

Lys Assia**"Cocaine in the Back of the Ride"**

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[Pimp C]

Pimp C bitch! So what the fuck is up?
Step wrong nigga and I'll take ya fuckin nuts!
Got mo' dope than a pharmacy ho
Got a job for the city bitch I'm shovelin snow
South Texas motherfucker that's where I stay
Gettin pussy from these bitches every god damn day
Kick it with a trill nigga so you best not trip
Bought the Caddy crossed the pier and kicked to
Ganksta Nip
Southern weight, get it straight, fuck them 20's and
10's
On the low my fuckin momma knows some (?)
Motherfucker either down or the motherfucker ain't
And if ya bitch-ass ain't, then ya dick is in the paint
If ya gal look fine you better hide the bitch
Cause if I find her I'ma fuckin make her suck my dick
That dope for your momma and your sister too
And if I'm locked down then tell that shit might go for
you
Don't try to get no false nuts, I take 'em sucker
Fuckin 'round with C you'll be a dead motherfucker
Nigga only 17 but I'm runnin the show
Sellin dope from Louisiana down to El Segundo, ha!
I think it's only fair that I should knock on wood
Cause my bitch is on the street, pussy sell real good
And all my ho know not to trip, bitch fuck petty
I'll take out my nine and shoot ya in ya fuckin titty
Hoe niggaz forty-five tryin to, get with me
Sellin fifty dollar slabs as I'm slangin them ki's
If you need to get some powder I'm fully supplied
I got the, cocaine in the back of the ride, motherfucker!

[Chorus: repeat 8X w/ variations]

Cocaine in the back of the ride (Yeeeeeeah,
motherfucker!)

[Bun B]

Yeah it's Bun B bitch, and I'm the king of the (?) trade
Pockets fat as fuck from all the ducats the brother
made

Hoes like to jock, but see I try to contain 'em
They droppin them drawers because I move they
cocaine in
But I just laugh, cause pussy games be triflin
The legs get spread, I cut that ass like a knife then
bust a nut on her stomach, wash my dick in the sink
And buy a 40 at the store, from the god damn chink
Dope games keep ya SICK, just like a disease
Movin ki's makin G's, hoes drop to they knees
Little kids on the corner, steady grabbin they nuts
sayin, "I wish I was Bun when I grow the fuck up"
Baby blue Riviera, Dayton and laced rims
Khaki pants, black sweater with the U.G.K. brim
Black gat fully loaded nigga come with respect
Step up the wrong way I'll break yo' god damn neck
Big dick in my drawers, the niggaz from down South
Down to put a twelve gauge in yo' god damn mouth!
Think I'm playin bitch try me, it ain't no thang
Put them hands up bitch, and kiss this god damn ring
Cause I move tons of dope, twenty-four hours a day
Cocaine from Argentina to the 'Frisco bay
DEA try to stop me yo, but they shit ain't cold
Cause the nigga's got politicians on the Big Tyme
payroll
Narcotic agents wearin cement shoes
Reported missin on the news, they singin the blues yo
Cause if they get my money nigga I'll let it slide
Just some mo' cocaine in the back of the ride, bitch!

{*Curtis Mayfield sample plays briefly*}

"Cocaine in the back of the ride" -> *repeat to fade*

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