

**Bert Russell & Wes Farrell****"Ride Out"**

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Haters approach but they DOA'd  
Try next week we ain't with it today  
It ain't my fault you got no money  
You need to go get you some, won't make me none  
I hit hard like a slam drum  
Slum and slang with a ton of games  
Wreck my brain, my patience wearing in  
Fake friends trying to blend in  
It tend to get on my nerves  
My circles get 'sturbed  
Split a check firt a real man Chula furs  
Try to make it home but he struck on third  
Me fall off? No sir  
Had did it once before, but I call it whiplash  
Snap back quick when It comes to cash  
That's when them niggas start watching ya ass  
But I make 'em dizzy you like who is it

Chorus:2xs

[Jim Crow]

The backstabbers keep an eye out  
You better watch out, before they find out  
Where you hide out, deep down south  
Shorty ride out, before ya time out

[Cha Cha]

How many niggas you know down and crazy  
Down to lie for the baby, in a ride like y'all  
To many ladies is jealous of the Mercedes  
And how close we are lately, that's why I don't like  
broads  
Either you chickens like all in the business  
Asking y'all who did it, them inquiring type broads  
Intimidated cause I could be the misses  
But I'm like a little sister and I'm tired of liking y'all  
I only ride shot gun cause it's rightful  
Make her hope in the back just to be fightful  
Just because I know it's tight when my eyes closed  
Just as soon as these niggas drop me off she gone be  
out though  
Both times I co-signed the whole nine

Proved to be ya third eye when you go blind  
Know I'm, Miss Cha Cha sadiddy  
Off the top and many, pop them any  
And the Crow out to get him

Chorus:

What's it's gone be is you and me  
We in the middle of the streets, it's midnight  
You got a problem wit me my nigga, then get right  
But sit tight, hold on I got shit up on my mind  
And every time I rhyme I represent niggas that grind  
And I find that these gold digging hoes, they out to get  
a nigga  
Fuck up my foes and enemies, I'm bout to hit a nigga  
Let a nigga mettle wit not cheddar, will I kill a nigga?  
Just because he jealous of the fellas got him drinking  
liquor  
Thinking that a nigga is slipping, but I ain't shorty  
Damn what you keep money for?  
In the bank shorty, (Wanna get some)  
Well I can't doubt it, might as well forget about it  
Lot of folk talk I'm talking shit about him  
Jack move, get up out it  
When we pull the ball out to test, so bitch I been bout it  
Mama said attend college  
Make it big, my friends doubt it  
In 5 years I'm gone buy myself about 10 houses  
Get chin from 10 shorties at the same time  
Jump in my whip, hit the strip then shine  
Cha Cha, Jim Crow, Noontime  
Oww, I'm so fresh like a shoe shine  
I ain't lying

Chorus:

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