

Criminalz

"Ridah"

Visit "[Ridah](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I won't deny it I'm a straight ridah, ridah, ridah
Label me a trouble maker 'cause I'm a ridah
Death to you playa haters, don't let me find ya

[Verse One: Spice 1]

I'm fully loaded in more than one way, Monday through
Sunday
Mutha fuckas hit the dirt while I hit gunja
I'm a mutha fuckin rebel and you know I don't pause
I leave niggas wit they balls shot off and bloody draws
Playin' in the ally screamin' murder fuckin with mine
Somebody please call 911 like Wyclef Jon
Uzi's too like Mary J, I'm born to sin
Take my AK and spray a happy face in your biz
Fuck you nigga you ain't never seen a ridah like me
So quit talkin like you can't be touched 'cause I be
The first muth fucka to put hands on you, boy
My mutha fuckin mission is to seek and destroy
Any bitch made nigga get clapped out the game
I got the mutha fuckin hard balls and brains
To blow noodles out the back of yo head and get away
Is you seein what I'm sayin? Smellin me, feelin me?
I got a slug wit ya name on it causin myself
So if you see me comin gunnin betta run like a stealth
I get a new asshole put in your back
You mutha fuckas can't see me when I'm fadin black

[Verse Two: Jayo Felony]

Nigga not you know I'll have your mutha fuckin crew
sprayed
I come through dumpin on you, rainin' on your whole
parade
It's Ready Mack, G's like me be slingin up on these
toes
I cock the hammer back on Nina than I let her go
The murder show, live from the Bay it's on fool
I video tape that shit and make em play it on pay-per-
view
To let em know how real it is in Killa Kali Life
These niggas out here scandalous chasin Killa Kali
stripes

One love to the niggas out here dodgin bullets
Ain't no tellin when the day gon' come, they catch you
slip they cock it, pull it
It's all a part of the game, runnin the streets you takin'
risks
The police jack us in the cuffs so tight they breakin'
wrists
Got us throwin straps, knowin that we need 'em on us
We never know when another crew gon' come through
dumpin on us
Know they want us cause we puttin' too much work in
Cool when we sober, psychotic when we perkin'

[Verse Three: Celly Cel]

Y'all bullshittin, I'll be runnin down for you
Watch my homies ignore you, we fuck wit nuttin' but
warriors
And it's meant to be so we gonna make sure it goes
down like expected
All these coward ass suckas sayin this bullshit on
records
Y'all ain't got the balls to conquer any situation
Leave em confused and facin' while I carry a whole
nation
These bitches know what's up, but y'all don't know who
you're facin'
Radio gon' bang this shit or we kill the whole station
Y'all some corporate ass faggots with nuttin but dick in
your house
So when the lights go out ain't nothin but dick in your
mouth
Scared niggas don't fuck around and get dissed in a
verse
Heard nobody work for you unless they piss on you first
It gets worst, you switch hit it got a wife and kids at
home
How you gonna explain this shit when your kids get
grown
Niggas keep crackin with this shit cause this is from the
heart shit
And we fuck with ridahs that end shit when y'all just
started, we cold hearted

[Chorus] - repeated 5X

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