

Horses

Playa Fly

Got me some horses
To ride on to ride on
Got me some horses
To ride on to ride on

How many gon ride with me
Got me some horses to ride

Got me some horses
To ride on to ride on
How many gon ride with me (got me some horses to ride)
Got me some horses
To ride on to ride on

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To ride on to ride on
How many gon ride with me (got me some horses to ride)
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Got me some horses
To ride on to ride on
How many gon ride with me (got me some horses to ride)
Got me some horses
To ride on to ride on

I got myself a stable
Ready, willing and able
To do whatever it takes
To keep some food upon my table
Natural born hustlers, hustlers
Mafia motherf**kers
Down ass niggas
Ready to ride on you bustas
Tax us, yuko sax, pistol grips
We boom boom that
We ain't playin
You know what we got
And yo, you know where we at
And we ain't running from jack, shit
This ones I gotta in the sound and ya dead
So I'm a hold em by the reins
To the end of my reign
And teach my son
How to ride these thangs
By the moves of the game
Which ain't never gon change
And raise me a full grown mafia ass man
Or get stuck in
Were coming round the bend
And how many ridin with when I be in
I W I inna Gizza O double G
Tryna teach
Shoulda put us left two dollars on me
Cause I

Don't grab mac 10s 11 9s and ks

And 4'5s revolvers from the cowboy days
Look here buddy
It's gonna get ugly on this one
So don't weigh up the gun
If you're ain't ready to ride son
See, I mean this lead is gonna burn
And wounds gonna bleed
So don't mount up
Once you straddle this steed
Cause it's all out warfare
And I don't care
About busting fly's pistol
To take life from here
Cause once the smoke is clear
I'll be still standing here
With my blunt on my lip
And my gun on my hip
And if you wanna go on?
Then I'll bust your lip
Your nose is swollen, your eyes
And then I empty the clip
And were gone saddle up
Hit em up, move'em out
Me and my minnie mae members
Hit it back to dirty south
And this battle is one
But the war has just begun
Last time I'm came gunned
And this time I'm dropping bombs
Hiroshima...

Ain't it a perfect picture
But it was far from pretty
It mostly exposed
The underground of my city
You the known d pimps and G's
Prostitutes and thieves
All of the cut throats
And very few was unt-es
Got me a couple of horses
But not just any horse
This bitch yo won d derby
So triple crowned it early
Living up to expectation
Help put this mob on the nation
A couple of lemons gon knock it
But this fat full profit
So stop your idol gossip
I'll beat your f**kin ass
Y'all just some damn losers
Don't want to cross ma path
My dues been overpaid
I'm fallin in the rage
Stepped on this front page
Shining on similar stage
Progress is step by step
And making a name for myself
Thaistik gon do it solid
Cuttin d loss on my breath
Wanna know what Thaistik do
When am feeling sad and blue
Got a couple of horses to ride on
How bout you?

No matter how many situations
Rise against me
I got my mafia posse ridin with me
We cause mass destruction
Like Osama binny
Cause alls on d line
O mafia minnie
I'm like parker lose, yo
And I can't lose
I got to much at stake
Fly got a job to do
And the truth is out
I feel obliged to know
That I got strong stallions
To ride on young buck
And wild full blooded thoroughbreds
And this time I'm racin
For the bacon and the bread
The head and the ass
The cap and the gown
And the most coveted prize
The triplin m-crown
I found me some ground
And I'm staking fly claim
Everything that I got
Was earned on fly's name
I'll take the fortune
Fly motherf**k the fame
As long as I keep studs
Males and castles to ride mane
Yo I

[Chorus x3: fade out]