

## Psychopath

### "Ryden Dirtay"

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These rydas to cool to ryde dirty  
They Ryde Dirtay  
See basically, uhh, everyday when you wake up in hood  
You gotta look at yourself in the mirror  
And make that decision  
Either you gonn ride like a square  
Or you gonna ride dirty like a Ryda  
But Rydas are too cool for that shit  
They Ryde Dirtay  
You see  
You might have 6, 7 bags heron up in the mutha fuck  
glove box  
Or maybe a brick of weed taped to the engine  
I don't know what your preference is  
Mothafucka but ya better have your heat  
And if the pig pull you over  
You can't hesitate to pull off on his ass

15 black trucks baby  
Rydin' in the roll  
From the 7 Mile East to the southwest side  
Slow  
Final destination  
Clark Park summertime  
Where them bitches flaunt ass in the sunshine  
I grip my wheel  
I'm like the 4th truck back  
Lil' punch of perkasetts  
And a Kool-Aid pack  
Diggin'  
I'm tryin' not to spill the Rock and Rye  
With the freekshow bump face twitch in my eye  
Blowin' cane dust all up off the dash  
Bullet quick out the yay for that night of cash  
Ryden Dirtay  
Till I flip this Birtay  
But hey it's like  
Everydaaay  
Summer breeze  
After I deliver these  
I'ma take it eaz

In the Florida Keys  
We'z gonna take time  
Sippin' Carribean wine  
With a twist of lime  
In the sunshine  
In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J  
I be makin' all them pay (Heeey)  
In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J  
I be out ryden dirtay (Heeey)

In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J  
I be makin' all them pay (Heeey)  
In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J  
I be out ryden dirtay (Heeey)

We ryden deep and dirty  
On the streets of the D  
Duck ya head low  
When you see me pull the heat  
I'm comin' for your jewels  
And all your fuckin' cash  
So when you see us pull up  
You better hit the gas  
And mash all out of this district, bitch  
Stay and become my next victim bitch  
'cause we rydin' down the street  
Dumpin' out windows  
And we don't give a fuck who we really hit though

I'm rydin' dirty like a dirty low  
I'm down with Bullet, Cell Block, Full Clip and that nigga  
Foe Foe  
Mo money mo problems  
Mo mutha fuckin' weight  
Mo Ryda tagga reppin' with a can of black spray paint  
I cross the line and put a K, you know  
How we do when it come to them outside ho's  
I'ma Ryda rydin' dirty  
And that's how I do  
And every nigga in my crew be the same way to

I be makin' all them pay (Heeey)  
In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J  
I be out ryden dirtay (Heeey)

In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J  
I be makin' all them pay (Heeey)  
In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J  
I be out ryden dirtay (Heeey)

Eight o'clock on the dot

Rydas at my door  
Grab a bag of weed and a chrome pistol  
Foe Foe wanna ryde and smoke till the day comes  
And we ain't lookin' fo beef unless ya make some  
Taste them ho's  
And let the 20 inch rim roll  
I'm out of control  
Rydin' Dirty in my low low  
We just lookin' for that Barbeque  
With a lil' drank, a lil' weed  
And that bitch with you

WOOP WOOP  
Look up in the rear view  
Shit, man  
It's the pigs in blue  
Start to get wait i'm straight though  
It's officer Ham Huffer cop on the payroll  
As he approaches  
I roll down the window  
Here we go  
Two grams of heron and some indo  
Get the fuck on  
Filthy pig  
That's the beneficials  
Of Ryden Dirty

There ain't no sunshine  
When ya dirty rydin'  
Always creepin'  
Slidin' Hidin'  
Make Ya drops  
Shake a Cop  
Give a dap to the Devil  
And ya take your knot  
The feelin' is good when the deed is done  
Home free and ya didn't have to kill no one  
Lucky you ain't dead  
You played the game  
Rydin' Dirtay boy I tell ya  
Ain't nothin' the same (come on now)

I be makin' all them pay (Heeey)  
In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J  
I be out ryden dirtay (Heeey)

In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J  
I be makin' all them pay (Heeey)  
In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J  
I be out ryden dirtay (Heeey)

You see I'm an old school dirty ryda  
I used to have a mothafuckin' ice cream truck  
That I'd slang my bags from  
Yea you might get a mold, and bag of chips and fine  
pop from me mothafucka  
And all the mutha fuckas in the hood knew it  
When they see the mutha fucka come jinglin' up the  
block  
They knew it was comin'  
Sweet time (heeey)

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