

## Ride On

K Koke

Fuck peace and love, get my piece and gloves  
Rest in peace to my thugs that's deceased in the slums  
I'm a beast with the gun, better freeze when I come  
Stonebridge, North Weez is the streets that I'm from  
OG's know me to hold heat since I was young  
I stay low-key but the streets got me sprung  
Got me sprung, the streets got me doing stupid stuff  
I'm on the roads, don't care about music much  
I'm tryna make it rain on the pagans  
I be screaming "Kokaine" when we spray them  
It's mayhem, life's sicker than it's ever been  
I feel menacing, there ain't no medicine  
Fuck the feds, no comment's what we're telling 'em  
Koke and Smallz, the rest is irrelevant  
We buy coke and break it down in smalls  
Posted by the block, food posted by my balls  
We fly a blue flag but we ain't Crips  
The pagans fly red so we're the opposite  
Opposite, we're the opposite to them  
It's USG, still throwing up my ends

A life's gone so we ride on  
The mic's on so we write songs  
We sell drugs even though it's wrong  
We're on the block even though it's long  
We got the drugs if you got the wong  
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What goes around will go around  
RIP Troy, pagans burn in Hell  
The same pagan went and snitched on Shaun Brown  
Communicated to the feds with winks and frowns  
This ain't right how man wanna switch  
From a thug to a snitch, in my eyes you're a bitch  
And I remember when I was broke  
Then I sold weed but now I sell coke  
'Cause I'm telling you, Smallz is on a different grind  
Tryna buy a gun the same name as my star sign  
My star sign the mark of a scorpion  
Run up in his yard and we torture him  
Make a fucking corpse of him  
Just before that, my niggas torture him  
Leave the prick there 'cause ain't nobody finding him  
And then I sit back and chill with a cheeky grin  
Wipe the blood off my face, my hands and the chrome ting  
I'm from the ends where man run up in drums  
Put the gun to your sister and duct tape your mums  
It's not personal, we just want the funds  
Smallz and Koke, this is what we're on  
Tryna sell the drugs you smoke in the bong  
And if you want beef, believe it's not long  
Got the twelve-gauge shotty, got the four-four long  
It won't be long till I have you niggas singing songs

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