

# Ridin Round

Red Café

... Kinley, who the army?  
... but flip the shots in your rip cage  
On the free rail I come quick, mate  
Everybody in my big face  
That's the keys  
That's the keys  
Come get me  
I ain't worried about his Biggie  
I'm getting mine and I'm being sedated  
... I brought home like...  
You gonna cargo when I'm...  
Your prince is over that BOLO  
... East side, worldwide

Ask her is she's a big girl  
Hey you can post your biggie hoe  
No hoe but seek up

Ridin' round in that Bugatti  
Ridin' round in that Bugatti  
Ridin ' round, ridin' round  
Ridin' round in that Bugatti  
My tool on me, my tool on me  
Ridin' round, dog say  
Ridin' round Illuminati

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My tool on me, my tool on me  
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Ridin' round in that Veyron  
My black strappin', my season  
My black...  
My dog level, my tape on  
I like these rappers based on  
... That white girl and that black guy

Hunt and ransom  
Hunt and ransom  
Hunt and ransom  
... Watch your tone  
Watch your tone  
Watch your tone  
Cause these are best hours  
Ask the big...  
I ain't even supposed to be home  
... supreme is my...

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You come ridin' round in that Bugatti  
Tryin' to cush, feeling molly  
Strapped up, turned up  
... for the fuck Holly  
On my rap sheets, too much bodies  
6 hoes, motherfuckers  
... Ice down no blood dimes  
It's dog life, real dog shining  
All off that block work  
Shake that monster  
Lean back...  
See me for that fish girl  
I pass you with them bricks on

East side I'm Boston  
Feed up in that big lead  
Me and all these big bees  
... way on insistently  
I'm living this real life  
Than fuck boy, don't miss me  
I escaped the re-call  
I ain't even supposed to be home  
Pimps seeing get a G code  
Ain't nothing free but a free ride home

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Ridin' round, ridin' round  
Ridin' round in that Bugatti  
My tool on me, my tool on me  
Ridin' round, dog say  
Shake down Illuminati