

## **LiL Italy "We Riderz"**

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[Magic]

{\*Laughs\*} Look at this shit brah

Boy look at these phony ass niggaz boy you see 'em L.I.  
brah

You see them niggaz brah

That is what you call a prime example of a imposter

A fake ass muthafucka, nigga wanna be a muthafuckin'  
rider

We riders... we riders... {\*Laughs\*}

[Magic]

So what you niggaz ain't know (UH OHHH!), bitch we  
riders

We keep our pistols real close beside

Every nigga down wit' me ain't scared to ride

Fuckin' thug niggaz, gettin' full of drug niggaz

We get payed to do this shit, so you gotta love us  
niggaz

Went from rags to riches, from shitty hoes to gangsta  
bitches

To the studio, straight from prison, from the 9th ward,  
to 7 figures

I came all the way to the bay to say, ya'll don't wanna  
be offendin me

Fuckin' with Lil' Italy, who I consider my family

I might get up set, and y'all won't like me when I'm  
angry

All the Air Force, Army, Navy, Marines is tryin' to tame  
me

The call me magic cause I'm know for makin' my  
victims disappear

Y'all lookin' for the riders? The riders right here!

Chorus: Lil' Italy (2x)

We gon' ride nigga

Ain't no shame in our game, it's do or die nigga  
(WE RIDERS! WE RIDERS!)

We gon' ride nigga

Ain't no shame in our game, so run and hide nigga  
(WE RIDERS! WE RIDERS!)

[Don P]

Ohh, just stop, don't even get me started, an artist  
But you more like a movin' target, dearly, dearly  
departed

They know, satisfaction, til I'm pullin' the Mask  
Now get to, dumpin' and snatchin', no more talkin',  
rappin', blastin  
I don't, care who you are, or who you hang wit'  
Information tell me that you reliable  
Informants on your house, light, sound, low down  
He took the wrong route, now the raw deal, it's how he  
figures out  
Lost case, and jabroni's big case, filled up with big face  
In the cut, don't be any more, for sure, in one or more  
foriegn places  
I lace my boots, I'ma rider for the right loot  
Half a heel - head on the platter, we talkin' done deal

Chorus: Lil' Italy (2x)

[Lil' Italy]

Callin' all riderz! Throw your middle fingers up!  
Nigga I don't give a fuck! I'll bust a nigga like a nut!  
Ain't no pussies on my team, only killaz for the cream  
I got dreams, I'm aimin' for the top, with infrared  
beams  
I take my Henny straight, no lacin', no chasin', I can't  
catch it  
Get retarded when I'm on percolation, I can't help it  
I when this shit get thick I'm down to ride for my niggaz  
And if it came to the shit, I'm down to die for my niggaz  
You niggaz wanna test that? Come get wit' us  
I hope your chest is where your vest at, when fuckin'  
wit' hard hitters  
What you don't know, you got riders, we got riders too  
Ready to bust, never leave they house, without they  
glock riders tool  
And we gon' ride

Chorus: Lil Italy (2x)

WE RIDERS! WE RIDERS! (until fade)

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