

W.C. "Wanna Ride"

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Nigga that shit coming together
Like sweaty ass cheeks, nigga

Keep it gangsta y'all
Keep it gangsta y'all

My niggaz thug out, you getting drugged out
These bitches getting loc'ed out
When we smoke out, 'cause we chromed out
About to bomb out

Here ye, here ye, calling all the hawgs
Fresh outta the whole tank, bouncin' up the walls
Dub-cee, the bandanna president, with the gauge on
the ghetto
Rollin' through y'all residents

Runnin' the scene this is the king of the cars
Thugged out baby in my new busta's
Gangstas, all of them gangstas, none of them let me
see up
Ridaz throw ya heaterz up

Ladies, OG'z, sorry that I've been gone
But now I'm back to get my walk on
Swang with the game as I reach out and touch ya
Turn the cup up and get ignorant on this motherfucker

Mayday, mayday, back in charge
Calling out cars, calling out cars
Dip, skip through the lane with the bang, bang, bang,
jangle
Hoppin' out the SS workin' all them angles
Dub-shiest deep the scrilla, and I've got my homeboy

Hell yeah, the motherfucking villain
1 to the 2 to the 3 to the, hello
Look at these g'z working these fake ass sopranos
Here come the Villain with another heater
With motherfucking Dub nigga in the two-seater

On my nuts while I west west y'all

Grab that microphone and I test test y'all
Villian baritone be like all over y'all

Who wanna ball with that Black nigga Ren?
Like the Don Mega I'm supreme hustling
Dub-cee, give a fuck if these bitches don't love me

I wanna bang, I wanna ride
I wanna slang, from the side, do it now
It's do or die, we can ball till the wheels fall off
And let these motherfuckers know they gotta peel us
off

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Gangsta

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Upon 'em again and I'm er running 'em again, look at it
With da-da-day, with da-da-day
Dub rock it, let your flag hang from your back pocket

Draw on 'em, on 'em, on 'em can't none of 'em
Eat with me, eat my style but y'all can't get rid of me
I heard y'all C-Walking now, yeah who taught you?
What you could say who?

Nigga why I oughta smack all the spit out of you
Beat the shit out of you, get at 'em dumping, stomping
Dippin' in the 600, saggin' in my overalls blunted
Finger and thumb it, quick run
This gangsta shit Dub-Cee runnin'

Here son, steady pumping I come through punking
Y'all think y'all rollies, shooting them high styles like
Kobe
So shut up and kneel to these West side parolees
And pass the blunt, 'cause none of y'all can hold it

We got the niggaz
(We got the bitches)
We got the killaz
(We got the riches)

We got the dealers
(We hit the switches)
We got every fucking thing you want
And we can get it punk ass nigga, if we don't

We got the niggaz
(We got the bitches)
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Who that nigga that you fucking with?
When you want to hear some motherfucking nigger shit
Call the villain and I'll bring hot lyric
Waltonville to hit your bitch nigga ren with it
Y'all need to quit it

This shit legendary, fuck around
With it and yo mama get buried
Your first born and that bitch you just married
Who give a fuck pop that baby, she just carried

Hubbin' all black like my fucking skin tone
How the fuck you gon' talk about the villain, you a clone
Bitin' every time you bust, who gave all y'all balls to
cuss?
Weak motherfuckers better say us

So if it ain't Ruff, it ain't my shit
Might a bit mad at the bitch that ate my dick
Hate my clique, bitch-man 'cause I won't hit
A nigga that I ain't fucking wit'

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I wanna slang, from the side, do it now
It's do or die, we can ball till the wheels fall off
And let these motherfuckers know they gotta peel us
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Gangsta

Please believe it, please believe it
Please believe it, please believe it
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