

Ride

Pro

Ain't no way that I'm gon' change
'Cause this my lane, so let 'em know
Go'n fan this fire to flames
'Cause I've been saved, so now I'm gon'
Ride, ride, ride, now I'm gon'
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Gimme the beat, I'm goin' ham outta mayo
For the Prince of Peace, peace taste so sweet so le-leggo my Eggo
Don't quit till the King of Kings say so, 'cause he build me up like Legos
I'm a spit- spit truth till my life is through so cats kneel down and thank Him
Hit 'em harder harder with nothing but armor of The Lord, yes I gotta gotta go in and bat 'em with my sword
Chop chop choppin' in my body like I'm tryna make sushi with a little bit of Rahman Poppin'
Back for the King not chasing things, true believers know just what I mean
Stand tall just- just like Yao Ming, I'd die for this, nah mean?
Nah mean, dedicate my rhyme scheme
To the King of Kings, with a thought made everything
I mean everythang, you worship plenty change
To give a little bit away, I call that penny change
'Cause minus the name that all knees shall bow
Your good works = filthy bowels
With every noun and every vowel
I give him glory till I clock out

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I'm a ride till the wheels fall off with the tint dark, hopin' y'all see me less
Cruise in the straight, lean to the narrow gate, gotta follow his way like a GPS
Got a 66 shooter you can say I'm strapped, treat the Bible like a Ruger keep it on my lap
If the flesh try and flex I'm a let it go clap; heaven on the map, I can't afford to go flat
Nah, I can't afford to go that; I done left sin, I can't afford to go back
Used to be the lost till The Lord found me, I give him everything now, I can't afford a low jack
I'm focused dawg, go so no doors, stroll with PRO no don't roll solo
So love God, I don't hold gun dro, exalt him so go like low PRO
His name we exalt, he is boss we need his cross
Many people try and take a different route till the gas run out, no he is lost
Other people try to say that he is false, got Christ in the jeep but he just flossed
His talk is talk, dawg he's just off, they speak hot air like heat exhaust

Nah, and they'll see me walk; flesh is dead, see me frost
Then one day I'll be raptured away, you'll miss that ride and see me off
That truth stay in my veins, uprooted in his rains
To please God is my aim and that's why I stay in my lane, mayne

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Please pardon my car alarm, whippin' on this road- road
Got the cross comin' to America, my Dad he's rich, he owns So Glow
The Gospel fuels my diesel, I'm run-walking like the feature
I'm super super fast and I feel I'm still saved then I'm back on another seq
uel
I done changed into a new creature and a transformer, call it beast mode
I'm a trip until Part 3, Christ's work is done, that's the prequel
It ain't fair, I got that cheat code, type G-R-A-C-E
Press down left left up up right right, hold X until the thing goes on

I'm on now, I don't care what you say, goin' up, the deuces
My mind is made up, I'm seeing clear like Blu-Ray
I am on my new day, new grace, new face
I'm gone so y'all don't go'n get left behind like Doomsday
Anybody wanna roll, come here; you look so loud you can sound like Timmy
We runnin' and we runnin' to the Father who can send somebody running to the
Gates, how you like that Billy?
Who's gonna knock us? Who's gonna stop us? You, not you, you, Andy Milonakis
Down to the ground, pound for the pound, better roll with the Rock or be dow
n for the count

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