

The Conscious Daughters "Something To Ride To (Fonky Expedition)"

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I'm just riding, sliding
Let's take a little trip
CMG and K and we fits
To make a grip

Coming straight from out the old
So you know that we got
The funky track that's phat

But anyway, it's my time
So let me introduce
Special one first up
From the gangsta crew

Known as CCD with a title and a rep
It's quite apparent
Serving funky shit to keep you
Motherfuckers staring

Pump it up mack shit for your ears
Kick it loud and clear
Making hoes disappear

Hitting doughnuts in a tree sideways
To the next light triple gold thangs
And my shit's tight

Five beat mobbing
Through in the town
Deuce tone gangsta flake
With the top down

Damn, this shit's hitting hard in the trunk
Got me three wheel switching
On them bitches on the next block

Headed straight to the top
And as long as my
Skills pay the bills
I'm a never stop

Kicking that shit you love

Pass the dank and the drank
For the bitch to buzz

It's a ghetto thing
So I bring the ghetto swing
Hooking niggas like they came
When I do my thing

Five real G's mobbing on a mission
Check it, it's the funky expedition
That we call a little something to ride to

Expedition, funky expedition
Expedition, funky expedition...

Come and catch a thrill
With the super skill
Rhyme flowing daughter on the tack
With the neck to keep
Your speakers blowing
Riding with a gat in my lap
And the finger on a zap
Looking for some niggas in a Cadillac

Yeah, we on point
Rolling in a point
Special wanna CMG
Blazing up a joint

Keeping a steady pace in a car race
Siding on a strip with a grip
And an 8th in my glove case

Never leaving a trace
Believing the five-o's blind
Cause I'm fucking conscious
Of these streets of mine

Rolling lit with the tinshed shallow
And I'll be back around the block
For niggas to drop tomorrow

From East Oak to the B town
Looking for a freak now
Where hella scratch to get at

Check it, CMG on a mission
To get with some niggas to
Ride on this funky expedition

Expedition, funky expedition

Expedition, funky expedition

Yeah, Conscious Daughters
All up in your trunk
Something to ride to
Feel that shit, yeah

Hey, yo, K, why don't you step up
And let that ass know

Front hill boulevard
To bumpy ass trip
Homies steady clowning
On the gas break dip

It's a conscious groove
Making all my daughters move
Rolling through the town
With the big bass boom

Let's get bigger on these
Niggas up the street
Jock 'em for a minute
Let 'em take us out to eat

But I concentrate on
All my niggas later
I flow to this shit cause
I'm special one, the greater

But it's this funky beat that
Got me gripping still like this
Come into my show
If you find, you may kiss

Don't mess with the bomb
I never stress no tension
Come kick it with the Daughters
As we take you on a funky expedition

Expedition, funky expedition
Expedition, funky expedition

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