

Down To Ride

Far East Movement

Always on the grind, always down to ride
Bump bump kick till the wheels fall off
 Nothin' on my mind, skatin' till I die
Bump bump kick till the wheels fall off
 Yo, it's going down
 You about to witness
 Pound fo' pound
 Best contenders in the business
 We lift the globe on our own, defy physics
And we keep our sound mo' precious then jail visits
 Always stay ahead, even if the wheels broke
 Some HD40 keep us smooth on the rode
We done made moves down to the deepest trenches
 A little kick flip, ollie over lunch benches
 Chillin' on deck something on the boards
 Grind to ya black till our ten toes are sore
 Stars in the makin' so you betta take a flick
 And if ya down to roll just pump pump kick
 Now, it's just one of those thangs
 When ya gotta job and ya ain't got paid
 Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid
 Always on the grind (skate, skate)
 Say it's just one of those thangs
 When ya gotta job and ya ain't got paid
 Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid
 Always down to ride (skate, skate)
Ay yo, old school flava with new school kicks
 Curb hop, hip hop, funk the skate kids
 Sidewalk swerving, freestyle fellowships
 Fat lace, finger flip, hang on my grip
'cause I'm crusin' down the street on my skateboard
 Jockin' the freaks, pimp slappin' you hos
 Stuck in the lome, 'cause the 5-0s follow me home
 Ridin' on bones, independent, got me grindin' on poles
I'm in the zone, nobody know the way my bearings will roll
 The rodes of LA got me Curious George
My parents is pissed off 'cause I never come home

 Why don't you clones just leave me alone

Now, it's just one of those thangs
When ya gotta job and ya ain't got paid
Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid
Always on the grind (skate, skate)
Say it's just one of those thangs
When ya gotta job and ya ain't got paid
Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid
Always down to ride (skate, skate)

This chick she said she digs my rip game, stay grashin'
Yea the kid thick, plus he kick flip the big change, mashin'
Fat tracklist, pull her over just fo' practice
The wind up pitch, she call it MacTwist
We ridin', grindin' till the wheels fall off
We power slidin', 7-20 that plan

The profit is logical, nothing out of our reach
We call highly impossible
Gettin' insane, brane, meng it's frightening
The way she got me switchin' lanes
I call it half pipin' it, lots of it

Then when she done, I call that pop shove it
Far East, Big BlackSil, you gotta love it
This is on a daily album, calenders face it
It's dangerous
skate, skate

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Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid
Always on the grind (skate, skate)
Say it's just one of those thangs
When ya gotta job and ya ain't got paid
Livin' with ya moms and ya ain't got laid
Always down to ride (skate, skate)

That's all we do, we do
Skate, skate X4

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