

## Dem Franchise Boyz "Ridin' Rims 4. Bricks"

Visit "[Ridin' Rims 4. Bricks](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah Nigga, (Young Juve)  
To all ya'll niggas, (Ya'll know what dis is)  
We don't ride dees no mo nigga,  
Ain't nothin' but flats nigga,  
We sittin' on lebrons back ova here,  
All ya'll fake mounted-up ass niggas, ridin' dees,  
We stop ridin' dees in '99. (checke checke)  
Put dat lil' boy shit up.  
(So So Def)

[Chorus X2]  
If ya ridin' rimz, ya gotta ride flats (uh,ha)  
I'm sittin' high, ridin' on LeBron back (uh,ha)  
Dat's 23's (uh,ha) if ye ain't know (uh,ha)  
I gotta tahoe truck sittin' up on 24's

[Verse 1]  
I got mo grams den Teddy,  
Got a cam in my Chevy,  
My car go (eeerrrrr)  
And When I ride I'm ready.  
Look like I'm glidin' on nothin',  
When I ride I be skatin',  
I pull up, swervin' on niggas,  
They don't be tryin', they be hatin'.  
They only ridin' on 20's.  
They might as well ride on hubs.  
If it ain't deuces or better,  
ya might as well put em' up.  
Cuz where I'm from (from),  
We mount up and ride on dem big rims.  
A whole supply of deuces,  
That spin harder than windmills.  
I been real,(yeah) always too deep,  
cuz I Pack heat, or White leather guts,  
Plush, Bitch scream in da back seat.  
23's on my fuckin' feet,  
When I'm ridin', I swerve.  
My wheels too clean fo da fuckin' street,  
So I park on the curb.

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]

I got a Chevy sittin' high,  
By matchin' corna' ties.  
Michael Jordans mounted up,  
Dats 23's on da ride.(Jizzal Man)  
I got the man in da trunk,  
I'm workin' da Alpines,  
Paint flippin', Candy drippin',  
Plus da wood inside.  
Drivin' a big boy drop,  
The T.V. in da rear,  
Da European clip,  
On da rotatin' rims.  
Just a flam of M.L.G.,  
(And dat mothafuckin' smokin'.)  
Bust a couple U-Turns.  
(Wit' da dos wide open.)  
Scrappin' on da gas pedal.  
Make my pipes start chokin'.  
Comin' down real clean,  
Wit my 6-screen showin'.  
Lebron back home,  
Look, I'm sittin' right on it,  
Drivin' up thru da lane,  
On da corna' straight gunnin'.

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

Loud pipes, satin music,  
Wit da judo eyes.  
2nd tone, background,  
Wit 2-inch ties.  
Cut the curb on da block,  
It's a concert life,  
(DFB and me, bitch)  
Swervin' side to side.  
Yup, da Cutlass mounted up,  
Like a H3 humma.  
Buddie stuntin' 101,  
Cuz I'm da #1 stunna.  
Flushin' down 20 (yup),  
Doin' mo than a honda.  
Since my paint wet,  
Dey say my trunk sound like thunda'.  
Break da law.(Run da red light.)  
Drivin' illegal,  
In a nice ol'-school,  
Flow like dat people.

I park where I can't.  
Hit da button to make my do's pop.  
Rimz go round and round,  
Custom seats Lean 'n Rock.

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 4]

Now my rimz spin nigga,  
Everytime I make a stop.  
And I keep da Chevy clean,  
Like a flow on disk it mop.  
When I'm posted at da light  
Got a button dat make da top drop.  
Now, hoes hoppin' on my dick,  
Like they playin' hopscotch.  
H-hoes hoppin on my dick,  
Like they playin' hopscotch.  
When I'm on da E-way,  
Ya see me hit it, den I'm gone.  
Shinin' red paint  
And it touched up wit some silicon.  
I stay deep (stay deep)  
Humpin' dey friend, cuz I don't mind,  
Cuz I'm wood-grippin, quick shippin',  
With a flip of Alpine.  
It's pimpin nigga,  
So I'ma always stunt nigga,  
Run up on the Chevy,  
And get burnt like my blunts, nigga.  
I keep good product.  
So da hood, it get delivered. (delivered)  
Sittin back, Watchin' movies,  
In da rearview mirror.

[Chorus x4]

Visit [Dem Franchise Boyz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.