

Ride

Ralo

You better know who in your car before you ride
Fuck a snitch ass nigga, Young Scooter ain't tryna get caught up with you
You better know who in your car before you ride
Whole car locked up 'cause the fake ass nigga wasn't claiming pistol
He say he your nigga but he in competition
Better watch who you ride for, niggas switch up instant
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Check my resume nigga, everything 100
Heading off from street, the young shooters'll bang ya
It's family ties, mafia standards
Call a meeting pronto, the situation's handled
The guns is monkeys, by the way the clips bananas
Our lives are real, even though y'all see the cameras
Say them racks will make your main man stab you in the back
Expect the members on the prowl, tryna make they attack
And baby mamas, baby mamas, I hate y'all stankin' ass
Won't get shit from me, bitch better get up off your dusty ass
And I got Jewish lawyers just in case this shit crash
And I ain't crazy, best believe I got a stupid stash

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I refuse to be caught up
We hit no when they call us
All of these niggas gon' stalk us
They know they bitches gon' fall for us
I send a pack to the coast
I got the game in a choke
I do the most
I spend them bands on my ho
She will not never let go
Walked in the cut like a millionaire
Tell the judge I'm not seeing it now
Tell him I already been in there
My lil homie got a ten in there
Fuck what you saying, I am the man, I got them bands
These niggas playin', I got a plan, I will advance
Jewelry louder than an argument
None of these niggas ain't robbing shit
All of my niggas a part of me
None of my niggas won't starve again
I see the [?] of that Benz, I did not ask for a friend
All of these bitches pretend
Lord you know that I sinned, I just want all us to win
Don't let 'em in

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