

# Ready 2 Ride

Philthy Rich

When the funk really go down  
Who's really ready to ride  
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Everybody actin like they smack shit  
And sell a bunch of packs  
Strapped with full metal jackets  
Really they be actors  
Non-factors in this trap shit  
Get hit with that mack  
Spin 'em around backwards  
Middle finger to them crackers  
Nuts dragging on the pavement  
If I whip out a banger, bitch, I'mma bang it  
No more scary niggas squares ain't hangin  
Pussies remain nameless, wishin they were famous, brainless  
Dare a nigga say I ain't ride when the time came  
I ain't bust mine, it must wasn't time  
Crossed that line, if you touch one of mine  
When it's really real, I'm the first one in line  
So, when it's funk, gas up and keep your eyes open  
Ridin around with no gun is how you die, though  
It get trife in the town  
When it go down them pussies won't be around

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A nigga put 10 on my head like I ain't worth 50  
Betta keep your receipts, you thinkin bout fuckin with me  
Play offense and defense, defense and offense  
And no I can't sleep till that nigga in a coffin  
Who really ready to ride, who really ready to slide  
Like my Ice city niggas, bitches ho inside  
4 5 6 shoutout bearfaced you know the real niggas regime and aj you know what it is nigga  
From dogtown to 3rd world  
Sem City Cypress Village  
Acorn Hustalanity them niggas mobbing with us  
5900 MAD Circle Free D and Tae (both locked up for murder)  
11-5, 900, shouts out to brante  
35 Shook them lame niggas, we don't name names niggas, let keep it a hunnid  
That's where you got you fame from us  
First u wasn't riding  
Now I guess you mobbing  
Get up on these track and do a whole bunch of lying

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G-Lock 26, smack shit, Blood bang  
3rd World, Black Gate. Bounce out and make it rain

Fuck niggas talkin out, Savi work the handthang  
Real shit we keep banana clips for you orangutans  
Rutger go bang bang. I'll smack a nigga for Lil Tay  
My niggas no [?] He'll pop you up in broad day  
These rap niggas boosie. Got hitters on Belushi  
That will blow you out your Kufi. Rock with the baby Uzi  
[?] me rock with me guns up  
Lil Keith my big bruh. Got love for them Ghost Nuts  
Pussy boy rap like a shotta but he fake as fuck  
Fonk turned up, pussy boy wanna pass the thump  
Crowd control, Terminator hold 100 drums  
Dischargin, no aimin, trippin with the honey bun  
Hit mission, black beanie, Black hoodie, barefaced  
Just the driver and the shooter, I'm the driver and the shooter

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When it go down, nigga ima be ready  
Choppa hold 100 rounds, I call it machete  
Leave a dreadhead brain look like its spaghetti  
Suction on the chop, I air it out just like its a Chevy  
No whistle tip  
Plus my cousin Mackin got the pump with the pistol grip  
Lower your tone when you're talkin to a boss  
That chip that you got on your shoulder, I'll knock it off  
And you already know what it is with the kid  
So I ain't gotta speak up on the dirt I did  
Omerta, The Mob. Its a code of silence  
Ol studio gangsta ass nigga be lyin  
Copped a handthang but never popped a damn thing  
When it go down, you relying on your main man  
But tell me is he gon ride for you?  
When you won't ride for yourself, You think he'll die for you?

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Money on my mind, banger on my side  
Nigga this west Oakland, we don't do them drive bys  
5's, 30 dick hangin out my shirt  
Bitches can get it too. I ain't Captain Kirk  
Overchargin for the work and they gon pay it  
Niggas know if I ever slide through, I'm gon spray it  
No sense of humor. Games I don't play em  
I put some change on your head and ima pay up  
Have a nigga knocked down as easy as a layup  
Put you in the Black Hole boy cause I'm a Raider  
He going in and out like a mixing fader  
Laugh now cry later  
Nigga I be strapped like the Terminator  
Change your life, Introduce you to Al Qaeda  
Serve a nigga 223's like a waiter  
That's what we do to a player hater