

Let Me Ride

Dr. Dre

Creepin' down the back street on these
I got my glock cocked 'cause niggas want these
Now soon as I said it, seems I got sweated
By some nigga with a tech 9 tryin' to take mine
You want to make noise, make noise
I make a phone call my niggas comin' like the Gotti boys
Bodies bein' found on Greenleaf
With their fucking heads cut off, motherfucker I'm Dre
So listen to the play-by-play, day-by-day
Rollin' in my '4 with 16 switches
And got sounds for the bitches, clockin' all the riches
Got the hollow points for the snitches
So would you just walk on by, 'cause I'm too hard to lift
And no this ain't Aerosmith
It's the motherfucking D-R-E, from the CPT
On a robbin' spree, a straight G
Hop back as I pop my top ya trip
I let the hollow points commence to POP POP POP
Yeah, 'cause if it don't stop
I have to put my shit in reverse go back and take anothers stop
'Cause I'm (Rollin in my six-fo')
With all the niggas saying Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
With all the niggas saying
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride Just another motherfucking day for Dre so I begin like this
No medallions, dreadlocks, or black fists it's just
That gangster glare, with gangster raps
That gangster shit, that makes the gang of snaps,
Word to the motherfucking streets
And word to these hyped ass lyrics and dope beats, that I
Hit ya with that I, get ya with
As I groove in my four on these, hitting the switches
Bitches relax while I get my proper swerve on
Bumping like a motherfucker ready to get my serve on
But before I hit the dope spot
I gotta get the chronic, the Reme Martin and my soda pop

Now I'm smelling like indo-nesia
Bus stop full of fly bitches and skeezers
On my dick, cause my four on hit
Pancake front and back, side to side and all that shit
So when I crawl I comes correct
Now, if your bitch in my shit, it's your bitch you check nigga
Now let the Chevrolet slide
As I dip a nigga trip to the south side, yeah
(Rollin in my six-fo') with all the bitches sayin' Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
With all the motherfuckin' bitches sayin'
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Know what I'm sayin'
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride Check this out
The sun went down when I hit Slausson
On my way to the strip, now I'm just flossing
Checking my rear view, cause niggas they will do
Jack moves, black fools cause I smack fools
Try to set me up for a two-eleven
Fuck around and get caught up in a one-eight-seven
But I don't represent no gangbang
Some niggas like lynching but I just watch them hang
So on, and so-on, why don't you let me roll on
I remember back in the days when I used to have to get my stroll on
Didn't nobody wanna speak, now everybody
Peeping out they windows when they hear me beating up the streets
Is it Dre? Is it Dre?
That's what they say, every single motherfucking day, yo
But I ain't tripping I'm just kicking it
While my D's keep spinning and these hoes keep grinning I'll be
(Rollin in my six-fo') With everybody saying Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
With everybody sayin'
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride
Hell yeah
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

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