

Da Beatminerz "How We Ride"

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You got real street niggas that ride on your side
They know the code, it's either do it or die
I got real street niggas that ride on my side, what
They know the code, either do it or die
You got rich street niggas that ride on your side
They know the code, it's either do it or die

So what the world gon' tell us
Me and mine too strong and rebellious, the petties stay
jealous
Find me in the dusty cellars, writing
To feed the 5,000 fellas, hustlers and street dwellers

Heather B devoted, quote it
I feed the desperate and demoted
Want passion? I'm loaded the truth, I uphold it
Wisdom, I tote it
Bet that outdoes me, Heather B self promoted

I know thieves, thugs and crooks
We be ridin' and I don't care how it look
You better take it easy 'fore you get that took
Yo my mans and them be off the hook, PA

My peoples be's behind me so I fears nobody
Foxxx push the Navie, while I'm ridin' shotty
The last nigga that tried me, what, he came apart
He dropped mine and they took his heart so don't start

You got real street niggas that ride on your side, what
They know the code, either do it or die
I got real street niggas that ride on my side
They know the code, it's either do it or die

Who got real street niggas that ride on they side, huh
They know the code, it's either do it or die
You got real street niggas that ride on your side, huh
They know the code, either do it or die

My walk through life is iller than most niggas that carry
toast
I'm ya emcee, lyrical host

Stretch a nigga if he stand too close
My niggas know who the boss is
The 240 pound bald-headed killer that don't know what
a loss is

We like black Yukons and Navigators
Real street agrivators and we'll kill you in a suit and
gators
Don't get it fucked up, niggas'll run you like plays
And cut you like 'Back in the days'

I got real street niggas that ride, right or wrong
They always on my side, so bring it on
Take ya picture, then we come and get'cha, ya little
bitcha
We bust ya with them four pound shells

That split'cha when they hit'cha
My unpredictable style of emceein'
Kinda reflects the unpredictable zone a nigga be in
My niggas seein' what I'm seein'
Bustin' out the back window when we fleein'

We heard your radio record, you bitch nigga
Now we sittin' back waitin' to rob this fake rich nigga
Biters and snitch niggas, get put in PC like lyrical police
Stay the fuck away from me
I'd rather bounce to Jerse' and rock with Heather B
Then fuck with fake ass niggas that ain't like me

You got real street niggas that ride on your side, huh
They know the code, either do it or die
You got real street niggas that ride on your side baby
They know the code, it's either do it or die

We got real street niggas that ride on our side, huh
They know the code, it's either do it or die
We got real street niggas that ride on our side, huh
They know the code, it's either do it or die, what

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