

Ride Out

Bugzy Malone

Step in the club and nobody gets a look in
Bottles start poppin' and batties start droppin'
Think I been shottin' the way I get guapin'
But I'm OG status so I never touch nothin'
I'm not checkin' the time, I'm just lookin' at it tickin'
Ice cubes in the bezel got my wrists drippin'
Gold in my belt buckle like I'm Pete Griffin
I just keep sippin', keep sippin', I keep sippin'
Started in Harrod's with a Louis V bag
I'm in Dior, sippin' champagne while they de-tag
Then I'm on the top floor, eatin' coconut prawns
With a piña colada just to relax
I'm in the jewelers, droppin' money like it's goin' out of fashion
Rubies in my pendant, now the women are harrassin'
Underground car park, I got me the apartment
AMG with the big wheels for my darlin'
Stepped out of the lift lookin' like I'm God's gift
Though my haters'll be pissed that I'm living like this
Haircut in the living room, my barber's my guy
Thirty floors up, looking out into the sky

Look, look
It gets mad when I bring the gang out (Gang out)
I bring four with me on a night out (Uh huh)
Diamonds make a nigga stand out (Uh huh)
And if there's problems, then we bang out (Bang out)
It gets mad when I bring the gang out (Gang out)
Four with me on a night out (Uh huh)
Diamonds make a nigga stand out (Uh huh)
And if there's problems, then we ride out

I can never get caught slippin'
Beard lookin' ten-ten, the fade lookin' different
Everything rose-gold, the trainers are so cold
I'm in Mike Amiri, lookin' Pop Smoke
Every day I get dope, Bentley with the big spokes on it
No, I don't smoke, but the edibles are chronic
And the business is solid, B. Malone sellin' from the High street
I'm like the Wolf of Wall Street
Might see me overseas, Cartier shades and a side-bag
Or on a dance-floor somewhere bringin' the vibe back
Bottle for my sidekick
Gun fingers for the DJ to pull the track back
Bidda-bap-bap!
Bap-bap!
Big bottle of Grey Goose
Celebrate the success
This isn't my debut, I stayed doin' business
Now labels wanna invest
Tell 'em this is Black independence
It is best, and I said it with chest
The chains lookin' hefty, the bottles are frosty
Couple day-ones that have got me
And they know I've got them if they've got a problem
Yeah, that's the mandem, the mandem, the mandem

(Look, look)

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(Gang out)
(Uh huh)
(Uh huh)
(Gang out)
(Uh huh)
(Uh huh)