

Limahl

"Who Ridin'"

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[VERSE 1]

I guess y'all ain't heard the news
(About the homie gettin smoked?) Choked out in his
county blues
(Say what?) By the deputy goon squad
Devils still pourin salt on the wound, but God
Only knows what them brothers went through
Damn (The police killed em?) Shit, I thought you knew
They tried to put the blame on this lame from the other
side
Hopin we retaliatin, go on another ride
Keepin us warin, tellin lie after lie
So it's gang-related every time brothers die?
(Hell nah) (Now that's a false accusation)
(Gettin choked ain't no goddamn gang-relation)
(Nigga, one-time's ain't posin no threat?)
Shit, I found out they the ones been crossin out the set
All alone, so ain't that a bitch?
Yeah, I finally heard a officer snitch
So which ever one of y'all brothers true sidin?
Quit your open enemy, save your energy for the hoo-
ridin

Who ridin?

[VERSE 2]

Ashes to ashes, back to the dust
Another dead homie, show me who I can trust
It's all about self and kind
So now I gots reach upon my shelf and find
Me another magazine for my heat, sweep me a street
Feel the thrill of victory, and not the agony of defeat
For one of ours we takin ten of y'all
So for 24 hours, count the minute fall
(That ain't all) Make a phone call to your Uncle Toms
Cause I'm ridin to they neighborhood chunkin bombs
See, Vietnam's back in effect on the Eastside
Since police ride, ever since the peace died
Niggas gangbangin like in '82
Next victim of a drive-by shootin, it may be you
I thought you knew it was on like that

When brothers who ain't even full grown might gat

Who ridin?

[VERSE 3]

So if you ain't down, raise up
Now I don't need a drink or a joint to blaze up
Cause I'm already focused, sittin back, thinkin bout the
truce
Sayin prayers for my homies on my way to Lake Luise
Floatin down the highway at 3 pm
They ain't even seen us yet, but we see them
The same ones who took the homeboys' lives
Headin back home to they kids and they housewives
Lookin like any other million Joes
Rollin incognito in civilian clothes
But been givin blacks hell all day with no shame
You're the kind who give cops a bad name
So we on the freeway lookin far to claim
Creepin up slow in a car blue lane
All the straps is loaded and cocked, but mine's not
Slow down a second, and kick it in his blind spot
Now it's on, my heart starts pumpin
Got the 50 round clip, and I'm steadily dumpin
Jumpin lane to lane, it's to the off-ramp
I'm feelin numb, I ain't from no soft camp
So let's vamp
Now we can track back to the other side
Another day, another hoo-ride

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