

Bye Bye

Psychopathic Rydas

Jumpsteady
Tom Dub
Patrick
Jason
Av Curt
Billy
Jeremy
Pickles
Steve
Barry
Mike E
Jesse
Mike C
Nathan
Stephen (Hooha hooha)
Eric
J Dirty
Nathan

Don Corleone
I blow ya throat piece off (hey)
And you gone spray blood everytime you cough
Cuz I'ma murderer (Like That)
And it's time your learned
If you dance with tha devil
Then yo ass get burned
Affiliation
Gang bang professional
Me and yo murda was intentional
Your momma gonna need therapy when you die
Cuz I'ma sever your head
And send yo momma yo eyiieaa

Who wanna test a mutha fucka
Bitch I'm the hardest
Nigga in the hood
Your rap part is my targets
I'm scopin' ya out
Red beam on yo forehead
Bodies don't play
I'm quick to leave ya dead
Bitch we ain't broke
We all about our cash
And that's an ole mutha fucka
Still talkin' trash
I pull tha gat out
And stick it in yo mouth
And why you niggas cryin'
The Rydas goin' all out

Bye Bye
These Rydas don't die
Bye Byie
C'mon killa come try
Bye Bye
Buckshot go boom
Bye Byie

Rydas in the room

Betta watch yo back
I got my gat cocked
Right between yo ass and let it fly
And watch your whole program drop
I give a f**k I'm like a hit man
Rydin' in trucks
And I be bustin' mutha fuckas
With these hot ass slugs
I sold drugs fo to long
Now I'm inta killin' shit
Into bustin' hollow into bitches
Who pop the helly lip
Ryda Clique
Fo Fo murdered the whole block
Burn that bitch down
Bitch ass niggas can eat a glock
I spark one to yo chest
Launch on the floor
Forty poured out in your memory
Whud you die for?
Tryin' ta score
Outta Full Clip's pocket
That's why your heart is pullin'
From the place of riot
Any side-runner tryin' to undercut a Ryda
Get blasted up and wild
Than Tracy Lorde's vagina
Cuz we wiser
Than yo average gang bang hustla
Kickin' up dust
When I bust
Ryde sumthin' ya

Pucker up and kiss your ass goodbye
All you none Rydin' mutha fuckas
You can eat a dick and die
What you know about a thug?
What you know about a G?
You ain't a Ryda mutha fucka
You ain't shit to me
No matter what those otha niggas try to tell ya tho
Fuck you and yo skills
And yo jaw gettin' broke
If you ain't Fo Fo
Bullet or Cell Block
Full Clip or L'il Shank
You can eat a cock

Look at me
Gangsta, Khakis and last
Shotgun barrel to your mouth hole
Blast
Blow yo Adam's apple
Into apple sauce
Call yo momma
And tell her bout her horrible loss
But I guess...no...f**k
Fuck yo lud
Cuz I ran out
And I bail out in a black truck
I don't even wanna see yo face no more

I'ma rip it off and then punch your skull

Dumb mutha fucka
Bring an eight ball for Sherm
When you gonna learn
That a Ryda let his pistol burn
Contact a lawyer firm
And get your wig broke
Straps are flying
To yo head, legs, chest, and throat
Let it be known
To the rest of your bitch crew
Ain't no limitations
Shit...who we run through
You mutha fucka you
Kiss yo momma with two from my ride (BUCK BUCK BUCK)
Boom baby bye bye

I see you bitches still don't know
I let the gat do that talkin'
When I'm balkin' at these punk ass hos
Catch ya slippin' in my gunzone (Yayaaa)
All alone
Wit my beam on the tip of yo nose
And there it goes blaugh
Shootin' bitches
For some back in the day
Try ta rat a nigga out
Now they buried away
Niggas gettin' carried away (bye bye)
On the strips
With the white sheet
Bitch ass nigga
Now ya bug me
797 797
We are high in the sky
We've located 5 suspects
They are heading east bound on 7 mile
They just crossed woodward
Please respond

797, this is coral police responding
We have units in pursuit at this time
Once the suspects are apprehended
We are going to suck their units
Over

Coral, this is 797
Be advised
If the suspects ejaculate
Save some for me
Over