Check

Little boy, raised in the ghetto, had a mind and a passion for game Gifted gab, man, could he talk it, he could sell umbrellas to rain Combined with the 'bility to throw them hands, man, what a wonderful thing They talked about him on the west side, they heard about on the south side Comin' up, no father figure made it up, pressed his way on his own Bad child, mama can't contain him always on the wrong side of the law Clinked up, linked up with a code of conduct, never known before Somebody's showin' him the way now, this is where he's oonna stay now

Ridin' on my horse, it's the life for me Blowin' with the wind, it's the only time I'm free Me and my brothers, the ones I call family We ride on, we ride on

Ride on, soldier, earn yo' keep Off the porch of these one percenters, hustlin is how we eat You got to peep these streets for all it's rewards and riches But remember the code, young hustler, snitches get stitches

Rock bottom, tied up by the crime, baby girl barely knows his name
Man up, can't blame the system, when you know that it's part of the game
You got to use all your gifts you've been given at the end of the day
This is the wisdom of the old man, these are the lessons that they told him
Comin' home made the decision, to never come back again
Hard times, every day struggle, but he stay determined to win
The only way he stayed up was the times he could stay in the wind
Gotta leave it all behind, so he's clearin' out his mind now

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- (Ay!) We on the road like
- (Ay!) Switchin' lanes like
- (Ay!) In the wind like
- (Ay!) Pullin' up like
- (Ay!) Turn up like
- (Ay!) Red cup like
- (Ay!) Zoom with it like
- (Ay!)

Now the story's been told, this game is so damn cold Lace yo' boots stack ten toes Keep yo' face card good, stay on yo' grind Ride 'til the wheels fall off

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