

Craig David & Mark Hill**"What You Ridin'?"**

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Yeah...this that shit we bump when we outta town....

Chorus

What you ridin' ridin'?
What you rollin' rollin'?
What you lightin' lightin'?
what you smokin' smokin'?
what you countin' countin'?
what you holdin' holdin'?
who you pimpin' pimpin'?
them bitches hoin' hoin'
(Repeat)

Verse 1: (Nature)

Now once you fuck with me bet your life is over
I got more hoes than Tyson Botha
bite ya shoulder, bite ya earlobe
weeks go by, I let my beard grow
ya'll lookin' like ya'll tough but ya'll scared though
these rap cats is wierdos
I zone where no Man would dare go
I'm like the President, testifyin' didn't swear though
I fear no Man, not even the Lord
my niggas still pumpin crack, got a reason to score
we made it sweet in NewYork
some fake Muslim niggas still eat pork
all I do is write the rhyme and let the weed talk
tell it like it is
Gangster chronicles, credit the Bridge
ironic, we keep it thugged out, it's better for kids
this time it's Nature shreddin' your myths, shreddin'
your fame
fake Willies gettin' settlement money step in the game
get their own label, first act flops, don't recruit
niggas records ain't hot, them niggas own loot
now what you gon' do?

Chorus 2x**Verse 2: (Half-a-Mill)**

Yo Son, we shine like tons of Platinum

refined minds, my guns double action
my Duns gettin' head, relaxin'
I wanna see bread in fractions
thorough reaction, vest on your chest
metal packin', S on your chest
we rip the S off
God forbid we have to hit them tecks off
flip your wig and rip the lid of your Lex off
I'm deeper than your best thoughts
who the fuck you gonna extort?
hold trial in the streets, I'll smack the judge in front of
his court
public assault
Nine-point-Nine stuffed in the vault
we ain't lyin', we roll out on those Hawaiiin resorts
keep your eyes on the Hawks
'cause they spy on your corpse
we the best in this, private jets fly off the loft
deadliest, metal heavy like Isrealeans
on the Jersey turnpike me and the God spotted the
Aliens
I burn mics and bury ends
who am I?
I'm like Y2K causin' your computer to die
right....

Chorus 2x

Verse 3: (Nature)

While corner stores sell beers to minors
nearsighted cops arrestin' mad niggas just 'cause they
wearin' diamonds
they say I'm steerin' clients
they said they got my on tape, the Panasonic
put the knot to my head, my Man got it
and they can't stop it
they never could and never will
fuck a misdemeanor dun, my crimes be fede-rill
until we net a Mil I won't spend shit
won't lend shit
I can't see shit
'cause thugs can't keep shit.

Verse 4: (Half-a-Mill)

With buds and a weed spliff
drugs and the heat kid
up in the Precinct jakes took your G's and told you to
beat it
whats the root of all this green shit?
submachines and submarines
them ghetto hoes that only fuck for cream

hope she buffed you off before she stuck your team
fuck what you talk
we thugs from NewYork with guns that shoot off
whether you hard or soft you still get knocked off
quicker than these crills get knocked off
my bills still top yours
Cris' still popped off.

Chorus 4x

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