

Psychopathic Rydas "Born 2 Ride"

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You know when I was little
I used to look at my father and say...
"ey daddy, how come those other coconuts got fuzz on
em and I don't? "
And he said to me...
"son, one day you'll grow up to be fuzzy like the rest of
us coconuts."
And I said "daddy I don't necesarilly wanna be fuzzy, I
wanna ride... like the mutha fukin rydas mutha phucka!
"

[Cell Block:]

On the day I was born, I got slapped on the ass
I pulled a .44 and chopped that fuckin doctor in half.
And I got a little skii mask when I turned 11
On my 12 birthday I got dat ak-47
Now heaven is a mystery to me but I'm so far gone
I keep that licorice with me your candys mine homes
My whole life I've been bred for the game
Baggin dames, slang, keg, an always ride with tha
thang

[Yung Dirt:]

Comin up younge always new id be a crook,
Straight up off the aper streets that white powder
learned to cook
Was 11 years old when I sold my first slab
13, that's to me, hustled right up into rehab,
They let me out, teenagers gotta get paid
Bought my first pistol killed my first man the same day
Was born to die before the twinkle in my daddy's eye
Kicked up out my mommas ass, young dirt was born to
ride

[Chorus:]

On these every damn streets.
On these every damn beats.
Is there a chain on my neck.
I put the whole game in check.
This damn money that's mine.
Every dime, every time.
Born to ride.

[Lil' Shank:]

Ever since a young buck never hesitate to put em up
Tossin signs, wavin the colors, dats what's up
Only fuck with talk and trust and crack a muthaphuckas
head if he refuse to hear me when I say I'm ridin till I'm
dead

I was born to be the one that your cusin wanna imitate,
Momma wanna fuck, and yo sister wanna date.
Don't hate muthafucka you know I was born to ride
Switches on dat black truck hittin side to side

[Full Clip:]

Sideways swervin, gas peddle masha
I dizzy gettin money spreadin through me like some
cancer
Wraiths no good for society but numba one in the
streets
I feel me an' mine in trouble, I pull da heat.
I ain't scared a little time, it's just time
Especially when it involves for gettin down for my
grime
It's all I do Bitch, it's all I was born to do.
Ride or die give me more crews to run through

[Chorus]

[Foe Foe:]

Born to ride, ready to die, if somebody low
Passin heat out in the street, and when I smell the gun
smoke, it kinda take me back to when I was younger
watchin the police shootin at my pops and my brother
I got a gat when I was bigger but ain't gonna pull the
trigga so I fuck around with shit cause a rydas a real
killa!
Dis glock is a real strilla, underground in the street
Straight jackets with tha candy whips and badass
beats.

[Bullet:]

I was born for shootouts and scootin in a hurry
Blood on my winshield, smearin an blurry my momma
was born to worry
Wrong by da jury
I was born to be a ryda till I'm gone and buried
Rydas chase cheese, dat we faced with a disease
Store manager on his knees... my trigger squeezed
A hooligan, fuck school it's ride or die on the grind
Till this day ain't shit changed my mind

[Chorus]

See basically
The moral of the story is you can't be taught how to
ride baby
It's like hazel eyes either you was born with it or you
wasn't
Look at that jaguar out there in the parkin lot
Got them 32 inch rims on em
Baby I was born with them, I didn't aquire them
I was born to ride

Yeah pass me dat dro muthaphucker

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