

## Fields Of The Nephilim

### "Do You Wanna Be A Rider?"

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Chorus: Fiend (repeat 2X)

Do you wanna be a rider?  
Yeah, I wanna be a rider  
Are you ready for the power?  
Yeah, I'm in there for the power  
Got 'cha gat right beside ya?  
They must evolve in power  
Do you work by the hour?  
Then the deal must be sour

[Fiend]

I'm a livin, breathin murder topic, but in the ghetto  
makin sales  
Leaving bloody trails, loving that gunpowder smell  
My type about to bring hell boy, flames to where you  
live  
My though, lickin it, got it initiative and jump in get your  
kid  
It's my word after the mid, she did that bit on your live  
Though, blame it on Christ, we can happen and deny  
I get the cappin for the strise, have a toastin like the  
hawk  
And control as the evil men do, as if they was a cup

Chorus 2X

[Magic]

Picture my mind is full of wicked thoughts, unleash the  
beasts  
Where you niggas that appose me? May y'all rest in  
peace  
I defied and lost man kind, so father forgive me  
But it's this thug in me got me want me kill my enemy  
Will I pay for all the pain that I can cause these  
families?  
Unable to control myself, I'm pleadin in insanity  
I'm beggin for my lives cause I'm hated for death  
I watch my step and now learn to appreciate every rep  
I was born a killer, I've been rejected from society  
Fiend's on my side, so none of you niggas can ever

bother me  
I try to be a better image for my family  
But I'm a sin, so they label me a muthafuckin rider

Chorus 2X

[Prime Suspects]  
Murder, murder, wonder was the victim I caught  
slippin?  
Now I'm trippin, so drop that  
I'm having flag, best to get popped at  
Harrassed at a nigga in black, he did the cap  
He's blamed it to the states and I can tell you what  
happened

Check my jacket, you gon' find slow frangin and  
brangin  
Pain to the family or the nigga named Raymond  
Got the habit, been down to ride from day 1 ( Uno)  
Death blow to the full of the made one

What you know about the powder to the powder, hour  
after hour  
On the block, with the glock cockers, dills go sour

Hit you in your headache spot with my heat release  
Prime Suspects keeps the heat 'cause we riders

Chorus 2X

[Lil' Gotti Gambino]  
I'm stuck with these mob ties and a matter of die  
survive  
Look in my eyes, determination did shine nigga  
I'm out to get mine, 45, my waist line  
I waited for my time, Gotti, I'm down to ride  
Alias forgive me, for the sins who commit  
But these bitch niggas are bout to be dealt with  
I'm out for show, bitch told me, "Gun up for show."  
Hundred round drum  
Niggas I'm bustin for fun, make it blood run  
Duckin for fun, I live my life on the run  
But keep my eyes in the pride, 'cause if I slip and I die  
So niggas, I'm down to ride wit 'cha, get high wit 'cha  
[Fiend]  
Because it No Limit  
[Lil' Gotti Gambino]  
Get ready to die wit 'cha

Chorus 2X

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