

# Death Rider'z

C-Bo

Now that a nigga's seen money, shit  
I can smile and laugh  
I got 20's on my bentley  
An iron cage in front of my pad  
And I still mean muggin  
Throw up west-side in my photo shoot  
And got TV's, 20's and DVDs in my photo coupe  
Got a stash spot in the airbag  
For when the po-po's snoop  
Steady mobbin on the killa route  
With the bads like pride gin n juice  
I'm split proof  
With the bulletproof and the gin n juice  
Still mash with the men in blue  
And stay strapped down with a mac-10 or two  
Now how you wanna do it?  
We can get muddy and bloody  
I'ma still count cash, count crass  
In the middle of the street whoopin niggas ass  
I'm west bound crowned by 50 pounds thats how I do it  
On the phone with your wife  
While ya gettin beat down that how I do it  
I'm a mastermind in crime  
I cause disaster with one 9  
Be behind 17 bodies all shot in the head one time  
So think twice before you gaffle  
One pellet to the big apple  
All your names in one bag  
Were pullin death tickets like a raffle

[Chorus] X 4

Bitch, I'm a rider for death  
Slide with a tek-9 for respect  
And a nigga that step gets stepped with a tek  
So it's best you ride with a vest  
Homicide be the best bet  
For the real life with the best threats  
Surprise, with a tek full of teflons  
It's westside for death

Yeah yeah war, 9, give it to em  
Hit the men in blue and I send it to em  
Let off the deaf one full of teflons  
Hollowtips spittin straight through em  
Niggas scream one never seen one  
Send a mini 14 in the street low  
With no remorse of course I aim  
The tip of torch and I scream go  
Haven't you ever heard of a straight killa?  
One that makes really quick to break a nigga  
Fuck fake niggas and ? nigga  
Leave em abandoned and stranded  
Hit, by chrome cannon  
And he bucked and bucked and kicked  
Like a bull from the next planet  
They wanna see me talkin bout thug law  
You a cinderella quick to scrub floors

Behind your car door in the war  
And you've got a 44  
Catch me in a four-door range  
Wicked language with blowed brains  
With Compton's revered  
And a east-side ridah no brains  
This west coast mafia til death do us part  
I don't step on no mark  
I let the Smith & Wesson bark  
Who you are? Nigga you just a bitch in my book  
You snitch, and couldn't shook  
Cus you done bit the hook

[Chorus] X 4

Ain't no nigga gon' step on my toes  
Without gettin bullet holes through his car door  
Or a broken nose, they say I'm hostile  
But I'm just raised blocstyle  
Don't ever want it nigga, never put my glock down  
I'm from the town where house parties be known for crackin  
For 10 minutes, then it happen, niggas cappin and scrappin  
Then sideways off the block, gang signs out the window  
And it's f\*\*k all cops, cus I hit the sherm with the indo  
Now, I'm superman and I'm quick to shoot a man  
If it's teflon, I send a teflon through his chest bones  
I'm out for manslaughter, must I test the water?  
I got heat that explodes and implodes like Pearl Harbor  
The hood is like a mini-war, them little ???  
Now I bang a gang, that I remain to kill lethal  
Gets critical and it's pitiful  
Cus money is all I'm in it for  
In the hood on one knee  
Strap in my hand yellin what that info

[Chorus] X 4