

Chad Kroeger

"Ride"

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Everybody wants to ride....
Everybody gonna die....

(Verse 1)

??? slow rhymes to the top in no time
Stay showtime, I showshine, running like I'm on the
goal line
Grabbed the chrome nine, procede with caution
Around here shit's rougher than Stone Cold Steve
Austin
Floss, ridin dirty with strikes against me, say what's on
my mind
And the critics can give me some empty ink pens like
clips
Fuck a mind game, welcome to my fully automatic
mindframe
They say "Fuck Haystak," they don't say that when they
see me
No, because in reality I'm bigger than on TV
Rolexes don't tick they glide, you can run, you just can't
hide
My shit's hotter than pepper spray, bitch ain't barring
me
I'm roundin everyday, you weaker than R&B
My life is between ??? enough to make me psychotic
I was born up around the projects that's why I speak
ebonics (Andâ€¦!)

(Chorus)

Everybody wants to ride, nobody want to die (Come on
now)
Why be afraid of one place on the other side (You
ready?)
Why live in fear, death is guarenteed (Come on now)
Take it why you're here, money, hoes and weed (Let's
ride!)

(Verse 2)

Motherfuckers think I'm rappin for no reason for rhymin
I'm motivated about the paper, pussy and diamond
But in the back of my mind, a part of me still exists

And still writes rhymes for the thrill of killin lyricsists
I'm serious with this like a massive heart attack
Talk that shit but you don't know part of Stak
Drop bombs like quarterbacks, B-52's
Went from interrogation to magazine interviews
Most of my life the situation was win or lose
You died on the drugs, money, or your tennis shoes
This shit is deep, wolves dressed up as sheep
The enemy has got you thinkin their your motherfuckin
peeps
I learned one thing comin up in Tennessee
It's that they're people like you and they're people like
me
So point your fuckin finger and say that's the bad guy
Turn green with envy when my posse pass by (And
aâ€¦)

(Chorus) Repeat 1x

(Verse 3)

Nobody by your side, lookin at the phone rapidly
Your thinkin this motherfucker just blasted me
Hopin it was a bad dream, the sad thing is, this is
reality
And three seconds and you gonna be a fatality, like...
(Short Pause)
Three, two, one, we're losing him
No resisting, it will do you no good, if you try to fight
Just talk to me into this light, eventhough your heart is
full of fright
Don't be afraid, relax, your tension is makin it worse
There's no point in callin an ambulance
somebody get this man a hearse (Now you ready?)

(Chorus) Repeat 1x

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