

Magic

"We Gonna Ride"

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Counting down:

4 3 2 1

Chorus x8 (c-murder)

Tru niggas gonna ride (we gonna ride or die)

Verse 1: (c-murder)

Hit em' up, hit em' up, nigga I fuck them hoes
I smoke weed, make you bleed and it's time to go
And I walk with the league that's what gangstas do
And say where them dollars at? like gansta boo
And skee mask on the muthafucken dash my nigga
Cause if you see me that's yo' muthafuckin' ass my
nigga
And mr. magic got that chopper for yo' ass my nigga
Take off my mask, so you can see my laugh my nigga
I represent that 3 nigga, so fuck what you claim
New orleans is the place where I slang my caine
Red rum, red rum nigga (nigga) look who tried to harm
me
I told you muthafuckas no limit is the army (what?)
(what?)
If I die, I'll never cry, see the hate in my eye
It's time to ride, muthafucka bye (bye) bye (bye)
I told you muthafuckas don't fuck with tru,
It was a dumb move nigga, now I'm fuckin wit you,
biotch

(chorus x8)

Counting down:

(muthafucka, muthafucka) 4 3 2 1

Verse 2: (magic)

They got to kill me to get to you
Before they leave, i'ma have them bitches black and
blue, believe that
Muthafucka you ain't heard of us?
Tru til' I die, man we muthafuckin' murderous

>from the place where them hoes crazy, niggas shady

But I maintain, cause no one could ever fade me
Tru records is the next (what?) cause we the best
(what?)

If you don't think so, then you could get the fuck fuck
I'm here to get you riders, so nigga what what
And I ain't stopin' til we tear the fuckin' club up
So where my niggas at? actin' fuckin' fool
And where the bitches at? show em' that bithces rule
I wanna see you sweatin', clothes lookin' wet
Dick so hard that you can't even catch your breath
Smoke your herb nigga and get your drink on
You gave the party, everybody got their dance on

(chorus x8)

C-murder talking:

My nigga (my nigga)
(what's up?) ride or die muthafucka
Tru records (you heard me?)
(what's up? what's up?) for the tru souljas tru niggas
(you heard me?)
Honk your horn nigga, cause I'm comin' to pick you up
magic
(what's up nigga? get real)
I wanna say what's up to all the deadly apostles
outthere
My nigga macadon, tom from the st. t (saint thomas),
you dig?
My nigga g'boe, my nigga sam (the calliope) what's up
nigga?
Crazy from ruff forever, beelow (whoa) (beelow)
All the muthafuckin' clubs playin' my shit, you dig?
(you know that, you know that, the real shit)
The west, marine, you dig? monte
Whats up ke'noe nigga? (deadly sounds)
Ha (what?) this shit real out here boy,
We gonna ride or die, tru for life, you dig?
Pause, watch me out

Chorus x8 until fade

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