Ryder Music (Produced By Hi-Tek)

50 Cent

Yeah
Yeah we can ride to this
Just lay back, crewHere'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
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