

Psychopathic Rydas

"Last Ride"

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(Cell Block)

Pour out a little liquor, live by the gun, die by the gun
My moms had always said when I was young, I wouldn't
last long
She said I was too crazy, only concerned with makin
babies
Never looking for work, the streets raised me for more
Schooled in laws and currency by the ways of robbery
Thought they'd never stop me, I keep it way greasy
But like all good things, sometimes they gotta end
My memory lives on, in every system that you bump
this in

(Foe Foe)

Now that all the weed has been smoked, and all the
laws have been broke
give me a moment of silence, cause I'm stopping the
violence
Its my last ride!!! my last time, my last rhyme, the last
of the real g's
That have truly crossed the line
Don't shed a tear for me, my shit was history
And how they feel for me, will never be a mystery
My memory is stronger than the faith that's in that
reverend
Laying my body to the ground and all my peoples
around

(Converse)

My last ride, I'll see you on the other side
Its so hard to say good-bye, I really don't want to say
good-bye
My last ride, you was hating everything I said
I was livin suicidal, rollin with the walking dead
My last ride, I was looking in from the outside
My last ride was so tight, Converse gon' be alright
My last ride, with the reaper and the 45
My last ride, in the plane, no parachute and sky dive

(Chorus 2x)

My last ride! On my way to my funeral service!

My last ride! Im not crying cause I know I deserved it!
My last ride! Put my body in the coffin and drop me!
My last ride! I was destined to ride, nothing could stop
me

(Full Clip)

The last time I seen that shell, well damn
I pistol forehead and exploded the head of that man
And as his body crumbled, check this here
I picked that casing up, and I had to shed a tear
Cause I knew, and it knew we'd never see again
Forensic cops had took my little friend
I had to skip town and leave my baby bubba
But I'm cold, and in nice moments, I watch a head
splatta

(Lil Shank)

Don't follow me, make your own way
There's too many baby g's layin in the casket today
And that's a shame
Pour out a sip of 40, but it won't bring your homie back
Cause when you live by the gat, your goin up on your
back
Wearing a suit covered in dirt, like a sycamore tree
My homie's gone in this reality it's sad to see his family
And all the rydas wellin up and then breakin down
But this is last ride, as we commend his body to the
ground

(Chorus 2x)

My last ride! On my way to my funeral service!
My last ride! Im not crying cause I know I deserved it!
My last ride! Put my body in the coffin and drop me!
My last ride! I was destined to ride, nothing could stop
me

(Bullet)

My last ride, I'm no bullet, I'm a spent up shell
Full of pent up hell, my ryda cartel was hard as hell
I love em, I'll admit it.. my whole life was exquisite
When it was time to ride, we never whine, we just did it
Ill be a ryda whether up in heaven or hell
Now that a muthafucka dead, I hope my records will
sell
I'm on my last ride, my hearse is black like I predicted
Bury Bullet with the strap and put the loaded clip up in
it
This is my last ride€;

(Sawed Off)

I remember every last second, gaspin, getting no love
Shaking from the shock, open wound oozing blood

The last time for everything, scraping in the streets
Somkin weed, ridin through the hood, letting off my
heat
I gotta stay strong, hold on, and hope someone will
come along
Daddy always told me, learn my right from wrong
So when you bury me, take care of me, free drinks on
the house
Six guns salute, from my rydas right before they ride
outâ€!

(Chorus 2x)

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