

## **The Conscious Daughters**

### **"Something To Ride To"**

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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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