

Night Ryder

Chris Travis

Nigga I don't give a fuck about you
Get yo ass beat, no identity
But bitch you gon' remember me
Comin' from the roofs of the mother fuckin' memphis streets
Mark my spot everywhere, the legend of the century
Hands over chest as I lay you to rest
No need for events, bitch I'm comin' for your neck
Dig deep in your flesh, then out of your [?]
Then down to your leg
Bitch you fuckin' with the best
Hold up bitch

You can die with yo niggas
If you ride with yo niggas
I will murk all yo niggas
Then disperse all yo niggas
I do not fuck with niggas
I can not fuck with niggas
I don't need to pull a trigger
I'll blow you up nigga

This ain't no game bitch
Leave your head brainless
Leave your chest heartless
Hold your bitch hostage
Then give her oxy
Y'all can not stop me
Bitch don't try and help me
Need to help your family

ERRR
ERRR
ERRR
ERRR

Damn, I done came up
Now everybody watch me
See me doin' me and these fuck niggas copy
I'll burn yo ass like some hot morning coffee
Then leave your coffin in yo boss office
No evidence, bitch I clean the scene flawless
Why yo boy lookin' like his whole world lawless
He a robot, he don't go to sleep often
[?] on your own, that's what my momma taught me
Seventeen, buyin [?] like [?]
Shootin' [?] at school til the damn people caught me
Say the good die young, tryna keep the reaper off me
Creepin past the office, puttin' weed in my locker

Bitch, I'm a rider