

# Ryder

## Ghetts

Click clack on 'em  
Push a wig back on 'em  
Anybody that's ever let off a.45  
Knows about the kick back on 'em (Buck I!)  
I was in a gun range... (When?)  
On Sunday  
Everyone says  
Nobody ain't ever this accurate!  
Marksman!  
Don't believe me? Go and ask them  
Hey, you cheeky little bastard  
You better really mind who you're bargain'  
Yo blud  
Oh you think you're... hold up  
Wait there  
I zoom in like a bloodclart close up  
Man better know when I come around I got a shank on me or I got something else  
I'm like "say that again?  
That's not what you said, you said something else"  
You ain't nothing that, I ain't ever come across  
Lick him with the buckle of the belt!  
Why should I be shook?  
He ain't done fuckin' with himself  
I have, that's why I don't rate my man  
Has he really got something in his side bag?  
He just posing, side man  
Just walked to my nigga Kyze  
Said he don't know this yout  
Me neither  
Looks like he forgotten who I am  
Here's what comes with the reminder

R6, two ryders, bomb blasting  
You, target, head-top, casket  
Okay, bastards, questions, no answers  
Floor him, carpet, haunting, darkness

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Just got the words from Ghetts  
Said there's a couple nerds on the set  
I said let me turn on the TEC  
Cause I'm from the era where you learn to respect  
Nah I ain't talkin' 'bout your olders  
I'm talkin' 'bout the real deep rollers  
I'm talkin' 'bout the shotgun loaders  
Ryder's a riddim held the ends on its shoulders  
Cause while you was nice on the fence  
I was right in the trench with a 9 or a 10  
All this, at my own expense  
Thinkin' that this don't make sense  
Look at all the dough in the ends  
All these ballers around and they don't buy skengs

Like dem man  
And they don't pay rent  
That's why I walk around with a face of intent  
That's why I had to flip out on 'em  
Jump out the whip and pull the stick out on 'em  
No talking, no lip out on them  
I eat man's melon, then spit the pip out on 'em  
Till they say I ain't normal again  
Cause a couple O.G's couldn't war me again  
Look, my little old school friend  
Suck your dad, I ain't touring again  
See if you call me that, I might fly one at you  
You know it's not love if I ain't smiling at you  
Stop friending man's friends and trying (that move)  
Don't fault me for him I ain't tryin' that yout  
Fuck that yout I've had enough of him  
Back out the ting, bullets smother him  
A whole piece crew come and cover him  
.38 spinning, lookin' like it's buffering

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