

Master P "Ride"

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Picture this nigga me a ghetto millionaire
And all my fucking enemies evaporated (evaporated)
Only the real can feel me (only the real)

Let's ride this one's for the killers and dealers
Still bout it bout it nigga now the world gone feel it (3x)

Stomach pains in the ghetto and I'm starving
But picture me a third ward nigga ballin'
A house on the lake and one on the hill
Imagine in a ferrari worth millions in dollar bills
If the game won't change me these niggas won't tame
me
This bitches won't bring me and everybody blame me
Niggas gettin' paid started from the streets
If a nigga don't hustle then mama don't eat
I live my life with some thugs I run with killers and g's
Tech-nine and oz's gone off hennessy and weed

Chorus(2x)

I'm asking y'all a question who makes these white laws
And all the taxes I pay why don't the government
protect superstars
They couldn't save biggie and what about tupac
My little brother c-murder went to jail with ap-9 and two
glocks
This ghetto got me trapped these fiends drivin' me
crazy
I'm duckin' dodgin' the police penetetionary and daisy
Protected by soldiers live my life smokin'
The ghetto bottles are broken and cast popped open
Nobody want to die young but everybody gotta go
So pass me the stress release 'cause even bill cliton
smoke

Chorus(3x)

Nigga we riders (riders) for every fucking one of us
they take
We takin' a hundred of them
We gonna make some motherfuckin' statements too

now
But you know what that we mortalizin' together and
comin' together
And we diein' together it ain't no game niggas soliders
black power
'til death do us part nigga for every nigga they take we
gone make 100 more
To multiply y'all niggas multiply niggas like gremlins
nigga
Warden make millions (nigga we don't make dope they
make dope)
If all y'all niggas talkin' to the feds tryin' to get a nigga
locked up
Then y'all know a nigga that changed his whole attitude
Changed his whole motherfuckin' game nigga we too
motherfuckin' legit to quit
So y'all read about that and y'all motherfuckin' media
That want a nigga to war this rap wars and shit niggas
don't kill niggas
The media kills niggas I feel your pain suge knight
nigga death row records
No limit motherfuckin' records (could be anyone of us)
niggas unite
They don't want niggas to make it out of the ghetto
Take chances and opportunites to all y'all fucking
niggas out there
Livin' like guppies y'all know no limit niggas we wet
gyuppies up
(wet'em up) y'all remember that this is from the
motherfucking last dizon
Now this is for all my no limit soldiers from the south to
the west
To the east to the motherfuckin' north let's ride niggas
Real niggas don't die we multiply nigga gotta pack
some heat 'cause
That's the only way he gone protect himself I don't give
a fuck if i
Just got off parole nigga I'm gonna protect me and
mines nigga
You protect you and yours

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