

Jim Jones

"Livin Life As A Rider"

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There was no love for us

(Nope)

So we did what we did just to make a buck

Played around we're fucking nuts

(Crazy)

Hope them ho's pucker up tryna get them to slide

That's on our mind getting high all the time

(We tryna fuck)

We hustle hard, hope the fiends buy all the dimes

So we can scoop up and hit the party and scoop a bitch

(Get twisted)

You know the drill homie play the rules

And play the field but don't get killed homie

(Stay alive)

So where's the better days?

The have to get up days to chef up ya just to get us
paid

(We hustle hard)

You see never it fails most of my homies either dead or
jail

(Gone)

Don't fuck with phonies 'cause they get you killed

(Ah ah)

My testimony's every bitter real

(That's right)

Don't run up on me 'cause I'm gripping steel

(Bang, bang)

I'm kinda nervous and I'm quick on the blast

Due to the murders that I witnessed in town

Livin' the life with a rider seems

It's the only thing that I'm gonna run to

That's when you light and get high with me

Look what the ghetto's did to me

(Baby)

And when you finish running the streets

I'll be the only one that you gonna run to

Just getting paper and ducking police
Look what the ghetto did to me
(Uh, yeah, yeah)

There was no peace in sight
(Nope)
It was sleepless night
(Yup)
Hustling ya breaking day to see the light
(Money man)
Street squalie you see polices lights
(Squalie)

As I polie on this decent price
Got a causes that want some pies 23 a slice
Transactions by the building, uptown Harlem world
Manhattan where we kill them
(Taz)

Plus my project way of thinking spending most my days
drinking
It's like I'm on my way to sexton
(Lock in)
But we do what we do thats survival
And we move how we move thats through the rivals
(Fuck them enemies)

It's been said we living suicidal
It's like rush at eleven placing bucks on your bet
Do your thang slang cane and get your bucks on your
steps
(Watch)

Watch ya ass young man they want you under arrest
(That's them pigs)
And you ain't know, they getting stripes for that
They have you in your cell man serving life for that

Livin' the life with a rider seems
It's the only thing that I'm gonna run to
That's when you light and get high with me
Look what the ghetto's did to me
(Baby)

And when you finish running the streets
I'll be the only one that you gonna run to
Just getting paper and ducking police
Look what the ghetto did to me
(Uh, yeah, yeah)

Now for my project corners, go hard for warrants

(Fuck 'em)
Every night I make it, I pray to God for goners
(I pray to God)
We pour liquor on floors that's for the soldiers
That we lost in the mist of this war
(RIP Life)

For the ones on the grind and front line they got called
by po nine
And now they prisoners of war they fight for appeal or
a bill or a ball
'Cause they slipped and got nailed for a sale of a rob
(Zeek you know wassup)

Two shouts for O.B.C.C six main house of fame
When you come home come and see me
Stay cool I lay the rules on ya
Play the fool and they will move on ya
Young niggaz that keep them tools on ya

They quick to let them blickas blast
(Bang, bang)
So crazy the way we get this cash
(How we livin'?)
Real hot up on these murderous blocks
(Blaatat, blaatat)
Broad day bang bang I know you heard all them shots

Livin' the life with a rider
Seems it's the only thing that I'm gonna run to
That's when you light and get high with me
Look what the ghetto's did to me
(Baby)

And when you finish runnin' the streets
I'll be the only one that you gonna run to
Just getting paper and ducking police
Look what the ghetto did to me
(Yeah)

Look what the ghetto did to me
Look what the ghetto did to me
Look what the ghetto did to me
(Eh, eh, eh)

Look what the ghetto did to me
Look what the ghetto did to me
Look what the ghetto did to me
(Eh, eh, eh)

