

Ridin In the Streets (feat. Layzie Bone)

Bizzy Bone

[Chorus]

Just, just, just...

Just ridin', ridin'...

Ridin' the city streets in a black benz lexus

Just ridin', ridin'...

I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me, ain't nobody jealous man Just, just, just...

I'm just ridin', ridin'...

Ridin' the city streets in a black benz lexus

Where we be feelin' the beat, tuckin' the piece

I'm just slidin', slidin'

Feelin' my heat, I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me I'm just ridin', ridin'

Ridin' the city streets in a black benz lexus

Where we be feelin' the beat, tuckin' the piece

I'm just slidin' slidin'

Feelin' my heat, I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me [Bizzy]

We're nothin' but crumbs, crumbs, we're nothin' but crumbs

We're nothin' but crumbs, crumbs, we're nothin' but crumbs

See it's the thug, thuggish ruggish, give me some bud

I'm out on the way to go get me some love

Stuck in the part where I put up the cup, don't

What about the slopes, tryin' a get dangerous

We're nothin' but crumbs, they gave me the tomb

And heavenly Father all over your son

The people are part of ya, never be found

But what was it for, tellin' my people to point to the guns

And what did the fools finally see who really be ridin'

Look at the war and here it come

I'm the beginning and the ending, what are we spending

Watch your paper, gospel gangstas walkin' in churches

Don't search us, they tyrin' to escape though

Monotony and a monopoly, gotta get ready to put us a chair

Rott there, get in the car, Day's of our Lives oh well

I'm from the best, the sick of the best

The sicker the test, will settle for less, so Bizzy the Kid

The best...let me get this, that we feelin' depressed [Hook]

How many times we gather our rest, so why do they cuss

My lips are clear, Lord know's I'm not ugly And how many times we gather our rest, so why do they cuss

My lips are clear, the Lord know's I'm not ugly

Heavenly father you are the best, one time...I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me, ain't nobody jealous

man[Chorus]Just, just, just...
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 I'm just slidin' slidin'
 Feelin' my heat, I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me[Layzie]
 I'm a rise to the fullest, make 'em do it
 Make 'em pull it, fill your torso's up with bullets
 Nigga this the true shit, and it sit's with a new kid
 Who goes there, I, we used to slam them dog's
 Now we raise 'em up high, lamborghini dog's to the sky
 My nigga, I be flossin' on a dog, I ain't shy my nigga
 No wonder why nigga, I'm a hard workin' horse
 Keep my grammy on a mantle, fuck puttin' it in a source
 If rap was a bitch I'll want a divorce
 And if rap was a study, you would need you a course
 I'm a rap 'til my voice gone, probably 'til I lose it
 But y'all can't do it, duplicate my music
 Listen 'til they cruisin', haters be refusin'
 They bitches want to listen to it
 But they gotta be true with it
 Get bucked knuckler, act a foo' with it
 It's rider season, and really ain't no rules to it
 Nice and smooth gettin' through it
 I'm the ace, realest rapper since Pac want to take my place[Chorus]Just ridin', ridin'...
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 Nobody's just...[Mr. Criminal]
 I'm just ridin', ridin', ridin' the city streets
 Packin' the strap in the back of my black khakis
 That's creased, windows down, system on blast
 Feelin' the breeze, smokin' and chokin' that reefer dog
 I'm needin' my trees (ha, ha--ha, ha)
 Windows down, system on blast, feelin' the breeze
 Eyes on my rearview, watch my back for the police

The homi's say watch my back for enemies
Touch your back, the henneseay stayin strass my remedy
Catch me dippin' through the streets
Givin' a fuck, runnin' them stoplights
Swerve it to the left, and I swing it to the right
I'm a hard switchin' lane, scrapin' bumpers and all
All eyes on me whenever I'm rotatin' white walls
And as soon as night falls
I let them hundred spokes crawl
Straight dippin' through the city
With my rider's and dogs
It's Mr. Criminal puttin' it down
With the homi's from Bone Thugs
And these hater's get flossed on
These bitches get no love[Chorus]Just ridin', ridin'...
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Nobody's just...

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