

# Ryder Music (Produced By Hi-Tek)

## 50 Cent

Yeah

Yeah we can ride to this

Just lay back, crew Here's a taste of my life, its bitter and sweet

I put my heart out to the sounds of the drums and the beat

I put my life on the line when I'm out on the street

Put my Teflon on and roll with my heat

I keep my circle nice and small, I don't fuck with these clown niggas

In a race for the cheese, I run laps around niggas

Soon as I step on stage, the crowd applauds

Soon as my sneaker wear in stores, Reebok start sore

I ain't gotta say I'm a boss, niggas can tell

The east coast crib, the size of a small hotel

The shit journalist write about me, get me confused

Have me feelin' like the heavy weight champ when he lose

I read somewhere, I'm homophobic shit

Go through the hood, there's mad niggas on my dick

Now we can get hostile or we can do this smooth

T&T around, I can still make blow move [Chorus: x2]

This is what you call ryder music

All the gangstas are ridin' to it

Let's roll, I can show ya how we do it

When we ride to that ryder music (let's go)

(Let's go) Last year, I woke up, a good look, damn it feels good

On the low, I done fucked half of Hollywood

Had your favorite actress from your favorite shows

In my favorite position, you know how it goes

In my Bentley bumpin' Prince shit "This is When Thugs Cry"

This is what it sounds like when hollow tip slugs fly

Homie, this is somethin' you can ride and smoke to

Stay on point, cause niggas will ride and smoke you

Jealousy's for women, but some niggas is bitch made

They make you want to run across they're head with a switch blade

They point their finger at me, sayin' I'm bug

My flows crack you listen, your fuckin' brains on drugs

Look, ice drippin' on my neck, hands grippin' on the tec

Fool trippin' through the set, you can get ya ass whipped

Cards missin' out my deck, screws loose show respect

You try to come at me kid, your ass better come correct [Chorus: x2] My mama gave birth to a winner, I gotta win

Pray to Lord, forgive me for my sins

Still thuggin', cruisin', rims gleamin'  
Like the stones on my wrist  
Zonin', guess this is how it feels to be rich  
Homie, you hustlin' backwards if you chasin' a bitch  
Stupid, chase the paper, they come with the shit  
I'm fallin', in love with success  
Entrepreneur, kinda sewer, I maneuver the best  
Rowin', ruger on my lap, rubber grip on the handle  
Stunt I'll have ya homies burn a rest in peace candle  
As wise men speak, I listen and learn  
A man dies, a baby's born, my niggas the world turns  
Rappers, I make 'em sick when I say I'm the shit  
They mistake my confidence for arrogance, they hate on the kid  
In '99, I had a vision and made a decision  
Bein' broke is against my religion, now picked up[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

Jackson, Curtis James / Cottrell, Tony Louis

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