Wanna Ride

WC

Nigga that shit coming together Like sweaty ass cheeks, niggaKeep it gangsta y'all Keep it gangsta y'allMy niggaz thug out, you getting drugged out These bitches getting loc'ed out When we smoke out, 'cause we chromed out About to bomb outHere ye, here ye, calling all the hawgs Fresh outta the whole tank, bouncin' up the walls Dub-cee, the bandanna president, with the gauge on the ghetto Rollin' through y'all residentsRunnin' the scene this is the king of the cars Thugged out baby in my new busta's Gangstas, all of them gangstas, none of them let me see up Ridaz throw ya heaterz upLadies, OG'z, sorry that I've been gone But now I'm back to get my walk on Swang with the game as I reach out and touch ya Turn the cup up and get ignorant on this motherfuckerMayday, mayday, back in charge Calling out cars, calling out cars Dip, skip through the lane with the bang, bang, jangle Hoppin' out the SS workin' all them angles Dub-shiest deep the scrilla, and I've got my homeboyHell yeah, the motherfucking villain 1 to the 2 to the 3 to the, hello Look at these g'z working these fake ass sopranos Here come the Villain with another heater With motherfucking Dub nigga in the two-seaterOn my nuts while I west west y'all Grab that microphone and I test test y'all Villian baritone be like all over y'allWho wanna ball with that Black nigga Ren? Like the Don Mega I'm supreme hustling Dub-cee, give a fuck if these bitches don't love meI wanna bang, I wanna ride I wanna slang, from the side, do it now It's do or die, we can ball till the wheels fall off And let these motherfuckers know they gotta peel us offI wanna bang, I wanna ride I wanna slang, from the side, do it now It's do or die, we can ball till the wheels fall off And let these motherfuckers know they gotta peel us off GangstaHey, hey, hey, hey, hey Upon 'em again and I'm er running 'em again, look at it With da-da-day, with da-da-day

Dub rock it, let your flag hang from your back pocketDraw on 'em, on 'em, on 'em can't none of 'em

Eat with me, eat my style but y'all can't get rid of me

I heard y'all C-Walking now, yeah who taught you?

What you could say who?Nigga why I oughta smack all the spit out of you
Beat the shit out of you, get at 'em dumping, stomping
Dippin' in the 600, saggin' in my overalls blunted

Finger and thumb it, quick run

This gangsta shit Dub-Cee runnin'Here son, steady pumping I come through punking Y'all think y'all rollies, shooting them high styles like Kobe

So shut up and kneel to these West side parolees

And pass the blunt, 'cause none of y'all can hold itWe got the niggaz

(We got the bitches)

We got the killaz

(We got the riches)We got the dealers

(We hit the switches)

We got every fucking thing you want

And we can get it punk ass nigga, if we don'tWe got the niggaz

(We got the bitches)

We got the killaz

(We got the riches)We got the dealers

(We hit the switches)

We got every fucking thing you want

And we can get it punk ass nigga, if we don'tWho that nigga that you fucking with?

When you want to hear some motherfucking nigger shit

Call the villain and I'll bring hot lyric

Waltonville to hit your bitch nigga ren with it

Y'all need to quit itThis shit legendary, fuck around

With it and yo mama get buried

Your first born and that bitch you just married

Who give a fuck pop that baby, she just carriedHubbin' all black like my fucking skin tone

How the fuck you gon' talk about the villain, you a clone

Bitin' every time you bust, who gave all y'all balls to cuss?

Weak motherfuckers better say usSo if it ain't Ruff, it ain't my shit

Might a bit mad at the bitch that ate my dick

Hate my clique, bitch-man 'cause I won't hit

A nigga that I ain't fucking wit'I wanna bang, I wanna ride

I wanna slang, from the side, do it now

It's do or die, we can ball till the wheels fall off

And let these motherfuckers know they gotta peel us off

GangstaPlease believe it, please believe it

Please believe it, please believe it

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/