

## Last Ride

Psychopathic Rydas

Pour out a little liquor live by the gun die by the gun  
My Moms had always said when I was young I wouldn't last long  
She said I was too crazy only concerned with makin babies  
Never lookin for work the streets raised me for war  
Schooled in laws of currency by the ways of robbery thought  
They never stop me I keep it way too greasy but  
Like all good things sometimes they gotta end my memory  
Lives on in every system that you bump this is in  
Now that all the weed has been smoked and all the laws have been broke

Give me a moment of silence cuz im stopping the violence its my  
last ride my last time the last rhyme the last of the real Gs  
thatve truly crossed the line don't shed a tear for me my shit  
was history and how they feel for me will never be a mystery my  
memory is stronger than the faith that's in that reverend layin  
n my body to the ground and all my peoples around my last ride  
my last ride ill see you on the other side its so hard to say good  
bye I really don't wanna say goodbye my last ride you was hatin  
everything I said I was livin suicidal rollin with the walk  
in dead my last ride I was lookin in from the outside my last ride  
was so tight comforts gonna be alright my last ride with the reaper  
in the 45 my last ride in the plane no parachute and skydive

(My last ride) on the way to my funeral service

(My last ride) Im not cryin cuz I know I deserved it

(My last ride) Put my body in the coffin and drop me

(My last ride) I was destined to ride nothing could stop me

The last time I seen that shell well damn I pierced the forehead  
and exploded the head of that man sorry and as his body crumpled  
check this hear I picked the casing up and I had to shed a tear  
(f\*ck that) cuz I knew and it knew wed never see again florensic  
cops had took my little friend(give it back)I had to skip town  
and leave my baby brother but im cool in the last moments I  
watched a head splatter Don't follow me make your own way theres  
to many baby Gs layin in the casket today and that's a shame  
pour out a sip of foty but it won't bring your homie back cuz  
when you live by the gat you gonna end up on yo back wearin a  
suit covered in dirt like a sycamore tree my homies gone and this  
is reality its sad to see his family and all the riders wellin  
up and breaking down

But this his last ride as we commend his body to the ground

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My last ride im no bullet im a spent up shell full of pent up hell  
my ryda cartel was hard as hell I love em ill admit it my w

hole life was exquisite when it was time to ride we never whined we just did it ILL BE A RYDA! weather up in heaven or hell now that im mother f\*ckin dead I hope my records will sell im on My last ride my hearst is black like I predicted bury bullet with the strap and put the loaded clip up in it

This my last ride I remember every last second gaspin getting no love shakin from the shock open wound oozin blood the last time for everything scrappin in the street smoking weed ridin through the hood lettin off my heat I gotta stay strong hold on and hope someone will come along daddy always told me learn my right from wrong so when you bury me take care of me free drinks on the house six gun salute from my rydas right before they ride out

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It was all about my home boys (RYDAS!) Bullet Full Cip the original gangstas converse Cell Block Sawed off Lil Shank Maf\*ckin 4fo4 we do it real big baby psychopathic rydas forever check your shit in bitch come with that shit motherf\*cker dumb bitch its been a long ass ride last ride