

Get Yo Ride On (Feat. Eazy E and M.C. Eiht)

Mack 10

[Mack 10]

Do some shit with my niggas from the CPT, ha ha

You ready Eiht?[MC Eiht]

Yeah, c'mon[Mack 10]

I was born to ride, banging, pack heat

Got turned out early by them scandalous freaks

Addicted to crime so I stay in the mix

With a love for hoochie chicks and pulling jewelry licks

Moms said, "Mack, baby watch for danger"

I said, "Momma don't you know I'm a real gang banger?"

I can't switch over night and be good

And I'll be damned if a nigga turned his back on the hood

So I walked out the door, hopped in the Regal

Twisting triple gold with the all black eagle

Got a deuce fired at Scoob's, I need a gat

So I stopped and got the Tech from my G homie Wreck

He said, "Mack, don't slip dog, u gotta stay heated

And here's the extra clip incase you might need it"

Get the eighty eight skate, ang get your slide on

Throw the Hoo-Bang plack in the back and your ride on[Chorus: x2]

Ride for me, I'ma ride for you

You Hoo-Bang, I Hoo-Bang, so we all a crew

Get yo ride on, get yo slide on, who the best

Nobody rides like these killas from the west[Eazy E]

1, 2, 3, and to the 4

Eazy motherfucking with a chrome to your dome

Cruising, in my 6-4 rag top

I got a lot of juice, a lot of fucking block

Now when I hit that switch I'm bouncing

More bounce to the ounce and I'm clowning

Keep the gat in my lap cause I'm fully strapped

For the car jackers, but no haps cause I pack a

Tech 9, plus a A-K 47

Send a one way ticket to my hell or maybe heaven

Peep, nigga I don't sleep

Bury motherfuckers in the concrete

You try to creep kinda slow in a Astro

But I'm peeping niggas out in my left window

So I blast, and I blast, so I blast no more

Yo, they call me motherfucking John Doe[Chorus][MC Eiht]
Real thugs roll cause the Westside's sick
Which enemy depicts to catch the 9 clip
Slick, but not like Rick, the gang story
G's kill and ain't shit funny like Joe Corry
Don't make me laugh cause I'm on the wrong the path
Catch the blood bath, it's the aftermath
Slang strike to make money, now ain't that simple?
That silly nigga's wearing vest's but we aim for the temple
Watch my nigga's back, who sacked the yayo
Keep the calico with extra ammo
So and so gets blasted, to the casket
Never seen these west side G's face, we masked it
Y'all best be defeat and be discreet
Catch the hot heat from across the street
Take me in the dump schools that, wanna push me
Retaliation, straight better than hitting pussy[Chorus]Ugh, MC Eiht in the motherfucking house
(yeah, Hoo-Bang one time)
Yeah, ha
(Hoo-Bang two times)
Rest in peace Eazy E
(the hip hop thugster)
(yeah)
Fa sho
(Mack Dime)
Come on, ugh
(all day baby, all day baby)
West side riders! Ugh

Songwriters

DEDRICK ROLISON, TREVON GREEN, KENRIC FRELIXPublished by

Lyrics Â© RESERVOIR MEDIA MANAGEMENT INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>