

## **Bishop Of Hexen**

### **"Somethin' To Ride To"**

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Im just ridin' slidin' lets take a little trip  
CMG and K and first to make a grip  
Comin' from straight from out the old so you know that  
We got the funky track thats phat  
But anyway its my time so let me introduce  
Special one first up from the gangsta crew  
Known as CCD with a title and a rep  
Its quite apparent  
Servin' funky shit to keep you motherfuckers starin'  
Pump it up mack shit for your ears  
Kick it loud and clear  
Making hoes dissappear  
Hittin' doughnuts in a tre' sideways to the  
Next light triple sold thangs and my shits tight  
Five beat mobbin through in the town  
Duce tone gangsta flake with the top down  
Damn this shits hittin hard in the trunk  
Got me three wheel switchin' on them bitches on the  
next block  
Headed straight to the top  
And as long as my skills pay the bills  
I'm a never stop  
Kickin that shit you love  
Pass the dank and the drank for the Bitch to buzz  
Its a ghetto thang so bring the ghetto swang  
Hookin' niggas they came when I do my thing  
Five real g's mobbin' on a mission  
Check it, its the funky expidition that we call  
Something to ride to

Chorus x8  
Expidition, funky expidition

(??)

Come and catch a thrill  
With the super skill  
Rhyme flowin' daughter the tack  
With the neck to keep your speakers blowin  
Ridin with a gat in my lap and the finger on a zap  
Looking for some niggas in a cadillac  
Yeah we on point rollin a point

Special wanna CMG  
Blazin up a joint  
Keepin a steady pace in a car race  
Sidin on a strip with a grip and an 8th in my glove case  
Never leavin a trace  
Believing the 50's blind  
Cause I fucking conscious of these streets of mine  
Rollin lit with the tin shed shallow  
And ill be back around the block for niggas to drop  
tomorrow  
From east Oak to the B town looking for a freak now  
Where a hella scratch to get at  
Check it CMG on a mission  
To get with some niggas to ride on this funky expedition

Chorus x 15

Yeah, Conscious Daughters  
All up in your trunk  
Somethin to ride to  
Hey yo K, why don't you step up and that ass know

Front hiss boulevard to bumpy ass trip  
Homies steady clownin on the gas-break dip  
Its a conscious groove  
Making all my daughters move  
Rollin through the town with big bass boom'  
Lets get bigger on these up the street  
Jack for a minute let them take us out to eat  
But I concentrate on all my niggas later  
I flow to this shit cause Im special and the greater  
But its this funky that got me grippin still like this  
Come into my show if you and you may kiss  
Dont mess with the bomb  
I never stress no tension  
Come kick it with the daughters as we take you on a  
funky expedition

Chorus x 8

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