

# Ride Or Die

## Folsom

Yeah, I'm rollin' with Roc-A-Fella, man  
'Cause they got money, man  
'Hovah, yeah, Stevie J, nigga  
Y'all ready? Yo, yo

How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
How many y'all down to die tonight?  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
Nigga, ride or die or ride or die  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
How many y'all down to die tonight?  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
Nigga, ride or die or ride or die, nigga  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
How many y'all down to die tonight?  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?

Ride or die or ride or die

Aiyyo, fuck y'all niggaz, I crush y'all, rush y'all  
With the four drawn an' I touch y'all, plus y'all  
Little motherfuckers ain't ready for war  
I seen your team in a crisis before, thought I forgot?  
The same rules apply, don't try to switch up your style  
Y'all niggaz is pumpkin pie an' that's plain as I  
Much better than you, cat, shocked when I got the news that  
This nigga ready for war, well, where that fool at?  
I bruise wack rap niggaz, severely punish them  
Especially those that get fucked for they publishing  
Always gotta be the weakest nigga out the crew  
I probably make more money off yo' album than you  
You see the respect I get every time I come through  
Check your own videos, you'll always be number two  
Niggaz talkin' real greasy on them R 'n' B records  
But I'm platinum a million times, nigga, check the credits  
S Carter, ghost writer an' for the right price  
I can even make yo' shit tighter  
I roast niggaz like ya, smoke niggaz like ya  
Take your little jewels an' put the toast to niggaz like ya  
You know what the fuck we do an' why we done it  
How I bring it to niggaz, who probably want it  
Keep playin', you gon' find me in your lobby blunted

An' I don't even smoke, nigga, ain't no joke  
Niggaz cat fightin' with Jigga, kickin' sneaky shit  
Makin' little tapes but keepin' it secret  
'Cause I kick that deep shit that divide your peeps shit  
Now I don't know if you fuckin' with Jigga  
Spittin' that weak shit, y'all  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
How many y'all down to die tonight?  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
Nigga, ride or die or ride or die?  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
How many y'all down to die tonight?  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
Ride or die or ride or die  
Niggaz don't want it with Jig 'cause somethin' got to give  
I got homes where you hide, I hustle where you live  
Jigga's the don, bitches scream "Jigga, dandy  
Dick is the bomb, about as thick as a arm"  
Mr. Exxon, gas 'em with the wit an' the charm  
Bitch, I'm tryin' to tell you like Nicholas Bond  
I'm a big cat, listen, mami, can you dig that?  
Cars, jewelry, homes, I did that  
Oh shootouts, ki's, I live that  
Actresses, models, chickenheads, hit that  
I get stacks an' still I kick back  
An' run up on niggaz with the Midac, where the shit at?  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
How many y'all down to die tonight?  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
Ride or die or ride or die  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
How many y'all down to die tonight?  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
Nigga, ride or die or ride or die  
Time to separate the platinum from the white gold  
Right from the door  
The real from the fake, ready rock from the raw  
The boss from the runners, cats who ride dick  
From the cats with the numbers, the five from the six  
I got cop an' crash money, pop the dash money  
Press the button, alluva sudden, glock in the stash money  
Beef with Jigga? Watch yo' ass, money  
It's El Presidente, top brass money  
Now I don't flash the steel, I blast for real  
My motto 'You only good as the last nigga you kill'

I'm here to snatch this meal, nigga, that's for real  
If you rollin' with me, grab the wheel, let's ride  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
How many y'all down to die tonight?  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
Nigga, ride or die or ride or die  
How many y'all wanna ride tonight?  
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