

Mr. Vegas Rap

"When We Ride"

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Truth:

Hey yo, Deuce,
You hear about this fuck boy Danny,
Fuckin' American Idol reject...

Deuce and Truth:

Fuckin' Faggots!

That's when we, that's when we, that's when we ride!
That's when we, that's when we ride on these bitches!
(X2)

Chorus:

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot
snitches
So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in
ditches
(X2)

Kinda Major:

Yo, Hollywood Who? Without my dawg Deuce,
Don't make me have to ride, Men the boy got juice
In or outside, this aint only in the booth
Somebody gonna die, they gonna wish they called
truce
Kinda Major on a track got Truth, Gadget get the facts
If you faggots wants prove, might as well hang it up
now
No noose,
I'm fuckin' everybody, leave your pussies out loose
Tie em' up and I throw em' in the trunk
Fuckers want a war
And imma give em' what they want
Bend they ass over
Imma treat them like a punk
Prison break that ass off.
Going til I bust a nut
I don't give a fuck, never have never will
Go try find a better rapper with some better skill
I murder mother fuckers, I massacre for the thrill
Itching for some fucking killing and blood is my

Benadryl

Chorus:

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot
snitches

So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in
ditches

(X2)

Deuce:

Look now, you got to admit

No one likes your pussy music

You say you sold out, but didn't sell shit

Fucking idiots, lip sync fags milli vanili bitch

How the fuck do you call yourselves a band?

You can barely rap it's on now

What comes up must come must come down

When this shit flies, I won't be around

Saying I can't spit was your biggest mistake

Now UNDEAD sucks, they're a bunch of fakes

Johnnys' getting overweight he's too fat to be callin'
names

Let's play a game

Everyone's listening

When I say fuck, sing along and say "Fuck HU"

Fuck HU!

When I say "What's my name?"

You call me Big Deuce

What's my name?

BIG DEUCE!

Chorus:

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot
snitches

So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in
ditches

(X2)

Truth:

It's what it is, I'm the best in the Biz

Black ski masks and the sig, 2 clips

2 sips off of that Rosay

With my man Jose with the coke

Wait

OC, and the bumb of the cree cree

HU be softer than the sea breeze

Fuck You

We be nuttier than a resees
And we see more dough
Move more blow
Deuce go solo, drop yall homos
So fly come out the parachute
I'm always first to bail
Never scared to shoot
The Truth, ya know I'm out for the loot
Heading to the top
We movin' through the roof
Shorty got her top down
Just like the coupe
Fuck you, this is 9Lives
Real like, my ties
One slip and you all die

Chorus:

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot
snitches
So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in
ditches

Deuce:

What!
Say what the fuck!
Six shooters up!
Now, what the fuck!
Point them up!

GML(Nacho):

Imma snatch your mask off
And tell it like it is
No more talent, no more show biz
Deuce left the band
Now yall a bunch of jokes
Hollywood IS Dead
And thatz all she fucken wrote
Leave you dead in the ditches
Heard you were snitches
9Lives that's how
We ride on you bitches, yeah
I said it, it's the boy from GML
If you got hurt feeling, oh well
Do something you couldn't
Face me on your best day
The Wiz Kid is gone
That's why you get less pay
Still remember when your
First album dropped
Skipped it to the chorus
The rest of yall flopped

Wack ass lyrics
I mean garbage
Leaky like a faucet
Your whole entourage
Wish on a star bitch
You'll never make a million
Ninelives and GML
In the buildin'

That's when we, that's when we, that's when we ride!
That's when we, that's when we ride on these bitches!
(X2)

Vegas:
Bitch you piss me off when you faggots go and
cockblock
Dippin in the coupe with the bitties in the droptop
Rippin on these tracks, fuck I keep it goin non stop
I'm on top
It's hard to reduce the use of paper
When all we do is deduce the haters
Here with Deuce, fuckin Truth and Major
I'm not angry dude it's my new behavior
So fuck \$T\$ Master he's such a bastardÂ
I'll cut his ass (word)
He's too busy tryna act like a latin kingÂ
To understand fully what the fuck is happening
Ninelives takin over
Blind eyes see your sober
My ties like a dozer
Fly high super nova
But, lately they hate me greatly but it aint be enough to
phase me
Yellow caution tape see
I keep it on safety

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