

Celldweller

"Ride"

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F/ C-Bo

* send corrections to the typist

[x 4]

Eye for an eye [eye for an eye]

Ride or you die [ride or you die]

[Celly Cel]

Won't leave the house unless I'm strapped up

I might get backed up in the traffic

Niggas is dumping on me when I got my zapper

Creeping up on me

And I got one hand on the wheel

One hand on the steel

Trying to break a nigga for skril

And I'm ridin' wit sharp shootin' skills

Funk season, whatever the reason

I'm dealing wit drama

Send me one of them mangie ass niggas

Runnin' home, cryin' to Mama

So I kick the door to eliminate the whole situation

Fuckin' wit me me will ended up

Having his family erased

Face it, no charges leaving the body behind until

You better respect game

Bow down when real niggas bail through yo hood

But won't be caught up in a twist

Flash on us unless you end up sleeping wit the fish

Seamin' shoes, lady singing the blues, them sad ballads

Fried chicken, collad greens, and potato salads

Surrounded them by [?] of family members cryin'

Eye for an eye' you ride or you die

[Chorus] x 4

Eye for an eye

You ride or you die ride or you die

Niggas get at cha and run back at them

But let them bullets fly

[C-Bo]

He got the Mac One-O
And moved nice on the piggies
Hit 'em up and buck
And leave them struck when I'm tipsy
Ain't no love for the true thugs
That die for this shit
Wit 150 round drum ride for this shit
Fuck the hard hats end locs, pass the fo fo
And watch me smoke them hoes
Like the last hit of indo, and fo' sho
I smash and blast, nigga, when I'm provoked
With a doe of platinum coke
I holds down a fort

[Celly Cel]

Why you smiling for
These niggas playing games on the street
That's where they meet the heat
They sweep they ass up off of they feet
This ain't no fairy tale
You fuckin' with Cel
Hit the scenes wit machines
If you want my team
It ain't no in between
Seventeen through your temple
When your crossing the realest niggas
To spit this killa shit on the mic
And make the world feel us
Hit 'em wit rounds [?]
[?] of hollows then we follow
Niggas to they spine
And chop they ass up
Wit fully-auto's

[Chorus] x 4

[C-Bo]

I ain't no actor bitch
My life is worser than the movies
For real though, from steel toes to my uzi
Pushin' Impala S.S.'s
Benz, Beamers, to Lamborghinis
And chase my strip down wit X.O., Henn, and Remi
Rolex on my wrist
Hundred dollar bill's crisp
I pull the blunt from my lip
Then the 4-5 from my hip and spit
The incredible medical or hard core
The deadliest medacine gas ever set off in a war
Westcoast's the spot

Where we lock our million dollar doors
Survival in hell, packing heat
Ducking from them
I'm just a thug nigga
Step on your street and draw my heat
And then I plug niggas
I be a G from the G.B.C.
That's why I mug niggas
Don't flag I just sag and carry a mag
And get off in the snitches asses
You a bitch but still ride or die
Screaming out the block
Bitch I'll have you die wit doc [echoes out]

[Chorus] x 4

echoes

Bullets fly

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