

Mr. Children

"My Definition Of A Rider"

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That's right ese, guess who's back,
Tryin ride on these fools,
Along with the homie along little cuete, that's right,

My definition of a rida,
Were the motherfuckas that squeeze the blast,
Quick to match,
No questions ask,
Get the cash and get it fast,
My definition of a rida,
In the middle of the frontline ready to battle,
Head up, with my chest out holding my ammo,
Put valas in your ass, leave you facin the gravel, ha ha,
ha ha, ha ha

That's the lil cuete coming fully automatic,
Let em have it, when I pull the trigger back,
Any of ya'll heard that I'm sick when I rap,
Plus I got the sack and the strap on my lap,
You don't wanna be in the way when I spit one crazy
mothafucka from that
norwalk click,
Light it up and take a hit,
Little cuete, criminal, home boy that's sick,

We startin a mix, startin a mix, little cuete and
From the sick south east to the wicked west side,
Bout to rough out the top, with a strap on the side,
Then lay on the ground and I'm taking they life,
Quick to hit you up when we're eager to bust,
Grap the strap, cock it back, hold the trigga then duck,
We some g'z we some ridaz we ain't rollin with punks,
Until you give us a definition you ain't rollin with,

Ain't no way that these fools they can stop us I'm
hustln, deadly collectin
my cheese,
Fools, we're thinkn, we catchin em slippin, I'm commin
and bustin unloadin
my clip,
Fools, we talkn aloud, my homie wisom respect,

One weak diss to the homies got you stuck in the neck,
Got AK's, 22's, even the tech's,
Got the homie little cuete got em rollin with checks,

Any where you want it, I can make you have a 357
automatic,
Let em have it, when I got it in my soul,
Pull the trigga bang, and let a missile go,
I hit with a pistol one shot in my zone,
Though ay ando, still equip my semi automatic,
Takin levas up the planet,
Make em runnin for the mountains,
Lil cuete is like an addict,
When I grab I won't panic,
Plus I got your bitch on my cock when I plan it,

Got a lot of hata's wanna see me shot in the head,
Opportunities pass, they ain't poppin no lead,
Fools talk to the cops kinda seem to confess,
Wanna see me in cuffs, and then to droppin dead,
Los Angeles county's most wanted part two,
Cuete and you know who,
To the homies on the main lines,
Throwin up the gang signs,
Creased up, sportin that blue, foo

So, if you wanna go to war I'm ready for that mission,
Killin competition,
Packin heavy ammunition,
I put em in a body bag and send em on his way,
I always have a bullet if you wanna come and play,
You never thought I'd be the one to have it on lock,
So, here I'm gonna tell you that I'm never gonna stop,
And I know I'm gonna kill em when the album drop,
I ain't even tryin and I made it to the top,

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