

Troy Spratt

"Ride"

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[Master P]

A coward dies a million deaths but a soldier only dies
once

The good run, Well the bad stand anytime

We ride for the block (Hoody Hoo)

We ride for the hood

We ride for what we believe in

We ride or die for our people cause we all we got

[Chorus x4]

We got problems then we ride (we ride)

Take the Techs, 4-5s, and we stick em outside

[Master P]

Roll down the window, I ain't hollerin at no bitch

This nigga hiding from me, I heard this nigga turned
snitch

You give me five, I can get it done

Take two, see em on the porch tonight, they be less
one

Throw up the rags when I fold up

Nigga the game over fucking with these No Limit
Soldiers

We was born to ride, born to die

Suck it up at the funeral, Real niggaz don't cry

We can take it to the battlefield

Fuck the police, the judges, tonight shit done got real

Like T-Mac, I'ma rocket nigga

We see the motherfuckers, aim, cock, and pop it nigga

[Chorus]

[Halleluyah]

Yea ay yo

If drama involved, the heat come out, my problem get
solved

You better duck or they'll fire back more

Gangsta shouldn't be in your vocabulary

Most niggaz be shook, one shot'll drop an adversary

Yo I'm coming with goons who fight like the wild west

and
I know why y'all trying to sell sex like Loon?
Get real in the game of life
Niggaz get killed if they aim ain't right
Or if your game ain't tight
Young soldier buckle up, niggaz change at night
Put something hot in your stomach to change ya life
Make moves or get left behind
Move wrong and your soul move on from a tech or a
nine

[Chorus]

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