

Ride Out

Tyga

Came in at first, had bad luck
Got a whole lot, remember I ain't had nothin'
We done sold out, now everybody mad at me
Tell 'em roll out, now everybody smashin'
Get ready cause you know we 'bout to be a problem
Hope you ready cause you know it 'bout to be a problem

It's the only way we know to go
Squad up, never roll alone
And we gon' ride on forever
We ride out together
Pull up right in your zone
Take over the street, that's how we roll
And we gon' ride on forever
We ride out together

Fancy when I drive, six cars in the driveway
Cash in the driver door, spend it, do it my way
I fucks you like a matador, fresh out the catalog
One fall we all fall, crew like dominoes
But chase vamanos, all my dogs riding smoke
Mob heavy like the Pope, for that pot of gold
We are not alone, boy, better check your tone
You gone need a lot of help, I ain't talkin' bank loans
Sit with us, table last supper
Toast to the brothers, some bad motherfuckers
Yeah, ain't nothin' but pure luxury
You lookin' left to me, should be looking up to me
Preferably one of the best
She ridin' cause we next now and forever to death
Be loyal, real, and respect, stay ahead of the rest
We just sit back, relax, doin' things to impress

Ridin' on ton of waves
And no way these niggas stoppin' me, oh no
Flyin' from a mile away
It's not a problem, only real ones follow me
And I can do this with my eyes closed
Blindfold two times over
Ride solo, I got women and got soldiers
I ain't trippin', you try to get it your night's over
Talkin' all Melatonin, get it and fight coma
What's defeat to a giant, niggas feedin' the fire
History, niggas be less them niggas flee when they flyin'
You don't believe it? Then try it
We don't believe in just tryin'
I call it peoples and leave 'em in 100 pieces divided
That's cold blooded
And I've been this dope for like four summers
And I ain't really going for the he say, or she say
Keep it G for Pete's sake
I know this shit that bone you pick
Might leave you niggas footless

It's YG 4hunnid!

Is you ridin'?
Is you with all the burglarizing and the violence?
If Jimmy got caught up, but you right there with him
So the police askin' you questions, is you gone keep quiet?
Is you loyal, is you real, is you fake?
When I can't tell that's the type of way that I hate
You got that fake friend, San Tone
There's no cure so them symptoms is gon' show
You know the code, stick around, hold it down, never fold
Like it's a crease up in your Dicky Browns
Hold up, each one teach one
Motivate each one to be somethin'
Cause I ain't just another statistic
I do this and that if you wanna get specific
I'm just tryna make bread come quicker
For me and my day one hitters

Ride out!