

## Celtic Folk

# "Do You Wanna Ride"

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(Intro)

Ride baby, ridas, ridas, ridas  
You want to ride you can ride, want to drive you can  
drive  
But lord knows, when I roll I'ma be high

[Chorus: Billy Cook]

Do you want to ride with the southside  
Eastside gone ride  
Do you want to ride with the southside  
Westside gone ride  
Do you want to ride with the southside  
Northside gone ride  
Do you want to ride with the southside  
Southside worldwide

[E.S.G.]

Hey ho, hey ho, southside gone hold  
It's candy coats on my toes  
As I, park the Rolls, and open up the doors  
Shining marble floors, love seat full of hoes  
52 inch Playstation with some 9-9 Tekken  
Another L.P. they tell me, this boy still wrecking  
Ain't no time for plexing, I can squash the chat  
Meet me at the studio, leg go popping to that  
From the billboard to the Murda Dog, E.S.G. gone serve  
em all  
While they hating I'm debating on a third of my call  
Now we gone ball and parlay, macking gray Navigator  
Round some chicken if you with it jazz face in Jamaica  
Now later playa hater, just for bumping his gums  
Started off with non salt slanging two for one  
But my job ain't done until I go worldwide  
And have em all body rocking which side want to ride

[Chorus]

[Sean Pimp]

I bring the noise, when I pop my trunk  
Customized with the glass banging southside funk  
Blowing honks of the skunks till the cat's smoked out

Riding high till we die with the glock on cock  
Always peeping never sleeping man these boys'll get  
you  
Picking the wrong times, the wrong place and wrong  
picture  
But I ain't bout tripping, fool I'm all about my chips  
Stacking a grip, big old pimps on the southside flip  
Bought a club where them drugs and the thugs show  
love  
Pop trunk, me on buzz throwing back to dump  
Keeping it true, jamming Screw slow it down three  
knots  
Got a people off the hill and they out by the dock  
Off the beach lay up on to some yellow toned skin  
X to my N-U-G six hundred with rims  
Pop a pill, stack a mill, it's our time to rise  
If you boys represent then just ride with the southside

[Chorus]

[Tyte Eyez]

Come take a ride on the side where the weather stay  
dry  
Boppers ride plenty dick behind the shit that you drive  
As I creep the scene I'm peeping these so called  
friends and foes  
Louisiana nigga with the k, but better to fuck so many  
hoes  
And yours too, watch me roll through, with the screens  
falling down  
They lit, with your bitch, on my passenger side  
Hit the switch, trunk rise, gangsta whitewall tires  
Sunshine, blind eyes, on my candy coated prize  
But my pride, can't be tied to no item you purchase  
Cause in the long run, when you gone son, the shit's all  
worthless  
Valet service, got em nervous, when we hit the scene  
Haters green, blowing steam cause we stepped out  
cream  
Our team fifteen deep, methyzine and sweets  
Limousines we cheap, so check the V.I.P.  
Hit the club, rush the bar, pull a star then I'm jetting  
Now which side, want to ride, with the shop that's  
wrecking  
I 10 connected, that's right

[Chorus - 2x]

(\*ad-libs\*)

