

# How U Ridin

Webbie

Trill Fam. Young Savage you can catch me (catch me)  
Fresh kicks, fresh bows, and a fresh tee (fresh tee)  
We two crucial ass hoes yea that's me (that's me)  
Look at him his eyes closed he ain't even sleep  
Say Boosie chill wit all that swervin' too much dope in here  
Nigga slow down you betta think about Big Head and Pimp  
Y'all want that savage shit (savage shit) I gotta represent  
Y'all want some rider shit (rider shit) well here it is then

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

How you ridin?  
Bad bitch hair did nails feet too  
How you ridin?  
Leather seats TV's with the beat too  
How you ridin?  
Gettin big behind tint you can't see through  
And my rims way bigger than yours

[Webbie]

Red truck, blue truck, green truck, black truck  
Suburban, Excursion, that Tahoe, that 'llac truck  
Fuck it a bucket, a Delta, a Cutlass  
A Regal, a Montique whatever you thuggin'  
It's suped up, it's couped up, it fold down with grey sound  
When summer hit you gotta keep the roof up or it go down  
That bad bitch now she be in that Mustang or that Sebring  
Or stuntin her ass off in that '05 her man bought  
How much your paint cost?  
Look like it just got rained on  
Tell me this when you stop do your rims stop or they keep goin  
Your Nissan, your Neon, your old man Caprice own  
You finna take off them twenties and put them big 23's on  
Watchin the latest DVDs with the TV's on  
It's hot AC in winter can turn your heat on  
You hear them loud pipes as soon as you put your feet on  
Bicycles, motorbikes, whatever you on the street on

[refrén]

[Webbie]

You went the cheap route or do that deck pop out  
You gon' let that tech pop out if that mess pop out  
How you ridin  
Want you ain't worried bout flossin  
You hollerin fuck what I'm talking your shit better than walkin  
It's five stickers up on it look like the junkyard on it  
The 26's up on it and Boocu bitches up on it  
What kina motor up in it think it can fuck with that Hemi  
I gotta Cutlass 350 will leave your ass by a distance  
You ain't customly did it or oringally interior  
Your like them Westside niggaz'll sit that thang on them switches  
Them by 9's be tickin you broke the rearview mirrors  
But that's the 415 shit I run with the 412  
I gotta 'llac chrome grill on the factory rims  
Hoes piled up in here all on laps be still  
Cant wait to get to the room nimblin on my ear  
Y'all gon' get it just chill let me control this wheel

[refrén]

[Webbie]

Hot gun half a bird man I ride like that  
I ain't even tryna swerve I just drive like that  
With a Beyonce face and some thighs like that  
Attitude like Trina and a ass that fat  
Fuck it I done told my cousin you can have that Lac  
Gon get your shine on watch what I'm gon' snatch  
I don't know but off the top I'm spendin 85 stacks  
With them cozy ass seats that massage my back  
Jacksonville, Mississippi A-Town y'all niggaz wit me  
They talk funny but them boys makin money in New York City  
Took some trips up to Houston be all the D-Town bootin  
Greg Street whats happenin to they love that Gangsta Musik  
If you gon' do it then do it from the Benzes to Buicks  
Let your ends look stupid drop them up 22 it  
Y'all niggaz is clueless don't you worry bout Trill  
This another hit for y'all stupid clowns to steal  
Gametime