

Ready To Ryde

Max B

Uh
Young Los
Gain Greene
Boss Don Bigavell
Mac Mustard
Let's go

Owww
I told ya don't come closer
I'm gon' rope ya dog you fucking with a smoker
I'm ready to ride
You niggas think I'm pussy
I dare you motherfuckers to come and push me
I'm ready to die
I love the scene
Niggas with swagging jacking on my dick
Steady try to ride my wave (Jim Jones)
Gain Greene ain't changed
Nigga it's Max and Mustard
Diamonds is clustered
We drive box way ey ey

You need to just, hit me up
I can get that order for you
I can get them quarters to you
I can make that quarter for you
I can make that quarter through you
Make a nigga bitch that slow
Got them sitting all uncomfortable
You know what this punk will do
Spend around [?]
Just in case I ain't leaving no witness
I be sleeping with your bitches
Try to get creep with your bitches
Send them numbers over four
I send them pumpers over
I'ma send them dumpers close to bitch
Look at this team they grimey
Cops right behind me
Burning down a big spliff
Perm is still suspended
Fuck it he won't learn
Ti'll he right back in that Burgenvans
Sick, no more chips
No more bitches on my dick
You don't want it with them boys that will
Pop your ass, lots of stash
Lots of cash, damn you
Only drink fifths of Grand Cru
Shower smoking bamboo
If there is no more his piece is white
Hit you with that forty-four
Make that bitch go sleepy night
Bye

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Some niggas pump all day
And don't bring a dollar home
I don't break bricks
I break ribs and collarbones
Yeah I gotta home, but these streets I gotta roam
And I break a niggas jaw, even when I got the chrome
I'm, sick with the flow
Spit with a disease
And I'll give it to a nigga like hepatitis B
The weapon under the teeth
Cause distant and spitting the second you niggas flee
Catch him stepping out his V
Ain't no spitting recklessly
I gotta a steady hand, I'm trying dead your man
Niggas even Smith and Wesson me
Niggas send me to the strip it's time to light it up
Max put Mustard on this shit it's time to spice it up
New edition to this Gain Greene infection
There's no protection, we closing in from all directions
With Smith and Wessons
No chase
Put a couple plates in your back
Put your face on your lap
Come out your face to the Mac
It's Gain Greene

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Yeah
Let me demonstrate what this cig will do
Let me rip a lemon too
Leaving you for dead
About to beat you off that bread
I'ma need it I ain't fucking around
Bullets got you ducking down
Throwing up, heard your money coming but it's slowing up
Heard you going tough

Try to blackball, ain't heard
Nothing about that Sony deal
Benz's got them chromy wheels
Hop out let that pony pill
Homie real, fucking fiends
She try to cop with those phony bills
Max came home no quarter mill
They scored enough
They ought to kill
Bitches need love, they on the pill
They bringing them in, we find them out
Max want bread, need more than a mill
Need more then a deal
Need more then a fill
I just want to fuck need more then a spill
Nigga need more than a spill
Nigga need more than a spill

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