

The Game

"Let's Ride"

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Aka as "Strip Club" / "Let's ride (Strip Club)" - dirty version /uncensored.

[Verse 1]

Pull the rag off the six-fo',
Hit the switch, show niggas how the shit go,
The Game is back, the Aftermath chain is gone,
The D's is chrome, the frame is black.
(So watch it lift up)
Till the motherfucker bounce and break,
And knock both of the screws out the licence plate.
Let the games begin,
These other rap niggas so far behind they can taste my
rims,
Shit, let the chronic burn as the daytons spin.
It ain't been this much drama since I first heard
Eminem,
In the club, poppin' X pills like M & Ms,
Call it Dre day, we celebratin', bitch bring a friend.
Bottles on me, tell the waiter to order another round,
And put that cheap-ass hypnotic down.
(Put your 'cris up!)
If you feel the same way,
Who got 'em hittin' switches NY to LA

[Hook]

(If I could fit the whole hood in the club)
Hop in the low-rider, 'long as it got bitches in the back,
(I turn it into a strip-club)
Call it a lap-dance, when the six-fo' bounce that ass,
(If I could fit the hole world in the club)
Tell the DJ to bang my shit, the west-coast in this bitch
(Pop bottles and twist up)
Roll up chronic and hash,
In a blunt, call it Aftermath

[Verse 2]

Somebody tell me where the drinks at,
Where the bitches at,
You fucking on the first night, meet me in the back.
I got a pound of chronic, and a gang of freaks,
Move bitch! Who the fuck you think they came to see?

The protag of the D R E,
Take a picture with him, and you gotta fuck me,
Then you gotta fuck Busta, can't touch Eve,
Got sumthin on my waist say you can't touch Eve,
That's - my gangsta bitch, and like Crips and Bloods,
I'm in the club on some gangsta shit.
(So nigga twist up)
Light another dub,
Bitches get scared when niggas start fighting in the club.
Ain't nothing but a g-thing, baby it's a g-thing,
Bounce like you got hydraulics in your g-string,
I fuck a different bitch seven days a week,
Hit the switch, watch it bounce like a Scott Storch beat.

[Hook]

(If I could fit the whole hood in the club)
Hop in the low-rider, long as it got bitches in the back,
(I turn it into a strip-club)
Call it a lap-dance, when the six-fo' bounce that ass,
(If I could fit the hole world in the club)
Tell the DJ to bang my shit, the west-coast in this bitch
(Pop bottles and twist up)
Roll up chronic and hash,
In a blunt, call it Aftermath

[Verse 3]

Niggaz thought I wasn't coming back?
Look at me now,
Hoppin' out the same Cherry six-fo' with the
motherfucking top down,
I'm The Game, nigga
Call your bitch, she ain't home, she with Game, nigga
Remember that, Dre
You passed me the torch, I lit the chronic with it, now
the world is my ashtray,
Ridin' three-wheel motion 'till the ass scrapes,
Turn sunset into a motherfucking drag-race.
Now watch it bounce,
Hit the switch, let it bounce till the police shut the shit
down.
{When you hit the club)
Tell 'em you came with me,
(We gonna twist up)
In the V.I.P.
It's a new day, and if you ever knew Dre,
Motherfucker, you would say I was the new Dre.
Same Impala, different spokes
Same chronic, just a different smoke.

[Hook]

(If I could fit the whole hood in the club)
Hop in the low-rider, long as it got bitches in the back,
(I turn it into a strip-club)
Call it a lap-dance, when the six-fo' bounce that ass,
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