The Ride

Carmine Coppola

Yeah, Bad Boy, baby, make it hot now
Make it hot now, make it how now
Bad Boy, motherfuckers
2000 an' we won't stop, come on
First off, how you gon' come off?
All this rap shit, get done off
Man, listen, this a passionate mind
I come through, gun drew, splashin' a rhyme
Wet dat, dead dat, cash on the line
In an orderly fashion in the back o' the line
Can't talk now, I got cash on tha mind
Bitches an' dolla signs dance in they mind
I love dat doe but y'all niggas love dat flow
Man, I don't love dat hoe
All I see is cash flow
Brains, an occasional ass hole
What I need is a whole lotta money involved
I might run into Rob an' run in ya job
Real cats take chances
Then I make ya head spin like break dancers
My niggas in the front, don't front
My niggas in the back, where you at?
My niggas on the side 'bout to slide
My niggas in the middle, we rock just a little
Then we ride, ride
My bitches in the front, don't front
My bitches in the back, where you at?
My bitches on the side 'bout to slide
My bitches in the middle, we rock just a little
Then we ride, ride
If raps don't work, need ta put some in
I hear y'all knockin' but ya can't come in
Said that I'd get cha, wrote the scripture
Chick roastin' like motion picture
Have you any idea how many nice MCs
An' how many I feared? None
Just trust me, son, I do what must be done
An' I just begun
I let 'em count sheep, rock 'em to sleep

Got me cockin' the heat, [Incomprehensible]
Let's go, Expo, top of the line
Exo, yes ho, hoppin' in mine
I got a Big Bad Boy you could meet
Men use beef an' it's all you can eat
I be the Dep with a G in the front
Front? Fuck around an' be in a trunk
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Ain't no games if you're curious, B
Can't be serious, G, seriously
I'm out ta put a big hole in the joint
Like I sold her the joint, told her to point
It's like mind over matter with this
Mad Hatter with this, battle with this
Like a sentence, it just run on
I'm pro an' you a princess, come on
Y'all ain't ready, ain't crazy
An' ya name ain't Eddie an' ya aim ain't steady
Scream, ?Big Boy? but the chain ain't heavy
Brain ain't ready, my game ain't petty
Must be stupid or somethin'
Thinkin' this all love like Cupid or somethin'
Live from the 212
One question, what you gon' do?
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