

Now Ride

Fabulous

Yeah, yeah (haha) haha
Yeah, uh (uh-huh-uh)
Uh (uh-huh-uh)
Uh (uh-huh-uh) uh

Niggaz ain't gon' be happy till I click on a rage
Pick up a gauge, and it's my face, that they stick on front page
Gotta be careful, I could pull a thick of the age
Chick on the stage, and winde up, sick in a cage
When I come through, it's usually in Dickies that's beige
Pushing a "Eleanor", like I'm Nicholas Cage
And it's funny how a few bucks can
Get you put under a white sheet, like you in the Ku Klux Klan
It's Street Fam' for life, we ride to the death
We play hard dog, don't cry to the rest
I don't know you, please move to the left
Or stay here and get introduced to the tefs
I'm riding till the wheels come off it (yeah)
Grindin till a mil' come off it (yeah)
This is my plate, I eat every meal from off it
Why y'all try and steal crumbs off it, jump!

(Now ride) Top down, chrome rims spinnin and
(Now ride) Gun cock, hollows in the clip now
(Now ride) Chop rocks, put it on a strip now
(Now ride) Y'all know Street Family gon' (ride)
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Now when I spray wit the sauer, I gotta spend a day wit the lawyer
Worryin bout, who say that saw ya
Keep yay wit the oyers, two kids on the block
Like when Mourning and Mutumbo, used to play wit the Hoyas
I'ma boss, that you can never upstand
Or get a red dot on you, like a 7Up can
Some of y'all caught feelings from way back
Others waited till I came through, short willing the Maybach
But I'm still bucking like, five, duce, four, trey
Still tucking and letting the fo' spray
Still ducking where ever the po's lay
And still fucking, and making them hoes say, WHOA!
...And I know Fed's seen
The old school Chevy, with the dope head lean
Y'all love the way I R-I-D-E
Call my D.E., and put you on a R.I.P.T., ghetto