

Webb Wilder

"How U Ridin"

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Trill Fam. Young Savage you can catch me (catch me)
Fresh kicks, fresh bows, and a fresh tee (fresh tee)
With 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 bent 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 Lac truck
Fuck it a bucket, a Delta, a Cutlass
A Regal, a Monte whatever you thuggin'
It's suped up, it's couped up, it fold down with great
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

[Chorus]

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
Expired 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

[Chorus]

[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 what's 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

