

C Note

"Ride 4 My Homiez"

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(*talking*)

I'ma ride for my dead, I'ma ride for my dead homies
Uh uh, ride for my dead homies
Cell phones get that shit lit, I'ma ride for my dead
homies

[C-Note]

Nigga hit that weed, hit that dro
I got a lot of money, I stack a lot of do'
I sip that drank, I make big bank
I still miss my dead homies, fuck what you think
This year homie, we gon go to the top
And I'm staying Screwed up, and my blades gon chop
And them bops gon bop, but I'ma keep it thoed
Six figga niggaz, got me thinking bout that gold
And I'm bout to explode, but y'all don't hear me
I threw them 84's, on a black and white Riggy
They can't come near me, them boys can't stand me
Cause I'm two door, drop Rolls and a Phantom
Ballin up the block, I know they feeling this
Got the yellow on my watch, got that yellow on my wrist
Nigga top of the list, got the number one disc
Six slugs to them niggaz, that go up and try to diss
We gon ball till we fall, but I'm glad that we made it
It's 0-6 for the 0-7, Escallade'y
Nigga you been warned, we 3rd Coast born
We lay back in a Maybach, while we contemplate and
brainstorm
Nigga I got cheddar, we ball in any weather
Niggaz been aim, but we real we stick together
R.I.P. to Screw, Gator, Fat Pat
Mafio I'ma see you at the top, you feel me black

(*talking*)

Ride for my dead homies
Pour out a lil' liquor, you know I'm saying
Ride for my dead homies

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