

Tori Amos

"Ride"

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[Intro]

Let's get it hype, nigga

Let's get it crump

Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Eightball]

Pass me them Swisher Sweets, let's get it crump

If a nigga disrespect me I'mma prove my shit and
dump

Blast rhymes like I pump, turn your belly to jelly

Veteran MC, I don't think you rookies is ready

Three hundred and fifty pounds of pressure to deal wit

I run with Suave, always packin' something to kill with

Feel this bitch, when I get rich I'mma still hustle

Go down in history, paper taller than Bill Russel

Kilo flows, I got 'em hid in the basement

Choppin boys up, on some puttin' it in they face shit

Eight Ball, F-a-t M-a-c-k, known for layin' it down

And doin' shit the playa way

Callabo's of the dough ain't no secret

Space-age pimpin' means I don't do free shit

Time waits for no one, it ain't gon' wait for me

Yours truly, signed Eightball and MJG

[MJG]

1 - All my hard core niggas, what you want to do?

My real thug-ass niggas, what you want to do?

All my money making bitches if you ride with me

I'mma pimp 'till I die and I'mma ride for free

Now where them real bitches at

Where them real bitches at

Where they at, where they at, where they at, huh?

And where my buck niggas at

Where my buck niggas at

Where they at, where they at, where they at, come on

[Foxy Brown]

I ain't new to this

Damn nice bitch that's true to this

Money ain't never been a thing to me
Always stack my dough, holla back (uh)
Ass fat, thighs thick, titties perfect
Inhale the cheese from here to Tel Aviv
Y'all know it, shit I don't bluff
And no dough? I dont fuck 'em
Fuck l'mma fake for?
Make mine's, l'mma take yours
Cuz l'm no nigga like love b'fore
Make bitch scream like, gimme some more
If a nigga broke, what'd you fuck him for?
Waste of time
It's like we playette minds
Dont stop, get it get it
Bitches, take it from a real motherfuckin' pro
Y'all get that dough, we don't trust these niggas
They gon' pimp if you let them
From NY to the dirty south
And them bitches' dime tight
I got my mind right
And my ice got the shine right
And if it don't blind bitches
When them lights hit the wrist?
You won't be sticking shit
You be lickin' this

Repeat 1

[MJG]

I'm the pimp motherfucker, baby
Ice cold, stories so high
I pimp the whole village twice
So tight fold crease right on the president's nose
Pimp clothes, drinkin straight Henney'and Buckstrum
Touch toed, hoes take a centerfold pose
Break a treat, make 'em pay to enter those
Pros, slam those
Game tied tight like bows, we never close
Three-sixty-five, twenty-four
Hand chose bithces a la mode, gettin' sold
Plus a load of killer, as Chronic gettin' blowed
Keep it froze, tucked up in a Tupperware bowl
Stick of gold, somethin' from the school of the old
Forever flows, I take it down as deep as it can go
Burn rolls, braids tight, blazed afros
We're pushin' hoes
Dicks get erect like poles, pay the toll
MJG is in control

Repeat 1

[Juvenile]

Peep dis', you and them boys need to slow down
Up in the morning in the court, it's 'bout to go down
There's no remorse now, better expose rounds
Them jackets be on the lose until the dope is found
Juvenile's my name, bitch
I represent it to the end, the same shit
Niggers don't be wearin suits on theses blocks
All you see is your boys and reeboks
A thin hat to the back with a strap too
Willin' to bust a nigga ass if he had to
If you feel the same my nigger, you's a hot boy
Blocka, blocka, blocka
Better get up off the block, boy
Call for the cops, boy your mommy or pops, boy
Cash wasn't a million, never hit the spot boy
You want props ha, you sold to the cops ha
You in a cell block ha, cuz you too hot ha

Repeat 1

[MJG]

Where the real ones at? Be-atch...
Oh, you know how we feel
About all you 'wanna be' ass ghetto super stars
Wanna be like 'me ass" niggas
Tryin' to be like Foxy Brown bitches
I give a fuck about your intermureal status, motha
fucka
You ain't nobody
We been doing this, been doin' this shit
We go way back with this baby
Talkin' about this real shit on the mutha fuckin'
microphone
Pimps and hoes and gettin' money
Tricks and hoes and fuckin'
Mutha fuckin' clothes and shit ridin' vogues and shit
Nigga riding on 20's and shit
Nigga what chu got?
Brand new-assed nigga
You don't know nothin' about this game
Come on

Repeat 1 until fade

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