

Murs

"Transitions Az a Ridah"

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[imitating 2Pac] I won't deny ya, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck wit me! [Murs - talking] Me,
personally, I shop illegally All you ladies out there
c'mon, cuz whatever, don't front! Y'know you them like
them ridahz! (SHOW YO LOVE!!) [Murs] (Give it up) Now
I heard that heaven is a halfpipe Well, that's only half-
right You'll have to skate vert to find your heaven on
this earth You could skate a parking lot and see it all
for what it's worth Heelflip - 12 stairs, and still recieve
your share Hardware to the wood, no risers at all On
the low life skating before the blegals got involved Now
they got, platnum chains to match they rangs
Understand I'm not hatin, I'm just sayin' that is strange
- That Hosoi's locked up, Tony Hawk's got a game
Although, everything's changed, I still love it the same
Sixteen years later, still doin my thang This go out to all
my ridahz who, don't gangbang [Chorus] It used to be
so fun, we rode from cops at the spots Makin magic,
weekend havoc in yo' local parking lots Now let's RIDE
(Fo' them 15-stair, no slides) Let's RIDE (For the homeys
pullin airs backside) Let's RIDE (O! skool, Dogtown, Bert
Slide) Let's RIDE (For everytime you bailed, but got
back up and tried) Now I first startin skatin back in 1986
(WHOO!) And I still can't land a motherfuckin kickflip (I
know that) I just like to ride, kickturn, carve the bowl
And my most impressive flatland trick? Ollie the road
Though I'm not outta control, it's good for my soul to
go out and test my limits - no coach, no scrimmage
One of the few sports in life that promotes
independence So this is my ode, to everyone who roll
two trucks and four wheels, those who ride everyday to
develop more skills, and there sure ain't thang in pain
Seven plaza woodgrain, do the same trick for weeks 'til
it drives you insane (AHHH-RGH!) But when you land
that trick, it's spritual bliss (Hummmmmm....) when the
vinyl meets the asphalt Attempted it for weeks, you've
been workin yo' ASS OFF! And it's not about a girl, or
some props for your boys You do it fo' yourself and
that sense of inner joy [Chorus] Now you could ride for
fun, flow, am, or pro (shit, I'm a pro) It's like
underground rap - it's not about dat dough! Although it

is nice to make loot at what you love Said by me and
James Craig (Whaddup?) talkin' life over grub Or me
and G-Mo's hosted outside the club And if they don't let
you wear yo' skate shoes, then FUCK them scrubs!!
Look, I don't play ball or, organized sports Catch me at
the skate park, in some boarder-type shorts It's a
quarterpipe sport, skate is sorta like H.O.R.S.E. And we
don't fear pain, it's a door to life source And we could
make our own fun, we don't, gotta find a court It's as
plain as this, we could skate a drainage ditch! Ride with
the homeys, pull the insane and shit that'll never get
filled, but still it makes you feel like a hundred
thousand dollas when you hear yo' boys holla
(WHOOO!!!) And this is dedicated to my skateboard
scholars It used to be so fun, we rode from cops at the
spots Makin' magic, weekend havoc in yo local parking
lots Now let's RIDE!! [Outro] Now on the real kno', we'll
take a moment to say, "Rest In Peace" to all ya favorite
skate spots... Like E.M.B...Lovepark... Moment of
silence... Rest in peace, Kenan Milton... Keep ridin...

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