

## Kam

### "Who Ridin'"

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#### [VERSE 1]

I guess y'all ain't heard the news  
(About the homie gettin smoked?) Choked out in his  
county blues  
(Say what?) By the deputy goon squad  
Devils still pourin salt on the wound, but God  
Only knows what them brothers went through  
Damn (The police killed em?) Shit, I thought you knew  
They tried to put the blame on this lame from the other  
side  
Hopin we retaliatin, go on another ride  
Keepin us warin, tellin lie after lie  
So it's gang-related every time brothers die?  
(Hell nah) (Now that's a false accusation)  
(Gettin choked ain't no goddamn gang-relation)  
(Nigga, one-time's ain't posin no threat?)  
Shit, I found out they the ones been crossin out the set  
All alone, so ain't that a bitch?  
Yeah, I finally heard a officer snitch  
So which ever one of y'all brothers true sidin?  
Quit your open enemy, save your energy for the hoo-  
ridin

Who ridin?

#### [VERSE 2]

Ashes to ashes, back to the dust  
Another dead homie, show me who I can trust  
It's all about self and kind  
So now I gots reach upon my shelf and find  
Me another magazine for my heat, sweep me a street  
Feel the thrill of victory, and not the agony of defeat  
For one of ours we takin ten of y'all  
So for 24 hours, count the minute fall  
(That ain't all) Make a phone call to your Uncle Toms  
Cause I'm ridin to they neighborhood chunkin bombs  
See, Vietnam's back in effect on the Eastside  
Since police ride, ever since the peace died  
Niggas gangbangin like in '82  
Next victim of a drive-by shootin, it may be you  
I thought you knew it was on like that

When brothers who ain't even full grown might gat

Who ridin?

[VERSE 3]

So if you ain't down, raise up  
Now I don't need a drink or a joint to blaze up  
Cause I'm already focused, sittin back, thinkin bout the  
truce  
Sayin prayers for my homies on my way to Lake Luise  
Floatin down the highway at 3 pm  
They ain't even seen us yet, but we see them  
The same ones who took the homeboys' lives  
Headin back home to they kids and they housewives  
Lookin like any other million Joes  
Rollin incognito in civilian clothes  
But been givin blacks hell all day with no shame  
You're the kind who give cops a bad name  
So we on the freeway lookin far to claim  
Creepin up slow in a car blue lane  
All the straps is loaded and cocked, but mine's not  
Slow down a second, and kick it in his blind spot  
Now it's on, my heart starts pumpin  
Got the 50 round clip, and I'm steadily dumpin  
Jumpin lane to lane, it's to the off-ramp  
I'm feelin numb, I ain't from no soft camp  
So let's vamp  
Now we can track back to the other side  
Another day, another hoo-ride

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