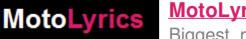
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## C-Bo "Ride Til' We Die"

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featuring 151 Mob Figgas

And we be blastin smashin for the loot I empty my strap and then I dash to my Coupe Ain't no half steppin it's West Coast til I die Keepin the bundle and never fumble my 4 5 With only one life to live nigga we're still ridin We attack and murder and watch the scrilla multiply Fuck the funkity five big business and expeditions If I die when I ride don't leave shit to them bitches

I raise my right hand with a Tek and my left I swear I'll ride

til my death or touch collide, til my judgment, til I rest I'll be that gun smooth assassin, run with trues for blastin

Snatchin up money bags in organised crime fashion Mafioso's mashin, the homicides is askin:

"Who did thew blastin? Was is it the Mob Figgas mashin?"

Ridin with no maskets, jobs can't be soppy Grippin the bail with the doves to bust you with my tongue

Now I'm a savage young nigga witta chopper Motivated by Mob-type tactics, I'll blow your block up ???? sip to Cosby, out the game everytime Me and the Mob Figgas'll do the dirt and choke the 9's straight

Savage's up on the crime, but a cross and dwelling lavishly

Fuck some animosity but I might just cause a casualty Cos Boo the Hustler and Bo-Loc'll show ya, smell the aroma

We gon' ride til we die, ain't no glory in lettin it slide

Chorus:

For all you punks that never heard of these And all you buster motherfuckers that wanna murder, these niggas We ridin til we die Ain't lettin shit slide, dumpin 4-5's, ridin til we die \*repeat\*

???? ???? California, I'm best ta warn ya you'll end up like Freddy
Fuckin with my 'fetti, we mobbin three-deep in Chevy
AP-9, Bo and I rider, we pull licks
on a bitch, haven't you heard, we gets perved and hit
the strip
Pitch black tint, ain't takin no mo' shit
Gotta get these niggas with my chop and hit the block
and suit their knots
and leave their whole block chalked up, got closed off
of 4-54's
They hit the block and then I got gone

I'm never gang-related but dedicated to my niggas My niggas be killers, drug-dealers and ho killers Mackers in jackets, po' pimps, 9 packers Got these ballers in \*?scallers?\*, livin lawless, my niggas' flawless Niggas with knowledge represent in grounds of college White Acura coupes, pimpin hoes and stackin loot How much scrilla can I hustle up? Foldin my figures

Dottin my decimals with commas behind my O's, so....

You see gangs never work out the way I planned Cos I hustle all night, black eyes from gang fights A mad nigga's drama and addicted to street life I sold this paradise, sippin this game and pay the price I watch the sun glisten off this ice, caught you slippin Uzi, Mac and a jacker, young thief in the night Dangerous minds still lookin for a sign to reclude as to what the fuck I'm pissed to do If this rap game don't ??? for me, life might as well stop for me Give in to failin from 2-11's so niggas call me \*? Jagger?\* Ridin til I die on you bastards

## Chorus

We ridin practice on swell, pushin luxury with no els Floss je-wels, Professional Baller, all about the dollars And when you holler, we hit like pits, attackin collars Ridin with the 4-5, I'm shady and connivin Choose dyin before I be a punk to this shit Dump when you funk when you with the clip cos if you slide, then you slip Hollow tips rip chests, til confetti turn branch to spaghetti Smash off like Andretti, are you ready?

It ain't no runnin in a war, we're hardcore Steadily toe-taggin bodies, yeah, we're dyin some mo' No respect to dump Tek's, smashin in Apollo Supersports Cashin em out dollar stretch from Cali to New York On a mission from mail, court and million dollar bails Diamond je-wels, pushin 500 SL's I'm just a born killer, cap peeler for my scrilla Forever ride, nigga, until I get a hundred milla's I'm ready to ride so slide, so need the pistol Launch em like missiles as they shatter like crystals I heard Bo whistle, it's time to move out This mo' clear, we disappear and punch the big shootouts Another slaughter, you're block was blown clear out the water I land in your soldiers like dickin your daughter Don't bother beggin me for no forgiveness I'm in this to win this and takin care of business A witness to these murderous conspiracies will be found, dead to the ground and chopped with Glocks on both their knees So please don't sweat the technique, it's the way I was trained Murder men dictatin minds like Hitler dumpin Hussein I bring the pain, til I will remain the top ace Make you kiss my pinky ring then smack him dead in his face Cos I'm a RIDEAH.....(and we'll just slide up and dump)

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