

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 sparkling
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'