

Yukmouth "Ridaz"

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Yes! Yes! Welcome!
(Thug niggas throw yo turf in the air!)
Smoke-A-Lot up in this bitch!
(Throw yo hood in the air!)
A-G-2 the Ke, DMG, yes!
Let's kick this anthem shit

All of my niggas Ridaz
Small time grindas, pimps and big timers
Whether it's heron or hemp wit China
I'm not a bitch on the strip sellin' vagina
(Come on, come on)

Nigga I'm always into somethin'
If I can't beat yo ass then I'm dumpin'
Give a nigga the pumpkin head deluxe
Then come back an' shoot up they whole fuckin'
function

We funk' rootin'-tootin', smokin' on blunts
Wit skunk until a nigga malfunction
Get in the coupe and punch it
Niggas be funk' for nothin'

Fuckin' the game, another nigga done lost his name
For side bustin' fire somethin', puffin' I put it up in the
air
You niggas live to die hustlin', I'm fuckin' wit playas
from everywhere
From Las Vegas to Delaware on down to there

I'm a thousandaire mackin' bitches, draggin' ?em down
The strip juss by they hair like, "Oh dear!"
Where the fuck is money? Don't go there
I leave yo ass stuck, hungry starvin'
In the middle of no fuckin' where I swear

Cut off your privilege like welfare
Section 8, Smoke-A-Lot'll stay placed in Berlin
By the end of 9-8, hell yeah, then I'll be straight
Fuck off a hundred G's and still got money up in the
safe

Ridaz nigga!

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Go inside the twitchin', missin', my mission I vision the
hit
Suckas keep watchin' yo mental mix is gettin' twisted
Who is this? In the kitchen wit fixings for the come up
Servin' rocks on the block 'til it get hot snitch we ridin'
on ya

Bitch we Ridaz, remind ya that niggas high
If I introduce you to the ditch, you don't wanna die is
the hit
Smoke, drank already lit caulkin' my shit
Who you think you fuckin' wit?

I said recognize the muthafuckin' Mobb hoe
I don't know nothin', juss heard poppin' by the door
Who flipped you in the river, did you see G Mone
In the O by the [unverified]

Flippin' this A-G-2-A muthafuckin' Ke you best believe
We rob yo spot, why not? We Rap-A fuckin' Lot
Owe us some paper, there's no reason for us to not
glock
Posted wit yo mouth open, hopin' that I don't squeeze

Wit a swift chopped up to his knees
Say where the cheese?
We Ridaz!

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I'm juss a Y.G. who snuck in the gamblin' shacks
Scramblin' crack wit niggas who did more years than
Geronimo Pratt
Killas wit hands on they gats, muthafuckin' murder fo'
hire
Mobb attire, pupils dilated, nigga hog tied in barb wire

Torture, squeeze a niggas nuts wit plyers put his place
on fire
Then escape juss like McGuyver wit the get-away driver
Live and direct from the projects that be gated on
some made shit
Outlaw affiliated! He chose to spray wit gages

Baraccaded the scene, yellow tape and white chalk
Niggas who like doe, I get paid off
Fuck a write-off, it's tax free money
Deliver 'em a China up inside a Taxi honey

Task be lookin' at me funny, know I'm a trigga happy
Gats be hungry, barkin' on niggas like DMX
Beat bitches like PMS and flee ridin' a BMX
Flippin' GA checks at yo set, grab the promoter
By his muthafuckin' neck, don't be fooled by the Rolex!

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Who in the muthafuckin' hell, nothin' but Regime Ridaz
Southside affiliated wit big timers ballers
Killers, who live in mansions off the water
Lunitiks, shippin' in bricks after brick

200 percent, pure snow white Coca-Cola
Straight Yola all the way from the Bay to Minnesota
What you know 'bout, this Face Mob rida
Dumpin' off on yo shit 4 and 5 timer

Yuk, I think it's time we fuck these muthafuckas up

Show these muthafuckas up, straight up drama uncut
Fuck they mamas, they fuckin' wit killas wit seven
figgas
Psychos, drinkin' the bottles of nitro, now it was
Yukmouth

That told me that he got '5 On It' and I believed that
And now you better believe it too
Nigga I will shoot, murder up you and you we Ridaz!

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