

## Cross, Christopher

### "What You Ridin'?"

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Yeah...this that shit we bump when we outta town....

Chorus

What you ridin' ridin'?  
What you rollin' rollin'?  
What you lightin' lightin'?  
what you smokin' smokin'?  
what you countin' countin'?  
what you holdin' holdin'?  
who you pimpin' pimpin'?  
them bitches hoin' hoin'  
(Repeat)

Verse 1: (Nature)

Now once you fuck with me bet your life is over  
I got more hoes than Tyson Botha  
bite ya shoulder, bite ya earlobe  
weeks go by, I let my beard grow  
ya'll lookin' like ya'll tough but ya'll scared though  
these rap cats is wierdos  
I zone where no Man would dare go  
I'm like the President, testifyin' didn't swear though  
I fear no Man, not even the Lord  
my niggas still pumpin crack, got a reason to score  
we made it sweet in NewYork  
some fake Muslim niggas still eat pork  
all I do is write the rhyme and let the weed talk  
tell it like it is  
Gangster chronicles, credit the Bridge  
ironic, we keep it thugged out, it's better for kids  
this time it's Nature shreddin' your myths, shreddin'  
your fame  
fake Willies gettin' settlement money step in the game  
get their own label, first act flops, don't recruit  
niggas records ain't hot, them niggas own loot  
now what you gon' do?

Chorus 2x

Verse 2: (Half-a-Mill)

Yo Son, we shine like tons of Platinum

refined minds, my guns double action  
my Duns gettin' head, relaxin'  
I wanna see bread in fractions  
thorough reaction, vest on your chest  
metal packin', S on your chest  
we rip the S off  
God forbid we have to hit them tecks off  
flip your wig and rip the lid of your Lex off  
I'm deeper than your best thoughts  
who the fuck you gonna extort?  
hold trial in the streets, I'll smack the judge in front of  
his court  
public assault  
Nine-point-Nine stuffed in the vault  
we ain't lyin', we roll out on those Hawaiiin resorts  
keep your eyes on the Hawks  
'cause they spy on your corpse  
we the best in this, private jets fly off the loft  
deadliest, metal heavy like Isrealeans  
on the Jersey turnpike me and the God spotted the  
Aliens  
I burn mics and bury ends  
who am I?  
I'm like Y2K causin' your computer to die  
right....

Chorus 2x

Verse 3: (Nature)

While corner stores sell beers to minors  
nearsighted cops arrestin' mad niggas just 'cause they  
wearin' diamonds  
they say I'm steerin' clients  
they said they got my on tape, the Panasonic  
put the knot to my head, my Man got it  
and they can't stop it  
they never could and never will  
fuck a misdemeanor dun, my crimes be fede-rill  
until we net a Mil I won't spend shit  
won't lend shit  
I can't see shit  
'cause thugs can't keep shit.

Verse 4: (Half-a-Mill)

With buds and a weed spliff  
drugs and the heat kid  
up in the Precinct jakes took your G's and told you to  
beat it  
whats the root of all this green shit?  
submachines and submarines  
them ghetto hoes that only fuck for cream

hope she buffed you off before she stuck your team  
fuck what you talk  
we thugs from NewYork with guns that shoot off  
whether you hard or soft you still get knocked off  
quicker than these crills get knocked off  
my bills still top yours  
Cris' still popped off.

Chorus 4x

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