

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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