

Trick Daddy "Let Me Ride"

Visit "[Let Me Ride](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Give me a Chevy TRE Chevrolet, let me ride
Half a pill, just a hit, it gets me high
Duce TRE Esclade, watch my style
T double d thuggin' and raw, ride or die

I used to be a polo kid
Who would of thought of all the stupid shit that I did
I used to sport it and talk about it
That's the only reason why the shortys in the hood
All went out and bought it booked

Mr. Rabbit like a fast from the past polo jeans for the
golf
Y'all can kiss my ass
Thug nigga goin' back to the basic
I'm in this Iceberg, and I'm servin' a Philly thug
animated

But first off this is too doe
When I hit ya with this K cutters you turn 'bout three
colors
Go and get your boyfriend or big brother, I don't care
I'm Dade County Mayor, slash player

Hold up 'cuz Mr. Dollar got sold up
Time for war so be a boy, what's the hold up?
A new category 'Thug of the year'
'N' I'm the ultimate thug the rest is busta as quitters

Give me a Chevy TRE Chevrolet, let me ride
Half a pill, just a hit, it gets me high
Duce TRE Esclade, watch my style
T double d thuggin' and raw, ride or die

You know it's your boy R Ross
The overweight hell of a nigga, so prepalicious and
sittin' in it
If we sittin' on serious inches
We give 'em nigga cocos a serious vision

At the door bouncers don't touch
They know us, ounces go up, I'm no duck and know

what
I drink Cris let it bubble back
I'm leaning on double stack and ready to fuck

Trick already know y'all ain't ready for us
We make a way in the club waving a slug come play
with a thug
I let y'all lay in the mud, [Incomprehensible] an' Prada
The Nally the spotter but enough music to wake Pac up

Keep your glocks up, you wanna stop us
True hustler chart toppers, knock sparkers
In truly indited or God got us
I'm a dream big in the sit daddy with Trick daddy on
green

Give me a Chevy TRE Chevrolet, let me ride
Half a pill, just a hit, it gets me high
Duce TRE Esclade, watch my style
T double d thuggin' and raw, ride or die

Some of these hoes think I'm manish
Oh hell, [Incomprehensible] I got my manners
Bitch ask your mamie
I slap a bitch in minute, got seen it twice, I
muthafucking mean it

You know me, I'm ol' G plus I'm 'bout money that last
Found 'em gunnin' in the six hundred still running
So what's the call, mayhem or murder?
Who was the killer? Shit I'll kill ya

[Incomprehensible] make it to court
Plus I'm a thug nigga and I'll never get caught
I'm 'bout to set up shop, weed, lace and rocks
[Incomprehensible]

This ain't no muthafucking hang out
We don't smoke, eat, or fuck shit caine out the same
damn house
This is thug life not a sitcom
Plus we got big guns so no muthafucking games

Give me a Chevy TRE Chevrolet, let me ride
Half a pill, just a hit, it gets me high
Duce TRE Esclade, watch my style
T double d thuggin' and raw, ride or die

Visit [Trick Daddy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

