

C-Murder

"Ride"

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We gon' die thuggin' 'cause that's just the life we lead
We gon' die thuggin', bustin' at our enemies
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Bustin' at our foes for the sake of being riders
Till the casket close, thug shit be inside us
We try to survive it 'cause all we got is the projects
On the camouflage sets in the bricks, niggas die wet

Till the death for street glory, it's infinite beef
Though it's most of the reasons lotta niggas six deep
With heat when we ride we 'posed to roll that way
To keep a soul that way with 44's that spray

The key to the city it come in bricks or them birds
Thug niggas, drug dealers making flipping that 3rd
Born to my work deserve what's supposed to be mine
If it's what the fuck we need, then D, we 'posed to be
ride

Try to separate us but it's survival of a thug
While you try to play us, now you gotta watch my slugs
Ride wit us, die wit us, follow us to the war
We got five on the weed and we blowin' inside of the
car

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Ya'll niggas better I'mma die for this shit that I need
I've been committed too long for me not to succeed
I been in greed my whole life and caught up in the
weed
Hustling with thugs and everyday, go to sleep

Keeping the guns cocked
Surrounding the block, opening up shop
With a bundle of rocks in my socks
Niggas wann beef

If it come to that dogg, I'm down with it

Stank a lick for the fetti
Get the cash and clown with it
Hennessy and weed when I'm comin'
Throw your guns up, let me see

If you bitch ass niggas gon' make some noise bruh
Follow me now 'cause I'm coming up
And ain't that cold I got too many bitches running up
And niggas wanted to blast me, police harass me
If I slip in the street

I really think them niggas'll snatch me
Like I'm faking the game
But taking the pain letting them niggas know
How I'm shaking the game with nothing to explain

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We gon' die thuggin', bustin' at our enemies

We gon die thuggin', we ride or die, stay muggin'
And bustin' and flooding many bullets in your cousin
Survive or not, any block I hit is hot
Ask them warlocks shit, them hard-knocks give me
props

Like them Melphomine boys , I got them toys that'll split
ya
With enough ammo for every nigga that's with ya
I hit ya sun up or sundown it don't matter
As long as my muthafuckin' pockets get fatter

Bitch ass niggas on the edge they 'bout to fall
You wanna brawl, I make a muthafucking call
And kill ya'll shit, that's what I said and I meant it
That was your last dollar and you spent it, ya heard me

You 45 cent ass nigga, I make mills
Your bets to chill before you get your shit spilled
Lil' daddy I hope you make the right decision
I know some that'll have your ass missing

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