

## **C-Murder**

# **"Do U Wanna Ride"**

Visit "[Do U Wanna Ride](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Slay Sean]

How many wanna play now? It get dark wit the shades  
down, you know Slay and Black paid now  
Niggas, see we be thugged out, 2 deep  
Muthafuckas betta stay out the way now, that  
foolishness  
I'm tellin you yo crew could get hit wit dem tools and  
clips  
Fuck who you get, you and that fool you wit, gone get  
yo wig split  
Black guns, me and my doggs clap guns, don't be  
thinkin we jus rappin  
You saw what would happen, gun blastin  
Squeezin off til I'm the last one

[hook] 2x

You gone ride - Take It Outside  
You gone die - Take It Outside  
You gone cry - Take It Outside  
Take It Outside, Take It Outside

[C-Murder]

Now if you wanna ride or die, then try  
but let me get high so that my mind can fly  
Because I'm just that kinda guy, people wonder why  
I'm so violent, because the N.L. move in silent  
in other words, I creep creep, put you to sleep sleep  
187 will be yo last beep beep  
I bring that N.O. heat heat, to the streets  
toe tag yo feet, yo feet  
I treat ya like a prostitute, and fuck ya up  
A roughneck nigga that'll ruff ya up  
Like a quick car wash, I'll touch ya up  
Cause I look at ya'll like sittin ducks  
Boy don't you understand that I'm the man  
wit the plan, wit beacoup benjamins and alotta ghetto  
fans  
At first you was tellin me to keep it trill  
But now they know T-R-U is real  
One hundred and eighty seven percent  
I remember when my pockes were full of lent  
All my real niggas like next to kin

So testin me is like testin them, now what!  
I guess it's buck ya'll time  
I guess it's time for the second line  
My last cd was "Trapped in Crime"  
so you already know what's on my mind

[hook]

[Black Felon]  
What What  
Say I had 16 bars

How many muthafuckas can drive 16 cars  
Go up in the club, thuggin, and pull 16 broads  
Take em home, and fuck em all in 16 minutes  
(haha they don't know)  
Muthafuckas you aint heard of me, Alotta them niggas  
from Desire be, on the side of N-O L-I-M-I-T  
or T-R-U, wit Slay Sean and C, peep game dude  
who can spit it better than me?  
Ever seen a nigga chest blown (chest blown)  
Eventhough he gotta vest on (vest on)  
Nigga walk up to yo dogg witta dress on  
and start spittin some shit, that'll split you at the  
chest bone (chest bone)  
You fuckin wit the wrong click  
We gotta army of niggas who don't give a fuck who u  
run wit bitch, get cha wig split  
Think it's a game, but it aint, Black Felon, Slay  
Sean, and C  
Bustin on some of that T-R-U shit

[hook]

[Traci]  
Nigga take it outside, I was born to represent  
Tru niggas gotta keep it thugged to roll wit this chick  
Catch me in the cut, G' Nikes, bandana'd up  
Mean mug on my grill, Like I dont give a fuck  
Who want what, they get stuck  
I don't play around, in the back akin buck wit both  
Arms up, and around my hand, Tru Records wristband  
understand the game cold but got colder when it met  
me  
I came to put it down, put ya face where ya chest be  
And I don't run, it's the same place where you met me  
Slay Sean, Black, and C my click, so don't sweat me  
I get up in yo face, nigga, so don't test me  
Hard to get at me, but try ya luck  
I make niggas stutter and I leave em stuck  
When this track come on, watch em all get buck

Traci just represented is you warin or what?

[hook]

Visit [C-Murder](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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