(What) Ride

(God Damn Let's Go)

Aw man, can I get a raw please Is y'all ready, is y'all ready For the main event, Damn Lloyd Banks

Guess who's the man this winter straight out the land of sinners The Range with hella spinners check out the white wrist Roll with the damn winners or you and your man's finished You and your Rams fitted turn off the light switch Holdin' my torch down even when the force 'round You let your wife roll she want a divorce now You niggas ain't this gully playas'll paint ya skully You'll never take this from me The riders and the gangstas with me (God Damn) You shouldn't be a problem I ain't be a problem See ya later, I read ya head you be a Rodman (What) I know ya type, hoppin all over the beat screamin' You call it hypin' yaself up I call it street dreamin' I do it for all of the haters the playas ball with the gators They lookin' forward to favors gossip is all they gave us You niggas wasn't quiet, meet the whales and fishes (Whoo) You lit the precinct up playin' tattle tale with the snitches Even my momma knows I got all kind of hoes They wait outside the show stripped after the diner closed I'll be designer clothes without the winer woes Take off my baby blue mink and Carolina bowls Come here, take a look inside a entertainer's closet I never trust a bitch, I blame Lorainna Bobbit Niggas stay and pocket I know you're made at me but shit ain't all peaches and cream And I ain't Sara Lee bitch (C'mon) Don't ice me You starin' at the wrong one There's a lot of girls here Go and get up on one (What) We at the bar poppin' bottles 'til they all gone If you ain't leavin' here wit us You gon' walk home (Whoo) Go someone else where They know how we ride If you a playboy, you got one on each side Keep your mouth closed, we don't let the beef ride (What) Ride (What) Ride

I do this for the hood, niggas stuck in the slammer I smile cuz I'm good, you act tough for the camera (Whoo) Learn from the hood kids, they ain't fuckin' wit Santa Cuz they like Tupac more, (Word) Word to my grandma

I figure I might as well leave here with my glock drawn Cuz they'll take you to jail even when you not wrong Dog your not this flashy, dogs you got to blast me Every rock is classy, nobody on your block can match me (Whoo) You shouldn't want to fight, unless you wanna fight For your life in the Hospital for hundred nights I know your type, run behind your girlfriend rushin' You call it quality time, I call it handcuffin' I'm on the beach in Miami, cellular reachin' my family All the weekend in panties from Puerto Rican canny You niggas wasn't tough, I should've snapped some pics You wear ya pants tight, play pitty pat wit the chicks (Damn) Even my father knows where the revolver goes I bring the beef to ya front door like Dominoes And my diamonds froze that means my time froze Be in the club from when it's poppin' 'til the time it close (What) Half of these so-called real niggas'll probably sing Naw I ain't pullin' over, learned that from Rodney King So tell ya homey chill you know I hold the steel Everything from jabs to hooks and you ain't Holyfield, nigga (Damn) Don't ice me You starin' at the wrong one (Whoo) There's a lot of girls here Go and get up on one We at the bar poppin' bottles 'til they all gone If you ain't leavin' here wit us You gon' walk home Go someone else where They know how we ride If you a playboy, you got one on each side Keep your mouth closed, we don't let the beef ride Everybody on the left get yo hands up (Get ya hands up) Everybody on the right get yo hands up (Get ya hands up) Everybody up front get yo hands up (Get ya hands up) And everybody out back get yo hands up (What) And if you in here wit a strap get yo hands up (What) Now put 'em up (Put 'em up) What, man fuck what he said Man put 'em up (Put 'em up) Now put 'em up (Put 'em up) Ohhhhhhhh

(what Whoo Kid)