

Riding Clean

Ramirez

Aye
Playa pimpin', smokin' prescriptions
Ridin' on a pimp slow
Niggas don't know who the fuck this be Ramirez
I'm from the West Coast
Blowin' up on a purple stack, stackin' on my lean
Makin' my money, popin' a stain
Niggas should know that G.O.D.S be the team
Catch me lane switchin', that paint drippin'
I'm riding in my state, hoe
He dip for late, I'm getting away with my bottom bitch is your
main hoe
Lavish living, changing my car like it was clothes
Poppin' my color, open my mouth
Then I'm showcasin' these golds
Rollin' in Hell and talking n' smokin' up on that Pretty Leaf
I switch gears on my player two and I'm maxing out on a high speed
Blowin', smokin' in Hell, that should begin the fucking chokin'
These flauntin' niggas talking shit but these niggas ain't really know me
Rollin' up in the town, bitch
I'm sitting in sides and I'm swerving
Jet light to the next life with the currency cause I'm sparking
Stackin' on my fucking paper as I'm chillin in my condo
Your baby mama cookin' up some eggs while I'm playing Super Nintendo

Welcome aboard, NWA flight 069
It's time to bust this coney y'all. In a hot second, I'll be hittin' them switches and gettin' this bitch pumpin' and jumpin'