

## **Roberta Flack F/ Donny Hathaway**

### **"Let Me Ride"**

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#### Verse One

Creepin' down the back street on Deez  
I got my glock cocked cuz niggaz want these  
Now soon as I said it, seems I got sweated  
By some nigga with a tech 9 tryin' to take mine  
ya wanna make noise, make noise  
I make a phone call my niggaz comin' like the Gotti  
boys  
bodies bein' found on Greenleaf  
with their fuckin heads cut off, motherfucker i'm Dre  
so listen to the play-by-play, day-by-day  
rollin' in my '4 with 16 switches  
And got sounds for the bitches, clockin' all the riches  
Got the hollow points for the snitches  
So would you just walk on by, cuz I'm too hard to lift  
and no this ain't Aerosmith  
It's the motherfuckin D-R-E, from the CPT  
on a ryhmin' spree, a straight G  
Hop back as i pop my top ya trip  
I let the hollow points commence to POP POP POP  
yeah, cuz if it don't stop  
I have to put my shit in reverse go back and take  
another's stop  
Cause I'm (Rollin in my six-fo')  
with all the niggaz sayin

#### Chorus:

Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
hell yeah  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
with all the niggaz sayin  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride  
Hell yeah  
Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

#### Verse Two

just another motherfuckin day for Dre so I begin like  
this

No medallions, dreadlocks, or black fists it's just  
that gangster glare, with gangster raps  
that gangster shit, that makes the gang of snaps, uhh  
word to the motherfuckin streets  
and word to these hyped ass lyrics and dope beats,  
that I  
hit ya with that I, get ya with  
as I groove in my four on deez, hittin the switches  
bitches relax while I get my proper swerve on  
bumpin like a motherfucker ready to get my serve on  
but before I hit the dope spot  
I gotta get the chronic, the Reme Martin and my soda  
pop  
Now I'm smellin like indo-nesia  
bus stop full of fly bitches and skeezers  
on my dick, cause my four on hit  
pancake front and back, side to side and all that shit  
So when I crawl I comes correct  
Now, if your bitch in my shit, it's your bitch you check  
nigga  
Now let the Chevrolet slide  
As I dip a nigga trip to the south side, yeah  
(Rollin in my six-fo') with all the bitches sayin

Chorus

Verse Three

Check this out  
The sun went down when I hit Slausson  
on my way to the strip, now I'm just flossin  
Checkin my rearview, cause niggaz they will do  
jack moves, black fools cause I smack fools  
Try to set me up for a two-eleven  
Fuck around and get caught up in a one-eight-seven  
but I don't represent no gangbang  
Some niggaz like lynchin but I just watch them hang  
so on, and so-on, why don't you let me roll on  
I remember back in the dayz when I used to have to get  
my stroll on  
Didn't nobody wanna speak; now everybody  
peepin out they windows when they hear me beatin up  
the streets  
Is it Dre? Is it Dre?  
That's what they say, every single motherfuckin day, yo  
But I ain't trippin I'm just kickin it  
While my deez keep spinnin and these hoes keep  
grinnin I'll be  
(Rollin in my six-fo') With everybody sayin

Chorus: to end

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