

C-Bo**"Fo Rida's"**

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Uh
This one's fo the money
Uh

Verse 1

We ridin raw '97 Suburban's wit the chrome kit
every nigga on trigga ready to dome split
got a million
but still ain't satisfied
gold thangs on every old school that we ride
got keys
so many g's
bitches on they knees dyin to get wit these
if a bitch ain't about her money man I can't fuck wit that
got to be down to run the street sellin that pussy or
move some yak
ask yo folks bitch like 40 I'm so serious about my
scratch
livin like a straight hustla b pass the weed, man fuck a
batch
from Vallejo to Sac
pushin new Lacs an '96 Ac's
we roll strapped, lounge wit the money from the game
of crack
some million dolla macks gettin taxed for the crack
sack
from 'ol skool seven-deuce Chevy's an glass packs
representin to the fullest, the west-side of the map
where we roll strapped wit black ridas stuck in the mack
ridas.

(Chrous- C-Bo)

I was born in hell juss to be a rida
wit lo-lo's an 4-4's an mo hoes fo the ridas
keep my pants saggin stay strapped wit the magnum
ridas
desperado outlaws do the dirt

Verse 2

I got bitches like the mack, out to get my scratch
pushin the '9-7 Lac, movin keys of yak
an ain't a damn thang changed about the dope game
but the bitches size the money an the price of the caine
from ruby 13-5's is how we get it
cracked out, the metro packs saran wrapped an get it
if it's money then a nigga, gots to get it
hit it an quit it, but I ain't wit it less it's worth a mill ticket
I'm a savage
about my cabbage
I gots to have it
automatic, movin through traffic prepared fo static
got a sack that weighs a ton, wit a mac-11 one, uh
jackas when they come, get done-ditty-done, trick
mutha fuckaz can't hang wit the Garden Blocc gang
packin tech's, quick to wreck brains
I'm insane, like the loccest mutha fucka on caine
to kill first like a rida, is the rules of the game
rida.

(Chorus) x1

Verse 3

Diamond rings, an chains down wit the Rolex name
ridin Lexus's in Texas i where my pits get trained
mo pain
then I proceed to gain
like a gumbo pot full 'o sell 'em up full of caine
got a 4-5 got a Stang I'm Major Pain inflictin pain
no pain, no gain
was out fo murda when I came
don't tame mo niggaz, then a million man march
an hang those niggaz, blessed wit a weak heart
no marks in my game, then bump an pull triggaz
mash off an ridas leavin nuthin but dead niggaz
I'm real wit this, that's why they kill wit this
young ballaz on alcohol, that'll peel yo shit
don't try to act like you hardcore
knowin you ain't
Mafia's ready fo war bringin the yellow tank
westcoast is the spot where I slang my yey
distributin it nation wide, all across the state
fo ridas.

(chorus)

