

Hide Out Or Ride Out (Feat. Lil Wayne & Turk)

Juvenile

(Lil' Wayne)
I strike a load
you get served like we toke with
fake busta get smoked with
aproach it
I explode it
unload it
reload it
unload again
and pull another left hand
fifty shots to win
i can't lose its impossible
plus i got a chopper fifty shots about to droppin' you
i be 'bout strings hittin' the beef gigga head
then leave the set, leave a beef gigga wet
jet
off the scene with the uptown fighter
red dot sighters
all week night flighters
i'm a get ya', when ya' least expect it
cock the glock jacket
a vest can't protect it
boy, is ya' ready
i'll leave yo' set wetted
slugs flyin' high, got yo' body real heavy
you can't move, ya' got buff
now your stuck
left Wayne on the set, and yo' boys to pick you up
out cold
head swoll
eyes closed
i know for sure
you ain't gon' test me no more
yo' block tore
yo' family in black clothes
you got blowed
and in ya chest is many holes
this goes
for Lataranza Elmo

i show
how uptown niggas roll
ya' big boy, me and my niggas did it to ya
automatic, black chopper trigger pullin'
that's how we be
loadin' clips then release
eight deep
in the three-hundred E
leather seats
and in the trunk artillery
up the streets
where i started sure ain't for me
the B.G.
that's the name I go by
test me
you die S Kangol why
hide out
at the club, slide out
ride out
yo' block 'bout to die out
move ya' people
i'm burnin' down the whole streets
the night creepers
'bout to heat our enemies
lights off masks on, creep silense
lights gone
we done left yo' block wired
retaliate
wait
no your not boy
'cause i'm a Hot Boy
nine milli cock boy
chopper gunnin'
hoses scared of slugs, runnin'
start movin', me and Juve (Juvenile) e be comin'(Juvenile)
we left yo' brain sick
up with a chopper (A.K. 47) splittin' the bricks
a young black crucifix
up in the dirt i be knockin' dicks
smooth and beretically, my pockets
rocket
to six figures
and pulverizin' niggas
pullin'
A.K.'s and two triggers

my potn's stand on the side of me
they only come out at night
them deamons got me on a flight
duck tapin' and takin' life
or even worse
it could be three O'clock, on a Sunday by church
yo' brains might have to burst
you shouldn't have fucked with me first
since them bullets was cappin'
adam's apples i'm scoutin'
got richer penintentiary ward
for the national guard to come get 'em
very seldom do you see me, when you do
what do you do
bust back, better be a head shot
if not it's you
i'm comin' around the corner
'bout to pulla meatball on ya'
purses like a coat
and them houses in calico
me and Lil Turk heard of a merger
on a murder
fifty G's (grand) on his head
what ht fuck did you said
fifty G's (grands) for sure
that nigga live next door
call the man
let the sucker plan
look, i fuck with this rap shit, but i ask 'em don't say no more
a Hot Boy representin' this bitch like black and Moe(Turk)
I start to poppin'
niggas start to droppin'
i'm havin' fatal thoughts,i think i'm fuckin' shell shockin'
niggas bangin'
four-five ringin'
in my ear, i'm not scared
'cause i'm a solja and solja's have no fuckin' fear
in my sleep at night
i'm seeing war fights
wakin' up thinkin' that a nigga took my fuckin' life
unnecessary shit
mind clickin' like a light switch
to pick you up on any nigga or any bitch
don't give a fuck
steady bangin' and dodgin'

camouflagin'
with the mack alive and
don't have time for these dog hoes
goin' through a stage with that chop (Chopper) and that four-four(Juvenile)
What's this shit i hear 'bout you boys potna's in crime
if that's true i'll punish you bitches for the last time
now you gon' shine?
let me put somethin' on ya' mind
lil' cowards takin' hits
and protecting shit
it's a for sure thang
i'm a brang
or i'm a wet ya
best to be 'bout yo' business, if not, God bless ya
look, what makes you think that two-two-six wasn't strong
that's when we do ya wrong
they both come and they gone
off-topppers
i'm a get with you and ya' potna's (patners)
T.C., L.D., and Williard street with choppers
drama hittin' a niggas cash
we play it right though
i'm comin' to get a niggas ass
like i'm them white folks
look, better be 'bout it
if not better be rowdy
it's all in yo' mind, ha?
you gon' shine, ha?
i doubt it

Songwriters

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