

# The Ride

Mayday!

DZL you know it, my rhyme style is coded  
Underground they wonder how I get away unnoticed  
Slicker than a candle oil, victims have no vantage point  
Quicker than a phantom boy, victory I can't avoid  
To conquer DZL you need lots of people  
Cause the shots are lethal and you not gonna creep up  
Try to get at me, I'm already on the hunt  
Proactive, more action, yeah give em what they want  
The fireworks, watch how they perspire first  
Think that I'm a sitting duck? Nah, I'm a final first  
You're laughing at people's misery then you're crying worse  
When you're lying in dirt, your momma crying in church  
I'm driving the hearse, flying in reverse  
Like the Grim Reaper and believe me it get deeper  
Like the crip keeper, the host of the big feature  
Til you pigs and leeches see you're living facetious  
Ten percent started then I finish it  
Targets get diminished in a matter of minutes when  
Citizens get involved, yeah they fixing to do their job  
Anybody that come through the hall shoot em through the balls  
Leave em terrified, paralyzed, on the ground  
Funny from disposition now they wanna find common ground  
The time is now before we jump off  
Tragedy can make the petty situations dumb small

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Born alone, die alone, that's the ride  
Ain't nobody making it out alive  
We've been here now way past the time

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I've broken bread over the toaster  
Soaked in red hoping for closure  
Oh the ledge is getting closer  
I'm coasting and coping for gold  
And I'm over the hedge betting boulder  
With this head on my shoulders  
I've been bred British soldier  
My clock's almost over  
Under the moon and the seasons  
They change for no reason  
I just wish I got freeze em  
And hold some more Per Diem  
If you please my maze was made to keep you from the cheese  
And bring these bandwagon bragging tattered maggots to their knees  
Checkmating homie's faces, the game they play is faceless  
Bar-codes and bracelets, Locking us up in the basement  
Here's the scheme, they make you fear the final fucking scene  
But I don't need no kicker Nolan flick to wake me from this dream  
Give me a Trojan horse, rolling up and bang upon the pearly gates  
A Magnum of the JD, a snub nose.38  
I'll just watch the clock drop on these dirty states  
Finally I'm at the crossroads and nail upon the burning stakes

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Skip the Kool-aid, pass it on  
Watch em chug it down like some fucking hogs  
Atomic bombs, falling on my lawn  
I'll raise hell and go to heaven like I promised mom  
Like a junkyard dog trying to right some wrongs  
Like I jumped this clip with no shoe-straps on  
I really, yes I really jumped off  
Before a single zombie bit me, sank their teeth in my arms  
Til their meds run dry, I swan dive on hard drives  
Give em poisonous lines until their cancer subsides  
I got these Vice City blues, cause of Vice City blues  
But I know what to do, I need to make more itches brew  
Gypsy voodoo place-mats, terror cards read their lifespans  
They panic and frantically look for an escape hatch  
But ain't no cash back, the whole thing's bass act  
You might as well enjoy because it can't last