

## **Damu Ridas**

### **"Damu Ride"**

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\* [B-BRAZY]

Let's get high biiitch  
In my Damu Ride  
Sittin' on the gold ones  
Hittin' that side to side

[B-BRAZY]

Biiitch I'm 'bout to come with that flow that's stupid  
I don't smoke loop trick  
Just pure marijuana  
A O.G. behind us lookin' for Don Juanas  
So I can light 'em up like a Philly blunt of ganja  
(Braze whatcha gonna do when you get out the jail?)  
Bitch I'm gonna kill me some Crabs  
(Well what do you consider Crabs?)  
Fags with flue rags  
Well let the Crab-killin', bitch-killin' Braze hit the stage  
Grab the mic and all the bitches pussies started to get  
glazed  
What's happ'nin' Blood? It's the Lanes, Grape Crab killa  
gang  
Bhakis hang like it's the thang, Blood  
Fool I'm rollin' with the killas bitch the Mafia Denvers  
Couple of the Blood gangs that be ridin' on thangs  
I'm cold Blooded like big trick, gots to stay rich  
Figueroa Rida Gang bitch, the street and the click

[B-BRAZY]

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[PIMP D]

Hoppin' to the '4  
It's time to take a ride  
With the muthafuckin' Damus Ride  
Nigga from back side to side  
Watch the three wheel motion  
Headed on up and then we keep on boastin'  
Flossin' on the D's, bitches all on them nuts  
But this brazy-ass nigga

Ain't givin' a mad-ass fuck  
About no slut  
Oh, I never  
I'm settin' off shots because I'm so damn clever  
Now whatcha wanna do?  
I'm down with the fuckin' Dogs from the East to the  
West  
Statin' on the fuckin' 'Shaw  
So back the fuck on up B-I-tch please, it's the Y-G Pimp  
D  
I'm in it for the cash money  
Now what you talkin' about?!  
NUTHIN' I SUPPOSE!  
That's why we catch niggas slippin' on the Golden  
Chrome  
Ahaha...  
Nigga don't even try to figure  
Why the Damu Ridas are the real cap peelers, nigga

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[B-BRAZY]  
I need a shiny gold tooth  
To match the naughty Daytons in the Coupe (Brazy  
ballin' now)  
Now ain't that the truth  
Wash her up, charge her up or shoot your boggie for  
the bitches  
Sunday night you be  
Everythang button on switches  
It's about  
Who's flossin' the most  
And who's tossin' the most  
And which muthafuckin' ride keep hoppin' the most  
For the hoe's whoever toss the Brazy's deuce  
All tryin' to get cute  
For this nigga in the Coupe  
That be rollin' 4 deep  
Red beanies in a rider, pancake at the light  
Tsoop! Raise the front hire  
Just left the Denver Lanes we baravanning to the bumps  
Quarter over in Crab hood Blood the One-Times got a  
Y-G bumped up  
But they just gave mad at ticket so we West Side roll  
So we all can go and bick it  
At the party in the Dena's the M and L's keep it goin' on  
'WOOP 'WOOP

1-0-9 'WOOP 'WOOP for 1-0-4

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[PE-NUT 2 : lane. in. piece.]

Pe-Nut Deuce on the twisters  
Got 'em off swing  
Blood I'm entertaitin'  
Mafia Lane and  
In a Lex ??? bumper them B-dog cut  
So when I hit your ass up fool you better give it up  
Rollin' with Eight and Braze, Hawk, Yak and Spider  
(Damus and Ru's only roll with true C-K Ridas -->  
BRAZE)  
Fuck beatin' 'round the bush, Denver Lanes on the map  
And I feel like a mack twistin' up a dub sack  
E-Bo and the Lanes be me hoppin' like a '4  
And I hit a few more, let 'em swingin' little mo'  
It's the Figueroa thugs, Y-G Bloods  
Now let me hit the Henne-B so I can catch a buzz  
When I'm slippin' and slidin'  
On the West Side and  
Crossin' on whoever ain't Damu Ride (fuck Individual's,  
Boover's...)

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[LIL' HAWK]

Front and back, side to side, four deep in my ride  
It's me and my niggas rollin' through the West Side  
Dipped than a muthafucka on D's, steady swervin'  
Down Crenshaw, nigga's trippin' I'ma serve 'em  
I'm not goin' out like these other niggas  
You either blink wrong I'ma squeeze the fuckin' trigger  
I'm not tryin' to be the man but I can be the man  
So I hope you niggas and bitches really understand  
Not to fuck around you gets clowned  
Either way it go from the streets either on the studio  
Where we don't give a fuck  
And bring it on if you think you got nuts  
Blood you better know the time  
Because I love my 9, will relax your muthafuckin' mind  
Shit, what can I say?

Rollin' in my ride nigga it's just another day

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