

Ride Wit Me

Mac Dre

Let's go riden (Can you ride with me?)
Let's go riden (Can you ride with me?)
Tonight
Let's go riden (Can you ride with me?)
Let's go riden (Can you ride with me?)
And get high tonight

I'm fresh off the Interstate, doin' figure eights
Oh, how these haters hate when a nigga skate
I'm up the block with mark doin' knots
As I think about the hash that I just got from Josh
Pass it to dump, said "Let's get blunted"
He said, "Ooh, I look like eleven five hundred"
What do you mean? That's hash, you fool
From my white boy potna in Sebastopol
Now we ridin', sidin', feelin' kinda lav-ell
Y'all niggas with the babb-el, my niggas tryna have mail
(Ching ching)
The jack-els, kick yo' door off the hinges
You know I'm relentless, you I'm a pimp, bitch
M Dizzle, respect my sizzle
Certified and all official
Yeah, it's nothin', let's do it
Full of the fluid, ain't nothin' to it
Thought you knew it, baby, come hide with me
Let's creep, come ride with me

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She wanna be seen wit' me in somethin' clean-ery
Smoke some greenery, and soak the scenery
My machinery is always high po'
If I ain't chipped up, nigga, it's nitro
The getaway is easy and the streets feel greasy
I'm slidin', swangin', this bitch is gettin' cheesiest
She feelin' good just be in my presence
Waitin' for this dick like a kid wait for Christmas
This bitch, you just like the last one
Pops in a nigga cot, gotta fasten her
And a little game, guess it's just a little thang
That them hoes do, you know a nigga know you
That's why I roll through, beat knockin'
The free TV's have even ya potnas jockin'
I keep it poppin', and it's not gon' end
I'm tryna knock her, baby, hop on in

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Got my top down in the Napa Valley
Finna hit the hit the town bumpin' Makaveli
Got a sack of smelly, and I'm feelin' like a mack, ho
Pullin' on a Backwood, rollin' down them back roads
Afro, feelin' the breeze, killin' the trees
Lookin' for a notch who feelin' to please
Thinkin' in my seat, drinkin' Hennessy
And every bitch I see is stranded out to sea
I'm on ecstasy, and I'm duckin' the law
Them broke bitches tryna get dick stuck in their jaw
Not fuckin' wit' y'all, unless you're tryna spend
A big mash of cash on all kinds of freaks
We could cuddle up, bring your friends, let's double up
You really bout it bout it, baby, park and I'll buckle up
Let's kirk out, hide with me
Let's chirp out, baby, ride with me

Can you ride with me?
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(Let's go ridin') Can you ride with me?