps be still  
Can't wait to get to the room nimblin' on my ear  
Y'all gon' get it just chill let me control this wheelHow you ridin'? Bad bitch hair did nails feet too  
How you ridin'? Leather seats TV's with the beat too  
How you ridin'? Gettin' bent behind tint you can't see through  
And my rims way bigger than yoursHow you ridin'? Bad bitch hair did nails feet too  
How you ridin'? Leather seats TV's with the beat too  
How you ridin'? Gettin' bent behind tint you can't see through  
And my rims way bigger than yoursHot gun half a bird man I ride like that  
I ain't even tryna swerve I just drive like that  
With a Beyonce face and some thighs like that  
Attitude like Trina and a ass that fatFuck it I done told my cousin you can have that Lac  
Gon get your shine on watch what I'm gon' snatch  
I don't know but off the top I'm spendin' 85 stacks  
With them cozy ass seats that massage my backJacksonville, Mississippi A-Town y'all niggaz wit me  
They talk funny but them boys makin' money in New York City  
Took some trips up to Houston be all the D-Town bootin'  
Greg Street whats happenin' to they love that Gangsta MusikIf you gon' do it then do it from the Benzes to  
Buicks  
Let your ends look stupid drop them up 22 it  
Y'all niggaz is clueless don't you worry bout Trill  
This another hit for y'all stupid clowns to steal  
Game time

Songwriters

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