

Z-Ro

"We Ride"

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[Hook]

Top back, cruising down the street yeah we ride
(we ride nigga), yeah we ride (east to the westside
nigga uh)
Music up, banging up the speakers we ride
(we ride nigga), yeah we ride (north to the southside
nigga uh)

[Z-Ro]

The top back, like a old nigga hairline
Oh you looking for a woman, you can have mine
My pimping iPhone, unlimited airtime
Use to see her for free, but she charging a fee now
Cause she with me now, she rolling with a boss
Loving the passenger side, what the fuck is in the
house
And with her head in my lap, you know what's in her
mouth
My slab newborn baby, booty smooth
J-Dawg told you, what them swangas do to you
Have you chunking the deuce, to a person you never
knew
Never leave home without it, that's something you
better do
Got my FN-57, and a baretta too
Falling asleep at the light, is something I never do
That's giving jackers an opportunity, to get to you
One hand on the wheel, other hand on the money
I die behind mine, 'fore they take something from me
yeah

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Puerto Rican in the front, backseat is a Brazillian
I am Phillip Banks, these are both my Vivians
Don't wanna fuck pussy, I wanna fuck a million
It's a jungle inside, the ride reptillian
Gators on my toes too, call em step-tillians
Lunch where the water, ten dollars not Bennigans
Hypnotize hoes, looking into them spinning rims

Never retweet a hater, they are not worth mentioning
Maryland to Michigan, any city they see me in
Real Milwaukee, that's the birthplace of Pimpin' Ken
No squares in my family, I'm not kin to them
Excuse my rudeness, I never been a gentleman
Old romances, be damned if I rekindle them
Cutlass is one of the first cars, I was flipping in
In the front El Debarge, in the back Barry White
Hoe we rolling in a concert, on wheels tonight that's
right

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Limousine tint, you can't see inside
If TV's ain't in it, you can't get me to ride
This the fo' do' edition, not the cheaper kind
Three four seven dollar can ride, I don't need a dime
So much money now, I be running from taxes
Suit and tie nigga, money still under the mattress
Send her out in the cold, she brought me back a stack
quick
White hoes heels break, hard to pimp a black bitch
But I don't love you hoes, I love my ends
One deep for life, what the fuck is a friend
Before I lose it, I'ma try to count to ten
Fuck a grenade, with no pin
You know I'm looking, through Louis Vuitton lens
H-I-D lights, the road is never thin
Houston all the way to Miami, before the gears shift
Cup thicker than Buffie the Body, no beer bitch yeah

[Hook - 2x]

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