

Psychopathic Rydas "Ride Out"

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Psychopathic Rydas
Yah Yah
Mothafucka
We own Detroit
Bitch, put you mothafuckin' hands up
Detroit, New York, LA, Florida, Boston

Rydas ryde out (Mothafucka)
Rydas ryde out (Whut)
Rydas ryde out (Yeah boy)
Rydas ryde out (Mothafucka)
We be the dick and vagina hiduz
From the back siders
Psychopathic Rydas
Whitey tighties ain't tighter
We be the cheeva rollers
One more, we creezy guzzlers
Bitch mothafucka
Smoke us natural born street hustlas
We be the hatchet sporters
Stink of kiss supporters
In the Keys of Florida
Makin' deals on Motorolas (yea)
We be drapin' platinum, gold
Jet-black Roles
My rice and rolls can hold
Po-po on payroll
We be the holders of stub stops
No doubt
Stick you up, make out the back
Drop and ride out

While other bitches dream about
The Rydas be on the street
And we be about it
Check to see if I demand bankroll
With a rubber band
If you a Ryda, then you like my fuckin' brother-man
So now let's get this cheddar
And do the things we gotta do
Find a chicken head
That the whole crew can run thru

Sippin' on the crissy
Until the bottle lookin' low
Send the same freak bitch
To the mothafuckin' store (Take yo ass to the store)
Then we ride out
Bitch, you know it's all the same
When you fuckin' with them ballers ho
You can keep the change (ching)

Rydas ryde out (Whut)
Rydas ryde out (Yeah boy)
Rydas ryde out (Whut)
Rydas ryde out (Mothafucka)

Rydin' old golds don't come with no big shit big Shit
You shoulda know you can't fuck wit
Niggas from the hood
They ain't about talkin' shit
They about robbin' suckas
And emptin' clips
In the mouth of a bitch who ain't actin't right
To any bitch-made nigga, you don't wanna fight
With five true Rydas
Hot flow providers
Two southwesters, three eastsiders (Eastsiede!)
Cell Block runnin' down sucka with the heat
Out the window bitch (Blah)
Steady blazin' indo
Take a puff and pass it to my homies (Right here, right
hea!)
Cock that gat and unload on all you phonies (Plah!)
You catch a slug ho
Splatterin' ya blood ho
Grave get dug bitch
It ain't no low-low

My name is Bullet (zeom)
I be what is known as a gangsta
Shackin' up in the hide-out
And when I ride out
I put an eye out
I'm in a black truck
Bumpin' down the block
windows tinted
Nuttin' but a gat hangin' out (Blahow)
Boyz n da hood
I'll be the cat in the back seat
Eyes buggin' wide
With the skully branishin' heat
Ya hear my pitter patter from a mile away
Head choke still fallin' down the following day

I be the maniac (Yea!)
Hidin' out on the roof
Bustin' shots at cops for my Rydas dawgs (Whoof!)
Anybody wanna see me
Bring a magnifyin' glass
'cause I hide in the shadows
And bust a cap in you ass
I be the killer (Bluah)
You see me on the ten o'clock news
I'll put a barrel to your chest
And blow ya feet right out ya shoes

Rydas ryde out (Whut)
Rydas ryde out (Yeah boy)
Rydas ryde out (Whut)
Rydas ryde out (Mothafucka)

You better ride out
Before we get the slide out
Heat that we roll out
Unload the smoke out (Blahow)
Rydas dumpin' clips
Bithces run for cover
When we on your block
Duck low mothafucka (Nice!)

I won't even think twice about buckin' the vice (Blahow)
You wanna bang with the berries
Be prepared to pay the price (Blahow)
I'll walk up and blow a hole in you face
Before your body even hit the floor (haha)
I'm gone without a trace because
I'm slippery, trickery
It's like hickery, dickery, dock
When I cock the glock
Psychopathic Ryda hidin' out (what)
It's like a wet cigarette
Start the Blazer up and ride out

Ride low, ride now
Like Riderman's prime
And all them bitches in the skies
Better open they eyes
Before the trigga-happy Rydas
Roll out in the black truck
Keep my name out of your mouth
And tell 'em to shut the fuck up (fuck up)

Ryda love until the E-N-D
We constentantly
Checkin' your beats

And bankin' on your cheese
Please
Buckle your knees
Take you car keys (Errt)
Bumpin' to beats in your whip
Bitch, ride out on these (mothafucka)

Rydas ryde out (Whut)
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