

The Game

"Street Ryders"

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I'm feeling like a boss banging Tupac high as a motherfuckin Queensbridge rooftop, blowing on this purple haze feeling invincible selling dope never snitch; hood nigga principles abide by it live by it, die by it nigga even when i'm finger fucking hoes finger on the trigger diamonds in my crucifix feeling like a priest open the doors on my garage see that 92 caprice soldier for the cause don't leave the home without the strap know the map like the back of my hand therefore I trap see them cars an them street bikes shining under them street lights blowing on this peace pipe welcome to the street life

cant sleep through the night man you better believe that i'm a street rider
can't sleep through the night I keep it tucked in my sleeves cause i'm a street rider
I'm a hustler ghetto entrepreneur n addicted to money, cars and hoes got my tommy tucked n ready to draw better make a finger run screaming fuck the law

The phantom can't hold me so I went and bought a sypder, nigga I switch beats like a fucking ruff ryder, can-am engine, suicide rims, niggaz can't live wit it commit suicide then, wish cancer on the haters wish Aids on the sluts, take the ride kill me cause there ain't a bitch that I trust im just rolling up this kush about to crash my girls truck her friend texted me trying to kick it like the world cup she just trying to get some ace of spades, trying to hit the blunt, she a cunt, hit her once and call her ass next month, see this bitches try to stunt and this niggas stay hatin see my watch a cold bitch call that hoe sarah palin, all my albums went platinum nigga thanks to the block voice raspy as ever nigga thanks to them shots back repping aftermath nigga thanks to the Doc and these hoes in my Panamera thanks to ciroc

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i swtich from chillin cause rappers harassing me, illing
they rich infactuaded by just causualy living
the bitch, canhave a threesome with them , now they
pimping
little monkey, thats how a king is suppose to be
how you open, when she willing, let me take you to 87
14- years old, i was a ladies legend
38 a bird in the safe, 98 oldsmobile, i ain't frontin
i don't know Pharrel, he wear pastel colors
i wear the pain of the Soledad brothers and the chrome
gat busters
i close shops, i showed niggaz their first bentley's, fuck
i window shop
show niggaz their first ice, now they like ' i love you '
remember when they hustled, tryin to sue Russel
for what other niggaz did to him, sounds sickenin
thats why i cut him off , word to god....he was snitchin'
then!

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