

Chingo Bling

"Ride It Out"

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[Intro:]What! Rock-a-dollar,
Magic city. Por favor believe it. MC, Gemini, Guerilla
Black, C'mon.

[Chorus:]All my playaz, thugs,
and my ballaz. All my peeps in the clubs spending
dollaz. Hey Mr. DJ won't
you play that song so we could keep it crunk 'til the
early mornin'. We say eeoh [2x] ride it out
baby, ride out. Eeoh [2x] ride it out baby ride out.
(C'mon)

[Verse 1:]Abre las puertas muy abiertas let the
southwest
shine. Hungry like I'm homeless and I can't stop
my grind. I tell you'll struggle but '06 is mine.
Magic City's like kronick, see my blood shine
eyes. I couldn't stop this even if I tried when I'm
at the car show I got them sayin' brown pride.
Like Roger Troutman, talkbox,
so fly dropped the slow jams to make the young girls
cry. Not just
the verse, homie this is my life ever since my first
solo back in '95. My home studio brought hits
everytime that's why I gotta claim NB Ridaz 'til I die.

[Chorus:]All my playaz, thugs,
and my ballaz. All my peeps in the clubs spendin'g
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baby, ride out. Eeoh [2x] ride it out baby ride out.
(C'mon)

[Verse 2:]When I step in the club all men just waitin'
to ball. Shinnin' bright like a super star. Shorties
all around. Yeah it's goin' down.
Take a look now and what did I found. I'm starin' eight
little
mama's ven aqui, como te llamas.
Yeah, I like how you workin' that ass. they call me

gemini and
you lookin' hella fly, just wanna see if we could chat.
If only for a minute I'm tryin' to get to
know you better. I don't dance but I might two-step
with you girl. And how about after this we
jump in the six and ride out. You know what it is.

[Chorus:]All my playaz, thugs,
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[Verse 3:]Its Chingo Bling-o stackin' paper like Kinko's.
Catch me on mtv yo sabado, domingos. Dale, que te
resbale. You got the masa,
Chingo's got the tamale. I got the jalapeno flow, big
chile H-town.
Your prima wants to join us then baby I'm down.
She showed me her panties and did a little
something. She got that sexy side burns like a chanti.
She does the dishes does real big
breakfasts's, mmh delicious,
pastel de tres lecheses. I want a girl like you not a sicia.
La
chapulina no contaron con mi astucia.

[Chorus:]All my playaz, thugs,
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(C'mon)

[Verse 4:]I'm with my damas sippin' SA (yeah).
Rollin' through LA. Put them beat robs them beat we
don't
play. I'm rappin' 'round up in the low-low the covered
with co-co. Yet Guerilla rollin' up Padro.
Ira, Ira, mami as hot as fajitas.
Gone up to go fish a tequila. I just came from the other
side of
the border tryin' to get my ass back up in California
(yeah). In the dark caught with them good
aromas. Yeah it was some of that broner rebollas.
I'm like the vatos whenever my pockets are
sacos, you mess around I'll leave your ass up in a
bottle.

[Chorus:]All my playaz, thugs,
and my ballaz. All my peeps in the clubs spending
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baby, ride out. Eeooh [2x] ride it out baby ride out.
(C'mon)

It's your boy Guerilla B-L-A-C-K.
MAGIC CITY. Clappin' in the building.
MAGIC CITY. MAGIC CITY. Comin' real soon. MAGIC CITY
[laughing] West Coast

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