

Jim Jones

"Let's Ride"

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Jones, Capo Status

You know what this is about, 'bout riders

All my states around this country

All my ghettos, my niggaz ready to ride

R.I.P, Biggie Smalls, this one's for you

We some riders, I hope you know we riders

Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders

You know we riders, that ride out and get high and just ride

And get high and get high, let's ride

You know we riders, I hope you know we riders

Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders

You know we riders, that ride out and get high and just ride

And get high and just ride now let's ride

Lock and load the clip, see po-po then slow the whip

Big ass guns in a stolen whip but if you got weed then roll the shit

You rollin' with them rollin' Dips, straight up weed no poofin' these

Straight up G's no doopin' me, crazy b's that shoot up shit

Major cheese off of movin' bricks

From cuttin' up rain to shuflin' rain

Baggin' these hoes, fuckin' some dames

Wakin' up morning and fuck is the name

I'm in restaurants Mr. Chows

Stuntin' hard like 50 thou

I keep my goons my niggaz wild

Shootin' that thing till ya shit go blaow

The palmin' cheese can't come my needs

Hatian niggaz bombin' weed

Gats mo-mo, techs gon' blow, all in these streets

Shots with a four pound, AK when it go 'round

Don't play when it go 'round

In little Haiti them niggaz crazy like "Get 'em, baby"

Let's ride, here go some riders, I hope you know the
riders
Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders
You know we riders, that ride out and get high and just
ride
And get high and just ride and let's ride

You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders
You know we riders that ride out and get high and just
ride
And get high and just ride now let's ride

Call my gang to bust, know you fags ain't dangerous
Must be high off Angel Dust
To think that you can bang wit' us hang wit' us
Tape you to the hood no thang with us
Shoot up ya club get ya mangled up
I call my gangstas up and get ya faggot ass tangled up

Now what you bitches, step on the corner wit' a bunch
of G's
Tryna dump the heat, while you duck police
Me, myself, I run the streets wit' no regard like, "Oh my
God"
We just sittin' here not to lose, high off weed with lots
of booze
Call my G's when I got to move
'Cause I drop 100 G's when I dropped the Coupe

Niggaz found a way tryna take my life
'Cause I run 'round the way wit' a neck full of ice
Gotta bunch of doggs and I set 'em to bite
So if you niggaz want war we can do it tonight

I'm prayin' to the Lord that optimize
Dip Set Byrd Gang know I'ma ride
And I'ma rep till my last breath
Take a pull of my last hit

Pull up on these niggaz and blast the bitch
East side when I mask the bitch
We ride on some panther shit, gotta go prac, lotta load
gats
If a niggaz run on me then I gotta go back, back
And we gon' ride out, just ride and get high
And just ride and get high add let's ride

You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders

You know we riders, that ride out and get high and just
ride
And get high and just ride now let's ride

You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
Them rollin', rollin' riders, lock and load my riders
You know we riders, that ride out and get high and just
ride
And get high and just ride, now let's ride

You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
You think you roll wit' liars, you'll hear them 4's wit' fire
Listen lame, I'm insane to this game, get this flame in
ya brain
Like bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

You know we riders, I hope you know we riders
You think you roll wit' liars, you'll hear them 4's wit' fire
Listen lame, I'm insane, to this game, get this flame in
ya brain
Like bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

Yo, who is realer than us? We'll turn jailers to smuts
I'm too real chill, you can't inhale what I puff
Peep it duke, me to you's, like a whale to a gup
Keep ya Chuck Taylors, I'ma go Taylor my Chucks

You'll get whaled on the snuck, gat for ice, match it
twice
Faggot dyke, mag to bite, there go ya appetite
My niggaz blast the pipe, black ya lights, flag the kite
Shout to my man Tito Lino facin' natural life

I'm just natural nice, you's hermaphrodite
My man Zeke be home three nigga pass the kite
This the facts of life, facts of ice, scrap ya right
Cabbage sliced, matchin' chain, matchin' Nikes

You's a coward please, I keep the power squeezed
Creep this thunder'll leave you under them flower trees
I done crowd the please, wit about a thousand keys
Ask about me, I ain't gotta break a smile to cheese

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