

Frankie Miller

"Ride Out"

Visit "[Ride Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

Hot Boys and you know how we ride out
Philly Boys and you know how we ride out
Hot Boys, Philly Boys bout to squad out, ride out
Crash niggas hide outs

(Lil Wayne)

Guerilla Warfare nigga what ain't no beef
Here come them boys masked up bout to flame yo
street

(B.G.)

You heard that it game now look we H-O-T
We ride in wars if we beef then we playin for keeps

(Lil Wayne)

What you ain't found out bout us
Cash Money Millionaires slash night riders

(B.G.)

We keep it real wit each other, we don't fuck wit
outsiders
Nigga if you run up on me you'll catch 50 out a chopper

(Lil Wayne)

Now BLUCKA!, let em burn
Dump him off in a lake and have his family concerned
Then run all in his house and take his money and his
children

(B.G.)

Wodie my click balled up, do or die niggas
Disagree wit us is straight suicide nigga

(Lil Wayne)

It's a suicide, it's a suicide
Nigga act like they don't know about you and I

(B.G.)

Who am I?

(Lil Wayne)
Tha BG

(B.G.)
Who are you?

(Lil Wayne)
Lil Wheezy

(B.G.)
Who we be?

(Lil Wayne)
Tha HB'z

(B.G.)
Where we from?

(Lil Wayne)
U.P.T.

(Murda Mil)
These niggas neva thought they'd me tha ones that
Mil'd shake down
Get a few crack spots and sell that bitch straight down
But when you ree up you to cut yo cake now
And when you see murder you know you got to break
down
Y'all bitch niggas thinkin life is a cut
Now you stuck watchin niggas fuck yo wife in tha butt
You was tha main thug up in tha club
Now you tha same thug suckin tha snub
Gettin back ties in yo tub
I kick murder every two bars
Pack two tars, when I cock I need two cars
Cause I stuff a trunk like a turkey
Keep a vest on that deuce deuce ain't gone hurt me
When I get tha drop I'll pop while y'all sprayin wit tha
calico
Box full of bald heads, got y'all scared
Then hit tha block for Y'all bread
Cause when y'all post up i'm leavin y'all dead
Leavin y'all dead

(Beanie Sigel)
You know Mac that Philly cat wit tha official flow
Tha pistol will blow, especially if yo wrist on glow
Rocks in tha watch lookin like a disco show
Grab tha tool-a and put it to tha back of yo madol-a
Beanie Sigel dessert eagle quick to pop off ten
I only carry guns that knock off limbs

Give out (?) bags, lay on tha deck when I spray up yo
set
Who you escapin tha Tec without trace in they neck
I know some dealers who be supplyin tha packs
I'ma guerilla but you can catch me where the lions be at
It ain't shit for me to ride out and tie up a few cats
Make them show me where they hide out and their
valuables at
You can catch me in tha kitchen bout to break up
somethin
Large block, coffee pot bout to bake up somethin
When I'm broke you can catch me about to shake up
somethin
Wit that coke for a pound that'll wake up somethin

[Hook]

Visit [Frankie Miller](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.