

## Marky Mark & The Funky Bunch

### "Tre' Ride"

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(Intro)

Bounce the Tre'  
Bounce nigga, bounce nigga, bounce the Tre'  
Bounce nigga, bounce nigga, bounce the Tre'  
I said bounce the Tre', I said bounce the Tre'

(Verse 1)

It's a fly day, a hot July day, in the Y-O's  
Bounce or fly your Tre' straight out the driveway  
Bouncin' in the sunrays, going one way, flossin' in the  
ride  
I hit a left, then popped in the cassette  
Of the bounce-rock skate, and blast it as it  
Gets much hotter I just gotta gain...  
One of these so called Don-Dada's  
That's starin' me up & down, I say what's up and clown,  
coz I get around  
Like my nigga Pac do, and once I start  
Wiggling my thing back and forth I've got you  
(back, back, forth & forth)  
Hypnotised, and uh, Mesmorised, but uh  
Nigga get your eyes (wide)  
Cause I'm comin' out with the mighty flow, so now you  
know that uh...

(Chorus - MC Breed)

It's a fly day to twirl them D's  
On the W-E-ST-I-D-E  
Rocks stay high, rollin' in my Tre' ride  
It's a fly day to make some G's  
On the W-E-ST-I-D-E  
And I'ma stay fly, bouncin' in ma Tre' ride

(Verse 2)

And it goes one to the deuce to the tre' to the four  
Just I told you Yo Yo's your  
Gene of amazing female... I lay in the Tre', cause I  
know  
I've got the bomb-shit, that you feen for  
I've got the bomb-shit, that you lean for  
I've seen your Coupe and I'm just not impressed

You can keep your double S, cause my Tre' is double  
fresh  
And I get much love, from the Westside, Westside...  
And I bet I... can hit three wheel motions straight to the  
ocean  
Me and my homies straight coastin'  
Toastin' the glass in the air, so pre-pare  
For Y-O's fly flow, oh yeah  
And I'ma keep my ride on this side of LA  
And I'ma bounce nigga, bounce nigga, bounce my Tre'

(Chorus)

(MC Breed)

What side, nigga, ride, westside (x8)  
Get it right...

(Verse 3)

Now I'ma swerve to the top,  
and press all you niggas hangin on the block  
Come around the corner and let the ass drop  
C'mon and let me rock, c'mon and let me rock  
Well it's the green eye, you see I lean fly  
In the cut, so what's up with the mean eye  
Mad doggin' me cause I got the fly anus  
Sparklin' D's, with ??? gold ???  
Chillin' in the hood I'm the centre of attention  
Sixteen switches controlling my suspension  
So, uh, which way you want me to dip it?  
Front to the back? Or just plain kick it?  
And if it's a hot summer's day,  
then you might catch a galnce of the Y in her Tre'  
Bounce, nigga, bounce

(Chorus till fade...)

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