

## Boyz II Men

### "Ride"

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Umm, yes, yes, yes, y'all  
Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride  
Sho nuff  
Let's ride, let's ride

[Mr. G Stacka]  
I'm Mr. Everyday Chief  
Full of herb  
And this killer ass reefer got a nigger feeling swozy  
I'm slowly, creepin' up through the hood  
And I see my niggas, and the smoking real good  
So show a nigga love, what up kinfolk  
And while you at my nigga, won't you past the dope  
You know a nigga has to choke  
Of killer both for me, I got the smoke flowing down my  
throat  
So playa won't you ride with me  
We can get quizzer in the front of my drop top Caddy  
With my heat just ready to skeet  
So playa please don't drop no fire on my feet  
But it's all good, cause it's much love  
And I got my mind twisted off kind bud  
I'm screaming out Dirty thug  
Sipping on the Cognac with the hardest buzz  
So tell me what it was  
What it be like  
Mr. G living up to this gangster life  
And it's got me on a flight higher than a kite  
And my eyes real low so I have no sight  
I'm feeling really right as I keep flow, through the sky  
Way past cloud number nine  
Chiefting all the time, blazing on an ounce  
Cause I just can't make it with a nickel or a dime  
Everything looking fine in the Gump city  
Girls walk around short skirts on looking pretty  
You can tell the thugs from the sedity  
All the high-class girls always acting nitty  
But showing no pity, in the land  
Of blunt passing  
Niggas be everlasting  
Where Mr. G gone blaze the weed

Until I'm dead and gone off in my casket

[Chorus 1-Mr. G]

Now take a trip in my 'Lac with me  
We can patch in  
You can go half on a sack with me  
We can find a freaky slut to beat  
And if it come down to it  
We can bust our heat in the street  
See, it don't really matter  
Long as I'm down for you  
And you down for me  
We can ride together, forever  
Rolling through the streets of the G-U-M-P

[Chorus 2-Khao]

It ain't nothing like riding the track, rocking the show  
Making the crowd get hype, letting them know  
Is you ready to wild out, I'm bout to flow  
Got you peeping the style out, as I go

[Chorus 3-Big Pimp]

Now should I drop the game on them hoes  
Now do you really understand  
How the pimp game goes  
It's all about money and hoes  
Keep us in it, with your mind froze  
And slamming Cadillac doors

[Khao]

Now I'm a ride on the track  
Giving you something that you can feel  
Better buckle up before you go, haters hit the door  
Cause we be hitting you with the skills  
Don't give up before you flow, I'm a let you know  
That my adrenaline assembling  
That's enough to have a emcee trembling  
Just give me the mic and them Frank Benjamin's  
And call the paramedic, I'm about to injure men  
Finish him, ain't many left to cope  
Hearts stopped beating, listen to this stethoscope  
So many emcees getting' left for broke  
And try to make a comeback, shoulda kept the joke  
Khao be the name, try dissin' me  
Your history, your absence a mystery  
Dried your game up like an antihistamine  
Put that on Big Pimp and Mr. G  
This'll be, something that people can ride to  
Laid back, track cool like Rallo  
Hit after hit we follow  
Wanted to nibble and bit off way more than you can

swallow

Y'all must be drunk off the bottle  
Hating on us, don't talk, bring yourself to me  
I don't need nobody helping me  
I'm about to lyrically burn a brother to the 12th degree  
What y'all wanna do now, huh  
Humiliated, didn't know, Krumbsnatchaz affiliated  
With Dirty, came up and really made it  
All these cats wanna be down with us  
I really hate it, but illustrated, the picture  
It takes skills to grab the mic  
And keep it tight, some want, simplified:  
Some had it, some got it  
Some wish they did, and some don't

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 3]

[Big Pimp]

Now let me take you to the land where the riders see  
Pardon me shorty  
Let me introduce you to my pimp psychology  
Let a young nigga hold if you down with a holla at me  
Now follow me, to my '98 'Lac outside  
Now is she ready to ride  
Slip cover your eyes, it's a surprise  
I'll be obliged if you slide where them Dirty boys hide  
And I was hypnotized when a young playa saw (um,um)  
Your pretty brown eyes  
And I apologize if I came to hard  
Trying to get between your, sugar brown thighs  
You know the pimp hide  
And it's 12 o'clock tonight  
I got late night lust  
We need to, bring a pen and pad  
And keep count (keep count)  
Of the nuts I bust (I bust)  
I'm swerving, looking through my rearview nervous  
While your head steady working  
And your neck steady jerking  
Up on your knees in my seat  
And your lips steady slurping  
I don't just kill a knob  
And I know your mouth finna' throb  
And baby if you could  
Shine and rob with your tongue  
Like old Inga Shywood (Shywood), situation all good  
I love the way you got straight to it  
And plus I love the way you do it  
I wouldn't take nothing from you

Girl you's a true headhunter  
Booger-lips turner  
You must have got it from you mother  
Now look up in the sky, it's a pimp in the air  
So freaky bitches better beware  
I got your mind, mega blown  
With the game that I spit  
And keep them freaky bitches horny as hell

[Chorus 3]

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 1]

Ahh  
Sho nuff, sho nuff  
In my 'Lac with me  
On a sack with me  
Ahh  
Drop the game on them hoes

{\*Fades Out\*}

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