

## David Banner "Ridin'"

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I'm from a place  
Where you gotta let yo' nutz hang  
Where them crakas used to cut your stomach open  
Just to let your fuckin' guts hang

Right there in front of the kids  
I might as well split your wig  
'Cause that's just what the master did

But now I'm the new Nat Turner  
Spreadin' something to the kids  
Like Sojourner, man, the truth

Fuck a 'Creek, I care  
But you in doubts and go "Woof"  
He ain't dead, what pledge  
There's a stank up in the Bush

Or a stank up in the White House  
Shootin' board bullshit, man, it's dead props  
Here in Chicago but hit this hi-lo  
Warriors come play, click the bottles

Cock them AK's, bust on KK's  
With the knuckle boy or the other two and the Stic-Man  
Given dead on your shirt like a wristband  
You a grown man, nigga, stand tall

Don't it hurt, 'cause you really ain't a nigga, dog?  
Don't it hurt, 'cause you really ain't a nigga, dog?  
Don't it hurt, 'cause you really ain't a nigga, dog?

Country boys, city boys  
Cadillacs, Rolly Royce  
Whatever, long as we ridin'  
Pretty girls, ghetto boos  
On the boulevard, in the avenue  
It's a long walk, now that we ridin'

Yo, niggas is not original  
Niggas follow the radio  
Niggas think if you blow

Then you gotta be on the TV show

Crackas is hypocritical  
Crackas will rob and shit on you  
'Cause see you do what they do  
They know freedom is powerful

Niggas is very visual  
If we see it, we think it's true  
Very few niggas make a move  
And even less'll see it through

Crackas make up the chemicals  
Then they call us the criminals  
Crackas make all the loot  
And we just get the residuals

Niggas will rob and shoot on you  
Crackas will drop a bomb on you  
Niggas is having funerals  
Crackas is having barbecues

Niggas sing the blues  
That's reminicin' the spiritual  
But when you say gawd is you  
Niggas ain't really hearing you

Crackas like to capitalize  
Them crackas a lie  
They say if you don't unionize  
Then you'll probably die

I hate callin' niggas, niggas  
So I'ma take it backwards  
But I got now love for Whitney  
I love callin' 'em crackas

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Cadillacs, Rolly Royce  
Whatever, long as we ridin'  
Pretty girls, ghetto boos  
On the boulevard, in the avenue  
It's a long a walk, now that we ridin'

Yeah, I call myself real N I G G A  
'Cause Kweli be showin' on the floor  
And they policies, my philosophies  
Show you that the block is a part of me

Freedom fighter like Richard Carter be  
It's deep how the street knowledge beef

'Cause it ran like a code inside of me  
It's practical, not scholarly

Now why do I call myself a nigga, you ask me  
Who's got my back when the cops harass me  
New York, L.A or Cincinnati  
Can ride the train or with the Caddie

When they call you, nigga they scared of you  
They fearin' you so actually  
If crack is gone, be fearing niggas  
Then that's what the fuck I have to be now

It's a badge of honor  
And some say that shit's absurd  
It's more than just a word  
We flip the shit like it's a bird

Pass it down through generations  
Then cuss you out and say it loud  
The first generation of muthafuckas  
To grab our nuts and say it proud

Country niggas or city niggas  
Tupac niggas or biggie niggas  
In the corridor, floor or door  
And all my Mississippi niggas

We connected all throughout  
The north, the east, the west, the south  
And if a white boy say the shit  
He'll still get punched right in the mouth

Country boys, city boys  
Cadillacs, Rolly Royce  
Whatever, long as we ridin'  
Pretty girls, ghetto boos  
On the boulevard, in the avenue  
It's a long walk, now that we ridin'

All they got for you is a cell, my nigga  
They want you dead or in jail without rebel, my nigga  
In the streets, it's similar to hell, my nigga  
But we gonna boss up and live well, my nigga

You see, all they got for you is a cell, my nigga  
They want you dead or in jail without rebel, my nigga  
In the streets, it's similar to hell, my nigga  
But we gonna boss up and live well, my nigga

