

J-Dawg

"Ride On 4's"

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(feat. Slim Thug)

[talking:]

Ha-ha, H-Town say

[J-Dawg:]

I got my Lac sitting low, like a Honda Civic
Hundred sack of that dro, got a G lifted
And the way I work the grain, gotta be gifted
Dipping, in and out of traffic swiftly
Tipsy, off drank but no beers here
I got a tre, and a twenty ounce root beer
Muddy, like a motherf**king hog pen
Banging Pac "Makaveli", play that number eight again
Time go by, puffing on high
I'm feeling too fly, and that ain't even high
See I's a gangsta nigga, I shoot or shank a nigga
But it's some'ing about them swangas, that'll change a
nigga
Have you chunking the deuce up, to a stranger nigga
You shining harder than a bitch, he don't blame you
nigga
Who could blame you nigga, you doing the damn
thang
Staying true to the game, you deserve to swang

[Hook:]

Behind that five percent, windows never go down
Music never go down, my nigga say slow down
Keep driving, pass that dro
Tip slow while you ride on 4's, when we ride on 4's

[J-Dawg:]

Hit your breaks homie, let the third light glow
Swang open the do', let em smell the dro
Naw we ain't capping, that there for them bitches
We grinding hard as f**k, and riding on our riches
Shit the fam good, the kids good
So why not grip wood through the hood nigga, come on
now
Kush got me gone now, I don't smoke the stress

I been blessed, so if it's in the air it's the best
And if it's in my cup, it's that purple
Got me flipping through the hood, riding in a circle
No destination, nigga just riding
Big mothership gliding, motor on siding
That's what it is, what could be better
Send a couple pictures of the slab, in the letters
To my niggaz in the Penn, I'ma hold you down
Show the whole unit, how we do in H-Town nigga yeah

[Hook x2]

[Slim Thug:]

I'm rolling on 4's, with the windows closed
Dro smoke up out my nose, letting the trunk do shows
Playafali on my toes, gotta show the world I'm having
change
So I bought a candy Cadillac, up on them thangs
Hurting boys mayn, Thugga gotta represent
I stay lit up, behind that five percent tint
Stay bent on the daily, when I'm in the hood
Shining like a superstar, when I grip the wood
Pieced up smelling good, gotta stay fresh
And show the world I'm blessed, everytime my voice up
in your deck
Wreck the mic, and I wreck on the 'vard
Every season some'ing hard, coming out my garage
I don't barred, H-Town repping till I'm dead
From the Tre to the West, to my G's off the 'Stead
Boys out here getting bread, and reaching our goals
Behind tint with the windows closed, when I ride on 4's

[Hook x2]

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