Ride

Celly Cel

Eye for an eye, ride or you die
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Eye for an eye, ride or you die
Eye for an eye, ride or you dieWon't leave the house unless I'm strapped up
I might get backed up in the traffic
Niggas is dumping on me when I got my zapper
Creeping up on me and I got one hand on the wheelOne hand on the steel, trying to break a nigga for skrill
And I'm ridin' wit sharp shootin' skills
Funk season, whatever the reason, I'm dealing wit drama
Send me one of them mangie ass niggasRunnin' home, cryin' to Mama
So I kick the door to eliminate the whole situation
Fuckin' wit me, me will ended up, having his family eraseded
Face it, no charges leaving the body behind untilYou better respect game
Bow down when real niggas bail through yo hood
But won't be caught up in a twist
Flash on us unless you end up sleeping wit the fishSeamin' shoes, lady singing the blues, them sad ballads
Fried chicken, collad greens, and potato salads
Surrounded them by [unverified] of family members cryin'
Eye for an eye, you ride or you dieEye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die
Niggas get at cha and run back at them but let them bullets fly
Eye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die
Niggas get at cha and run back at them but let them bullets flyEye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die
Niggas get at cha and run back at them but let them bullets fly
Eye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die
Niggas get at cha and run back at them but let them bullets flyHe got the Mac One-O and moved nice on the piggies
Hit 'em up and buck and leave them struck when I'm tipsy
Ain't no love for the true thugs that die for this shit
Wit 150 round drum ride for this shitFuck the hard hats end locs, pass the fo fo
And watch me smoke them hoes like the last hit of indo, and fo' sho
I smash and blast, nigga, when I'm provoked with a doe of platinum coke
I holds down a fortWhy you smiling for? These niggas playing games on the street
That's where they meet the heat, they sweep they ass up off of they feet
This ain't no fairy tale, you fuckin' with Cel
Hit the scenes wit machines if you want my teamIt ain't no in between seventeen through your temple
When your crossing the realest niggas to spit this killa shit on the mic
And make the world feel us, hit 'em wit rounds [unverified]
[Unverified] of hollows then we follow niggas to they spine
And chop they ass up wit fully-auto'sEye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die

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Eye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die
Niggas get at cha and run back at them but let them bullets flyI ain't no actor bitch, my life is worser than the movies
For real though, from steel toes to my uzi pushin' Impala S.S's
Benz, Beamers, to Lamborginis and chase my strip down
Wit X.O., Henn, and Remi, Rolex on my wristHundred dollar bill's crisp, I pull the blunt from my lip
Then the 4-5 from my hip and spit, the incredible medical or hard core
The deadliest medacine gas ever set off in a war, westcoast's the spot
Where we lock our million dollar doors, survival in hell, packing heatDucking from them, I'm just a thug nigga
Step on your street and draw my heat and then I plug niggas
I be a G from the G.B.C. that's why I mug niggas
Don't flag I just sag and carry a mag and get off in the snitches asses
You a bitch but still ride or die, screaming out the block
Bitch I'll have you die wit docEye for an eye, you ride or you die ride or you die
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