

Frayser Boy

"Ridin"

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[Frayser Boy talking]

Frayser Boy

Aye look

I got some real shit on my mind man

Sometimes man I just have to

You know man, roll me a blunt

Fill the tank up, and man just hit a dip or something

Man you know what I'm sayin man

Cuz man shit gettin hectic out here bro

Know what I'm talkin bout? Aight

Light ya blunts up

When I was just a lil nigga on the block I had big dreams

There was alot of real fellas mobbin with me

Always felt God punished me alittle harder

My momma held it down though I didn't have a father

I was into greenbrier went to frayser high school

Staying outta trouble yes I really really tried to

Turned to the streets cause my momma couldn't teach me

How to be a man the drug dealers had to reach me

Peeped alotta things in the hood I lost alotta friends

And gained alotta ends then lost them back again

Never killed a man but I damn near tried to

Get ya pack hide ya blunts cause then ya gotta ride through

[Chorus: repeat 4X]

Ridin, smokin, thinkin, hopin

Ridin, smokin, thinkin, hopin

Cuz I know it ain't easy

If it wasn't for paul and juicy j fuckin with me tough

I'd probably have a 9-5 shit be really rough

But it ain't like that I'm in the music industry

Fuckin with the rap game the past is just a memory

I ain't never thought one that I'd make an album

Gone on the Bay had then young niggaz wildin

Had a nigga smilin it took alotta hard work

To make it in the game didn't know where to start first

Cuz these streets cold I can tell ya cause I know
Now the only licks I'm hittin if a nigga book a show
Wouldn't trade it for the world cause its real what I'm
doin
Love spittin this gangsta shit my dreams I'm pursuing

[Chorus]

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