

## **Coyote , Lucky Luciano & T-Weaponz**

### **"How We Ridin'"**

Visit "[How We Ridin'](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Chorus: Coyote

You all know how we ridin'  
We came to make you move  
Fuck with all to prove  
No matter what hood you reside in  
This is how we do, man  
We got a new plan  
You all know how we ridin'  
We came to make you move  
Fuck with all to prove  
No matter what hood you reside in

[Coyote]

Coyote from the Golden State  
Get it straight

(Verse 1)

Let me break it down  
I represent my town  
Coyote's in the house, put it down, how we get down  
G's in the mix, homies, homies, look around  
Downtown, brown town, put it down for the brown  
Shoop, shoop, shooter, cruise  
Pocos Pero Locos  
5150  
Crazy on the vocals  
Lowride, homie, west coast to the east coast  
You know how we do, Latin peeps on the move  
How to have a piece, so we had to make a move  
And it's all good, yeah, from our hood to your hood  
Up, blowin' up, like we knew we would, yeah  
Holla at your boy, make ya say, "God damn!"  
Man, oh man, big things, that's the plan  
What's up with these eses, homies on, be checkin'  
Til the wheels fall off, holmes  
Jura, jura, pusha  
Trucha  
Locos en carusha

Repeat Chorus

[Lucky Luciano]  
Dirty dirt  
Hold up  
Hun

(Verse 2)

Let me show ya how I do, sittin' on 22's  
I'm passin' by the schools, with my music on Screw  
Cuffed here to the rim, I'm a show my gold grin  
Baby, have you ever seen a candy red Benz?  
Tippin' on Swangers  
Four cliffhanger  
Arm out the window, flashlight on my finger  
Pinky ring sunny, I smell like money  
Listen to the front row, screaming "I'm Lucky  
Luciano, playa made vato"  
Can't keep it on the shelf, when my tape hit the store  
Got the H-Town gang, nothin' less than the best  
How I walk, how I talk, how I dress with finesse  
2006, poppin' bottles of Cris  
Pour it out on the floor, cause I'm ballin' in the mix  
I'm a send my bitch, have her slide down the pole  
Tell her count the money out, when I pull up at the door

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

[Ark]  
Some are Pocos Pero Locos, leave the vatos actin' babo  
Keep y'all niggas on your toes like some tacos, kinda  
flaco  
Little skinny, bet a plenty, if I had a penny for the many  
Niggas actin' petty, y'all already be rich  
In the doors, see y'all flippin' the flow, Ark kick the shit  
Left like a flick of the stove  
Listen  
I name what the game is and bet I ain't with you  
You can find me in the Range, lane switchin'

[Psalmz]

It's not where you from, it's where you stand  
One wave of the hand  
Might give me 25 in the can  
Search  
And you find, I put work in my lines, while your radio  
Pumps out nursery rhymes  
I write life  
For my pania, tryin' to feed my bilega  
Cause me being broke, eso no combina  
Gonna bring rap back  
Before I'm gone

Wherever I lay my hat  
Well, that's my home

[IzReal]

It's T-Weaponz, the New York Rican east coast thugs  
Where we still get Chicano, Latino love  
Ya tu sabe, without you, there be no us  
No name in lights on Vegas, casino buzz  
And we rep for the black and Latino slums (Fa' sho)  
New York o L.A., you still see those guns  
They be angry  
Cause they know that he's all buzz  
He's alright, but he's no us

Repeat Chorus

Visit [Coyote , Lucky Luciano & T-Weaponz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.