

## New Found Glory

### "Ride or Die"

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[Chorus]

We just ride and get high, 'til the sun cracks the sky  
Keep that heat by my side, that's how gangsters get by  
Cause it's an eye for an eye, when I bust you that's fly  
My gun never been shy, that's how gangsters get by  
It's either ride or die...

[Verse 1: Xzibit]

... we just boogy, advance  
The rubber band stack thick in my pants  
Real gangsters make plots and plans and touch dirt  
Only prayin for the day when they can wash they hands  
Real gangsters leave nothin to chance at first glance  
If it ain't a sho' thing then you bet' not swing  
Real gangsters keep that Cutlass clean, keep the  
monsters mean  
And when you dump it drop it right at the scene  
Real gangsters got a gangsta lean  
You might not talk red, black, or blue but everybody  
talk green  
Glance to my left look over my right shoulder  
Livin life in my rearview, FUCK stayin sober  
Forget back I sit back and wait for the click-clack  
Real gangsters want real spit so I spit that  
Real gangsters don't even say it  
They just hit the trunk cock it and spray it  
Light up your Christmas! Yeah!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Xzibit]

... and don't slip up  
It's way too late when the bodybags zip up  
Real gangsters pray for they soul when they get up  
You live by the gun but you'll die by that hit up  
Watch that rig up, find yo'self in a box  
in a spot where the cops can't dig up  
Real gangsters ain't just thugs in bandanas  
Slugs and big cannons, drugs and big hammers  
Real gangsters open up ya minds and expand 'em  
Why was Tupac really spittin at the cameras?

Cause real gangsters get no peace, they want us six  
feet deep  
or locked down in the belly of the beast  
Real gangsters make bread, rise like yeast  
Won't hesitate to put hot chrome to ya teeth  
So fuck beef! Real gangsters load heat  
When ya see 'em in the street better call the police,  
c'mon

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Tone]

... syndrome is a fear  
that inner-city residents have of they own peers  
People in they own community  
usin a case where two blacks got smoked by one in '93  
And ain't now nigga be the murder case  
Usin and servin survival shit as a defense plea  
In Cali big knot (knot)  
The judicial system out here'll have you level fo' 'til you  
rot  
It's because of the system we violence stricken  
Forced to frequent the zone when the reefer's driftin  
And it's hella drift cause in Southeast Danglewood  
Damn near, 30 years of Bloodin and Crippin  
And we inflicted with a disease mo' trip than an H-I-V  
Can't nuthin protect you from a hundred, drummer 2-2-  
3's  
You can call the police  
Wear a V-E-S-T but forget about safety

[Chorus]

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