

C-Bo

"Ride Til' We Die"

Visit "[Ride Til' We Die](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 funky 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 soppo
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)

Visit [C-Bo](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.