

B.G.

"Ride With That"

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[B.G.]

Wasup nigga?

This the H.N.I.C. of Choppa City Records

3 time loser but I still ride with it, ya heard me?

[Verse 1]

Well it's Geezy, the hottest of the hot

You can catch me posted in the middle of the block

Suited and booted, I'm bout it, ain't gotta prove it

I see it then I'ma do it, I up it then I'ma use it

And it's like that, don't think you gon' steal

a nigga off my team and my team ain't gon' strike back

We'll be right back, fuck you done it nigga

We treat beef like coke, we 2-for-1 a nigga

Them soldiers coming nigga, you hear 'em stumpin

nigga

Your clips loaded about 100, it ain't no runnin nigga

You gon' get punished nigga, and your partners too

You in beef, so that mean they got it too

Now is they nuttin up, or they skettin out

You gon' see when that pressure come, they gon' rat
you out

And once we find out, where ya layin at

That's when we come in 50 deep and scam that

[Chorus: x2]

I keep peeps that will always, ride with me

I got beef so I always, ride with that

When I creep I always, ride with that

When we meet then ya know I'ma be, poppin that

[Verse 2]

You know I sleep and I eat it

I'm in the streets it ain't easy

All year round, where I'm from it's murder season

I keep mine close, always in grabbing reach

I heard they got a few niggaz talkin bout snatchin me,
nabbin me

I ain't going for that, come with it, come get it

Last nigga tried, you know how it ended

Wig splitted, dun-diggidy, I'm bout this, I bang back

You ain't gotta wonder where them things at, they right
here
I walk with em, ride with em, sleep with 'em
Fuck with me, I'ma show you I'm a fool when I creep
with 'em
I'ma beast with em, Gizzle don't play, I'm a dog
AK's, Mack 11's, Tech 9's, got 'em all
Put your face on the wall, I'm lookin at that
Sayin how ya gon' let a nigga hit me from the back
You gotta think in the streets, don't trust nobody
If you ever caught hustlin, don't bust nobody

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Don't start no shit, won't be no shit
When death come close your eyes, you won't see that
shit
Fuckin with Choppa City, nigga it's gon' be that shit
We bout that trigger play, partner you could leave that
shit
I'm a uptown nigga, I'ma be that there
Bitch made type nigga, can't be that there
When there's money coming in, I'ma be right there
C-Vannis, Magnolia, I'ma be right there
With the 40 on my hip, the chopper 'cross the street
The sniper on the roof, keepin a eye on me
I'm a product of the street, I get it how I live
It is what it is so I get it how I live
I'm bout that guerilla warfare, I cock the nine back
I told her ? round, I'm bout the dime bags
Whatever you're thinking, don't try that
Cause where ya hide at, I'ma find that

[Chorus]

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