

C**"Ride Till We Die"**

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featuring 151, Mob Figgas

And we be blastin, smashin for the loot

I, empty my strap and then I dash to my Coupe

Ain't no half-steppin, it's West Coast til I die

Keepin the bundle and never fumble my 4-5

With only one life to live, nigga we're still ridin

We attack and murder and watch the scrilla multiply

Fuck the funky-five, big business and expeditions

If I die when I ride, don't leave shit to them bitches

I raise my right hand with a Tek and my left I swear I'll
ride

til my death or touch collide, til my judgment, til I rest

I'll be that gun smooth assassin, run with trues for
blastin

Snatchin up money bags in organised crime fashion

Mafioso's mashin, the homicides is askin:

"Who did thew blastin? Was is it the Mob Figgas
mashin?"

Ridin with no maskets, jobs can't be soppo

Grippin the bail with the doves to bust you with my
tongue

Now I'm a savage young nigga witta chopper

Motivated by Mob-type tactics, I'll blow your block up

???? sip to Cosby, out the game everytime

Me and the Mob Figgas'll do the dirt and choke the 9's
straight

Savage's up on the crime, but a cross and dwelling
lavishly

Fuck some animosity but I might just cause a casualty

Cos Boo the Hustler and Bo-Loc'll show ya, smell the
aroma

We gon' ride til we die, ain't no glory in lettin it slide

Chorus:

For all you punks that never heard of these

And all you buster motherfuckers that wanna murder,
these niggas

We ridin til we die

Ain't lettin shit slide, dumpin 4-5's, ridin til we die

repeat

???? ???? California, I'm best ta warn ya you'll end up
like Freddy

Fuckin with my 'fetti, we mobbin three-deep in Chevy

AP-9, Bo and I rider, we pull licks

on a bitch, haven't you heard, we gets perved and hit
the strip

Pitch black tint, ain't takin no mo' shit

Gotta get these niggas with my chop and hit the block
and suit their knots

and leave their whole block chalked up, got closed off
of 4-54's

They hit the block and then I got gone

I'm never gang-related but dedicated to my niggas

My niggas be killers, drug-dealers and ho killers

Mackers in jackets, po' pimps, 9 packers

Got these ballers in *?scallers?*, livin lawless, my
niggas' flawless

Niggas with knowledge represent in grounds of college

White Acura coupes, pimpin hoes and stackin loot

How much scrilla can I hustle up? Foldin my figures

Dottin my decimals with commas behind my O's, so....

You see gangs never work out the way I planned

Cos I hustle all night, black eyes from gang fights

A mad nigga's drama and addicted to street life

I sold this paradise, sippin this game and pay the price

I watch the sun glisten off this ice, caught you slippin

Uzi, Mac and a jacker, young thief in the night

Dangerous minds still lookin for a sign to reclude

as to what the fuck I'm pissed to do

If this rap game don't ??? for me, life might as well
stop for me

Give in to failin from 2-11's so niggas call me *?
Jagger?*

Ridin til I die on you bastards

Chorus

We ridin practice on swell, pushin luxury with no els

Floss je-wels, Professional Baller, all about the dollars

And when you holler, we hit like pits, attackin collars

Ridin with the 4-5, I'm shady and connivin

Choose dyin before I be a punk to this shit

Dump when you funk when you with the clip cos if you
slide, then you slip

Hollow tips rip chests, til confetti turn branch to
spaghetti

Smash off like Andretti, are you ready?

It ain't no runnin in a war, we're hardcore

Steadily toe-taggin bodies, yeah, we're dyin some mo'

No respect to dump Tek's, smashin in Apollo
Supersports

Cashin em out dollar stretch from Cali to New York

On a mission from mail, court and million dollar bails

Diamond je-wels, pushin 500 SL's

I'm just a born killer, cap peeler for my scrilla

Forever ride, nigga, until I get a hundred milla's

I'm ready to ride so slide, so need the pistol

Launch em like missiles as they shatter like crystals

I heard Bo whistle, it's time to move out

This mo' clear, we disappear and punch the big
shootouts

Another slaughter, you're block was blown clear out the
water

I land in your soldiers like dickin your daughter

Don't bother beggin me for no forgiveness

I'm in this to win this and takin care of business

A witness to these murderous conspiracies

will be found, dead to the ground and chopped with
Glocks on both their

knees

So please don't sweat the technique, it's the way I was

trained

Murder men dictatin minds like Hitler dumpin Hussein

I bring the pain, til I will remain the top ace

Make you kiss my pinky ring then smack him dead in
his face

Cos I'm a RIDEAH.....(and we'll just slide up and dump

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