

Solomon Childs

"Let's Ride"

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[Intro: Solomon Childs]

East coast, west coast, east coast (yeah, man)

East coast, west coast

East coast, west coast, east coast (uh)

East coast, west coast

West coast (all the ladies)

East coast, west coast (get 'em)

West coast, east coast

East coast (uh-huh), west coast, east coast (yeah)

East coast, west coast

[Solomon Childs]

From Junior's to Roscoe's

From Venice Beach to crates of Corona's from Kosko's

Maryland and VA late nights, these freak bitches got
lasso's

Type of bitches take it more in they assholes

From Detroit to Texas, frontin' in St. Louis

Playin' Nelly in your Lexus

But it's all good, cuz the money got your groove
vibrating

On the track, Mardi Gras, like we out in New Orleans

ATL, the bitches blowin' out, when they be balling

San Diego to Sacramento, we jingling baby

Two shots of Henny got us mingling, baby

We kill a nigga, for platinum bound

Front, so ya baby momma can watch ya faggot ass
swallow the pound

And ain't it something, how these motherfuckers never
bite nothing

But stay hollering, how they bloodhounds, another
nigga done bit

You want the Theodore Unit to act up, whoodie

Get yourself all shot up, whoodie

[Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs]

Another nigga done bit, another nigga done bit

Running his mouth...

Another nigga done bit, walking the wrong route

I told you about that fronting on niggaz

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