

Dr. Alban

"Let's Ride"

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Come on, everybody get ready to go, come on and roll,
Midwest rider for sho'
so let em know, rollin with G's brother please
get em up with these and you're catchin a fatality
so roll with me (We gon ride, gon' ride tonight..)

Comin straight from the M-P-Olis
better pack your vest cuz it's on
get em up when the Sandman grip tight my chrome
Mackilot Dead n Gone, if you dont know me
dont call me your homie, cuz I'm leavin you lonely
creep in the door and I'm takin this over
and I'm lettin you know that I'm killin you slowly surely
comin through like a ghost when I post my spirit
do you wanna get em up with me?
it's like I'm a gangsta reunion luckily
but if I ask then it's no matter what ya see
and if I'm gettin to be too strong, probly cuz I been
down too long
rollin with Mackilot we be ready to pop with the glock in
a minute
yo' blown, get ready to go or get blown to last week
better run, run, cuz me and my homies is creepin the
backstreets
bringin' the chrome, and you thought that you could
pass me
better watch out when I go through your alley
my partners all faded I'm thinkin that maybe
I'm makin em prove who the baddest
come into the heartless
darkest spark this, knock all four like you was a
diamond skull
come get some, get right, then I gotta take it
Cuz I know what you want and dont front,
forever me gotta give love to all of my people all over
the land
we stand, forever and ever the clever Mr. Sandman,
Sandman

hook

Somebody once told me that I was a studio gangsta
(what?)
Sandman'll be creepin up deep in your alley
gone off that MDG, you dont wanna come test us
dippin in the Caddy with a 44 mag, and packin a
weapon
and bet it will dead your whole family
throwin up deuce-nine, we're runnin you down
tryna show love but they dont understand me they
banned me from
Hell cuz I already overran Satan, leavin him walkin
away shakin
scared of that king of hallucination, facin invasion take
him to the land
where an enemy made my Heaven, everybody runnin
with an AK yellin
step in my way, you get 187
I'm tellin ya baby you better be ready! __ but wait a
minute
I'm all about love for me and my thugs
anything else I cant get caught up in it
cuz I got mo love for bloods
yup yup I got locs too, and alotta my homies is __ but
I'ma forever be throwin up folks fool, and uh
last but not least I wanna say rest in peace
even though you're dead n gone your memory's gonna
be left in me
and it's nothin but the dead n gone in me
and I love em for life, open your eyes and look up
inside
this Mackilot playas is ready to die, better __ your bye-
byes...

hook

Put em up in the air, everybody come around and throw
your clique up now
get down on the ground this is a stick up
get dumped slain in the trunk mayn, and I'm lovin it
when they cry
finna put em in a grave, and nothin can save you
crept and you slide while I'm watchin you fry
committed a 187 to Heaven, never wanna go but I __
hell
and shakin, now, what do you know
we be runnin up through your clique
you never know who's got the sawed-off spray
you lay, too late for retaliation
forever we run Armaggeddon come we wont be takin
no hesitation
come creep and compete and I'm gettin with demons

screamin tellin myself that I'm dreamin
even though I dont get high my brain is cloudy from the
steam and leanin
halfway in that casket
yall really dont wanna get with me I guarantee
you gon be stuck in a gutter while I will be takin your
twenties and fifties
they never gon get me they run up I'm serious
I'm slappin you silly and fill em with helium
makin em fly high, you gon die bye
stoppin' up inside a fo' five, I, no lie, I'm gon ride
gangstafied (sooo gangstafied) til we blow
come on over to my land, where any and everything
goes
anything goes anything goes

hook

(So get em up with me, you better prepare to drop drop
drop
or get ready to pop pop pop pop pop pop....)

hook

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