

Propellerheads F/ Shirley Bassey**"Ride With You"**

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(*talking*)

Yeah, Daz Dillinger, E.S.G., Slim Thug

Doing it up real big, ha-ha

What's going down my nigga

[E.S.G.]

Let me see you holla-holla, if you love the summer time

Hit the detail shop, get your drop top shine

Ain't no subways here, it's thugs down here

20 inch dubs, what we love down here

The best part of year, bout the end of May

Now the best thing to see, MLK on Sunday

Candy spray on gray, playing Playstation 2

Looking good when I come through, I smell barbecue

E.S.G. true-true, pop roof purple Sprite

Sin in the Benz, rims circle at the light

Cardier filled with ice, got a cooler full of comas

Say playboy, you know the blades are the old ones

AME's, on the SUV's

DVD's, with the five T.V.'s

Maaan, off the showroom flo'

I love the thug life, boy you already know

[Hook: Mike Wilson]

I wanna ride with you, Southside

That sticky green I'm looking clean, let's ride

I wanna floss with you, Northside

From H-Town to L.A

[Daz]

See ain't no feeling like it's feeling, when you balling
and you chilling

Stacking chips by the minute, see the hoes straight
grinning

Hit the 59, puffing a pound

Hit the 6-10, now I'm in the wind again

Hit up E.S.G. and Slim Thug, prolly smoke rims up

So fresh and so clean, I hit couple my friends up

Now a G at St. Claire what's up Sin (heey)

The sticky Mary do way, everyday all day

I'm so serious about it no doubt it, if you a G straight

shout it
Put your pistols in the air, and be about it
This way and that way, sideways on the highway
Motherfucker, I do it my way
You see what you see, is just what you get
E.S.G. and Slim Thug and Daz, dropping gangsta shit

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]
The sunshine got me tan, while I head to the sand
Top down music playing, wood grain in my hand
It's summer time, so I feel like I gotta shine
Candy do's glass 4's, with the fifth reclined
Popping trunks on swang, is how we clown in that Tex
From my wrist to neck, I'm invisible sets
Nothing less, Slim Thug the flow pro rapper
As I head to the Kappa, 4 swangas and adapters
(turning heads while we crawl, up and down the C-Wall)
From now on my mind set, to just ball ball ball
I hit the mall like whatever, what I want I get
I never run out of cheddar, cause my stash too thick
From H-Town to L.A., L.A. to V.A
Represent where you're staying, let me see how you
play
Now make way for the city, that love to po' up
Cause H-Town and Boss Hogg, is about to blow up

[Hook]

See what you see, is just what you get
It's just that Thug and Daz, dropping gangsta shit

(*talking*)
Biatch yeah, E.S.G., Slim Thug, Daz Dillinger
Running the South, the North, the West, the East yeah
Put your hands up, all my bitches put your hands up
Real gangstas put your hands up, yeah

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