

C-block

"Death Rider'z"

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Now that a nigga's seen money, shit
I can smile and laugh
I got 20's on my bentley
An iron cage in front of my pad
And I still mean muggin
Throw up west-side in my photo shoot
And got TV's, 20's and DVDs in my photo coupe
Got a stash spot in the airbag
For when the po-po's snoop
Steady mobbin on the killa route
With the bads like pride gin n juice
I'm split proof
With the bulletproof and the gin n juice
Still mash with the men in blue
And stay strapped down with a mac-10 or two
Now how you wanna do it?
We can get muddy and bloody
I'ma still count cash, count crass
In the middle of the street whoopin niggas ass
I'm west bound crowned by 50 pounds that's how I do it
On the phone with your wife
While ya gettin beat down that how I do it
I'm a mastermind in crime
I cause disaster with one 9
Be behind 17 bodies all shot in the head one time
So think twice before you gaffle
One pellet to the big apple
All your names in one bag
Were pullin death tickets like a raffle
[Chorus] X 4
Bitch, I'm a rider for death
Slide with a tek-9 for respect
And a nigga that step gets stepped with a tek
So it's best you ride with a vest
Homicide be the best bet
For the real life with the best threats
Surprise, with a tek full of teflons
It's westside for death
Yeah yeah war, 9, give it to em
Hit the men in blue and I send it to em
Let off the deaf one full of teflons

Hollowtips spittin straight through em
Niggas scream one never seen one
Send a mini 14 in the street low
With no remorse of course I aim
The tip of torch and I scream go
Haven't you ever heard of a straight killa?

One that makes

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