

**E.s.g.**  
**"Ride With You"**

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(\*talking\*)

Yeah, Daz Dilinger, E.S.G., Slim Thug  
Doing it up real big, ha-ha  
What's going down my nigga

[E.S.G.]

Let me see you holla-holla, if you love the summer time  
Hit the detail shop, get your drop top shine  
Ain't no subways here, it's thugs down here  
20 inch dubs, what we love down here  
The best part of year, bout the end of May  
Now the best thing to see, MLK on Sunday  
Candy spray on gray, playing Playstation 2  
Looking good when I come through, I smell barbecue  
E.S.G. true-true, pop roof purple Sprite  
Sin in the Benz, rims circle at the light  
Cardier filled with ice, got a cooler full of comas  
Say playboy, you know the blades are the old ones  
AME's, on the SUV's  
DVD's, with the five T.V.'s  
Maaan, off the showroom flo'  
I love the thug life, boy you already know

[Hook: Mike Wilson]

I wanna ride with you, Southside  
That sticky green I'm looking clean, let's ride  
I wanna floss with you, Northside  
From H-Town to L.A

[Daz]

See ain't no feeling like it's feeling, when you balling  
and you chilling  
Stacking chips by the minute, see the hoes straight  
grinning  
Hit the 59, puffing a pound  
Hit the 6-10, now I'm in the wind again  
Hit up E.S.G. and Slim Thug, prolly smoke rims up  
So fresh and so clean, I hit couple my friends up  
Now a G at St. Claire what's up Sin (heey)  
The sticky Mary do way, everyday all day  
I'm so serious about it no doubt it, if you a G straight

shout it  
Put your pistols in the air, and be about it  
This way and that way, sideways on the highway  
Motherfucker, I do it my way  
You see what you see, is just what you get  
E.S.G. and Slim Thug and Daz, dropping gangsta shit

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]

The sunshine got me tan, while I head to the sand  
Top down music playing, wood grain in my hand  
It's summer time, so I feel like I gotta shine  
Candy do's glass 4's, with the fifth reclined  
Popping trunks on swang, is how we clown in that Tex  
From my wrist to neck, I'm invisible sets  
Nothing less, Slim Thug the flow pro rapper  
As I head to the Kappa, 4 swangas and adapters  
(turning heads while we crawl, up and down the C-Wall)  
From now on my mind set, to just ball ball ball  
I hit the mall like whatever, what I want I get  
I never run out of cheddar, cause my stash too thick  
From H-Town to L.A., L.A. to V.A  
Represent where you're staying, let me see how you  
play  
Now make way for the city, that love to po' up  
Cause H-Town and Boss Hogg, is about to blow up

[Hook]

See what you see, is just what you get  
It's just that Thug and Daz, dropping gangsta shit

(\*talking\*)

Biatch yeah, E.S.G., Slim Thug, Daz Dillinger  
Running the South, the North, the West, the East yeah  
Put your hands up, all my bitches put your hands up  
Real gangstas put your hands up, yeah

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