

## Psychopath "Ride Out"

Visit "[Ride Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Psychopathic Rydas  
Yah Yah  
Mothafucka  
We own Detroit  
Bitch, put you mothafuckin' hands up  
Detroit, New York, LA, Florida, Boston

Rydas ryde out (Mothafucka)  
Rydas ryde out (Whut)  
Rydas ryde out (Yeah boy)  
Rydas ryde out (Mothafucka)

We be the dick and vagina hiduz  
From the back siders  
Psychopathic Rydas  
Whitey tighties ain't tighter  
We be the cheeva rollers  
One more, we creezy guzzlers  
Bitch mothafucka  
Smoke us natural born street hustlas  
We be the hatchet sporters  
Stink of kiss supporters  
In the Keys of Florida  
Makin' deals on Motorolas (yea)  
We be drapin' platinum, gold  
Jet-black Roles  
My rice and rolls can hold  
Po-po on payroll  
We be the holders of stub stops  
No doubt  
Stick you up, make out the back  
Drop and ride out

While other bitches dream about  
The Rydas be on the street  
And we be about it  
Check to see if I demand bankroll  
With a rubber band  
If you a Ryda, then you like my fuckin' brother-man  
So now let's get this cheddar  
And do the things we gotta do

Find a chicken head  
That the whole crew can run thru  
Sippin' on the crissy  
Until the bottle lookin' low  
Send the same freak bitch  
To the mothafuckin' store (Take yo ass to the store)  
Then we ride out  
Bitch, you know it's all the same  
When you fuckin' with them ballers ho  
You can keep the change (ching)

Rydas ryde out (Whut)  
Rydas ryde out (Yeah boy)  
Rydas ryde out (Whut)  
Rydas ryde out (Mothafucka)

Rydin' old golds don't come with no big shit big Shit  
You shoulda know you can't fuck wit  
Niggas from the hood  
They ain't about talkin' shit  
They about robbin' suckas  
And emptin' clips  
In the mouth of a bitch who ain't actin't right  
To any bitch-made nigga, you don't wanna fight  
With five true Rydas  
Hot flow providers  
Two southwesters, three eastsiders (Eastsiede!)  
Cell Block runnin' down sucka with the heat  
Out the window bitch (Blah)  
Steady blazin' indo  
Take a puff and pass it to my homies (Right here, right  
hea!)  
Cock that gat and unload on all you phonies (Plah!)  
You catch a slug ho  
Splatterin' ya blood ho  
Grave get dug bitch  
It ain't no low-low

My name is Bullet (zeom)  
I be what is known as a gangsta  
Shackin' up in the hide-out  
And when I ride out  
I put an eye out  
I'm in a black truck  
Bumpin' down the block  
Windows tinted  
Nuttin' but a gat hangin' out (Blahow)  
Boyz n da hood  
I'll be the cat in the back seat  
Eyes buggin' wide  
With the skully branishin' heat

Ya hear my pitter patter from a mile away  
Head choke still fallin' down the following day  
I be the maniac (Yea!)  
Hidin' out on the roof  
Bustin' shots at cops for my Rydas dawgs (Whoof!)  
Anybody wanna see me  
Bring a magnifyin' glass  
'cause I hide in the shadows  
And bust a cap in you ass  
I be the killer (Bluah)  
You see me on the ten o'clock news  
I'll put a barrel to your chest  
And blow ya feet right out ya shoes

Rydas ryde out (Whut)  
Rydas ryde out (Yeah boy)  
Rydas ryde out (Whut)  
Rydas ryde out (Mothafucka)

You better ride out  
Before we get the slide out  
Heat that we roll out  
Unload the smoke out (Blahow)  
Rydas dumpin' clips  
Bithces run for cover  
When we on your block  
Duck low mothafucka (Nice!)

I won't even think twice about buckin' the vice (Blahow)  
You wanna bang with the berries  
Be prepared to pay the price (Blahow)  
I'll walk up and blow a hole in you face  
Before your body even hit the floor (haha)  
I'm gone without a trace because  
I'm slippery, trickery  
It's like hickery, dickery, dock  
When I cock the glock  
Psychopathic Ryda hidin' out (what)  
It's like a wet cigarette  
Start the Blazer up and ride out

Ride low, ride now  
Like Riderman's prime  
And all them bitches in the skies  
Better open they eyes  
Before the trigga-happy Rydas  
Roll out in the black truck  
Keep my name out of your mouth  
And tell 'em to shut the fuck up (fuck up)

Ryda love until the E-N-D

We constantantly  
Checkin' your beats  
And bankin' on your cheese  
Please  
Buckle your knees  
Take you car keys (Errt)  
Bumpin' to beats in your whip  
Bitch, ride out on these (mothafucka)

Rydas ryde out (Whut)  
Rydas ryde out (Yeah boy)  
Rydas ryde out (Whut)  
Rydas ryde out (Mothafucka)

Rydas ryde out (Whut)  
Rydas ryde out (Yeah boy)  
Rydas ryde out (Whut)  
Rydas ryde out (Mothafucka)

Visit [Psychopath](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.