

## **Beanie Sigel**

### **"Ride 4 My"**

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Ayyo, feel this shit right here  
All my block niggas  
Gimme a second, dogs, I got us, I swear to God  
Feel this shit right here

Ayyo, from Boyz II Men to the End of the Road  
Yo, we boys to the end never been in the cold  
You got me, I got you till our souls grow old  
He shot you, he shot me, how we supposed to roll  
I take a shot for my nigga, gimme two to the ribs  
Run a spot for my nigga while you doin' your bid

Fuck a step, pop these c's gonna know who you is  
I get it through to your wiz that it's due to the kids  
For my dog, I swear to God, I'll sit in a box  
Gimme three hots and a cot before I snitch to the cops  
Six foot, ditch pam box covered with rocks  
Tombstone ready die for the love of his block

Know what I want in my life, I want for my brother  
Know what I want for my wife, I want for my mother  
It ain't a question on what I would do for my squad  
Ask yourself if you really true to your squad

I'ma ride with my niggas, die with my niggas  
Get high with my niggas, flip pies with my niggas  
Till my body get hard, soul touch the sky  
Till my number get called and God shut my eyes

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We gon ride 95 till it ain't no gas, flip and divide ties till  
it ain't no cash  
And till the computers crash and the dough all plastic  
Everything in our path go through and smash it  
Put our niggas over bitches, niggas over riches  
Niggas over drugs, for my niggas I get slugs

I know my niggas thugs, for my niggas, I shed blood

My niggas, y'all don't owe me shit, just show me love  
I'ma get us out these streets, help our family eat  
Move us out the hoods, put us in the woods  
Gimme just a second, my flow ain't yet perfected  
But damn when it is, shit then when it is

I speak the truth, don't take this here as no song  
Till I'm gray at the roots and my beard grow long  
It's me and you ride or die, let's weather the storm  
Take on the world, playboy, whatever it's on

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I took bread with my niggas, spot rushed for funds  
Took lead with my niggas and we bust our guns  
I shook feds with my niggas, knew where to duck and  
run  
Ain't care where and when and who the fuck would  
come  
We knew we'd ride till the day we die, till the day I fry  
Told y'all till I touch the sky

We gon roll, gon flip, touch them pies  
Know if I got the six, you can touch the five  
For my true block niggas, I'ma spark for them  
I get shot a million times, lay in chalk for them  
Gimme that 5 by 8 where it's dark and grim  
I give anything to see my dog walk again

You can trust me with your wife, trust me with your kids  
Trust me with your life, trust me where you live  
Nobody know but me, you and God  
Your seed, your girl, mom and my word is my bond

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I'ma ride

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