

Pras Michel "Let's Ride"

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[Canibus]

Yo, yo

If you just listen to my lyrics every day for a couple of weeks

My techniques will eventually kill you just like red meat

The Bhagavad Gita beliefs I speak be so deep

Most critics get mad because there's nothin to critique

Whenever I'm rappin or rhymin

with irrefutably remarkable timin

I'm like, Charlie Chaplin pantomimin

If you John Blaze, or you James Flames

or you Jack Cremation, I'm Jermaine Propane (Jermaine Propane)

No pain no gain in this rap game

For the fortune and fame in order to remain

Most real MC's, learn to adapt to the change

or get washed away like tears in the rain, in the rain
y'all

Chorus: Wyclef, Product, Pras

[Clef] Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride

Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride

[Pro] When you in the streets and you're drivin in your
V

if you can see what I see, you're prepared for the
jackers

[Can] Old school, old school

[Pras] Everybody got to pack a mac now

[Canibus]

Yo, if you wanna know, how I kick a flow

when I rip a show, with my lyric-al, I'ma let you know

It's difficult, cause I'm a part spiritual, part para-
physical miracle

And I'ma blackout in a minute too

Spittin like Bone-Thugs like

"Nigga-what? I'm-fin-to-get-a-gun and stick-em-up"

then crush a Thug's Bones with a chrome slug

The black Cyrano DeBergerac of rap

with the ghetto Anglo-Sax' poetic syntax

In fact, nigga don't even give me dap when I see you

Just don't give me no ice grill eye contact either
When you see me, whylin like Beenie on the speakers
"Zim zimma -- who got the fire for my reefa?"

Chorus: Product, Pras, Wyclef

[Pro] You came home from a bid a nigga was in your
crib
And the whole time you thought your girl was celebrate
[Can] Old school old school
[Pras] You locked up and she need some di-ick
[Clef] Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride
Just ride in the hood, just ride, all my .. uh, ah just ride

[Canibus]
Yo physically I move at a velocity
that'll break your stopwatch if you clockin me
My concrete jungle is like Jumanji
Iller than what you seen in the cinema
A five foot eight, nigga with more horsepower than
eight cylinders
My brain consists of twin Pentium chips
Double the clock speeds of a 586
And nothin about my physical matrix is BASIC
I kick flavor beyond what your tongue is capable of
tastin
You'll be so surprised you won't believe your own eyes
It's like a Jamaican seein the snow for the first time
Rhymes of a sort, that distort space and time
It's like explainin color to a man that was born blind

Chorus: Product

[Pro] Crimes on the street, come from a lack of eatin
It's not my cup of tea, but I'll give them the BEST
Motherfuckin BEST
And if you still out here I kick yo' ass tomorrow
[Can] Old school, old school (c'mon!)
[Pro] And if you still out here, I kick yo' ass tomorrow
[Can] Old school, old school (c'mon y'all)
[Pro] Frontin like you buyin food but you buyin crack
bottles

[Wyclef]
Ah just ride, ah just ride
Everybody in the East just ride
Ah just ride, ah just ride
Everybody in the West just ride
Ah to the South, down South
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ah just ride

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