

Roc Marciano

"Ridin' Around"

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It's ghetto youth
We roll around the in a hoop'
Hustle for loot
Hundred dollar sneakers and boots
Hit the streets with my crew
And shootin heat off the roof
It was just me and a few
Don't let that reefer canoe
Bon Appétit, let's eat
Read it and weep
Too many Indians wanna be the chief
Tuck the semi, kiss my mom on the cheek
Don't be out showin your teeth
Niggas will think shit is sweet
So keep it low and discreet
Especially if you holdin dough
Niggas will open your meat, it's deep
I learned this shit from an OG on the street
Don't be a fool when you speak
You either wolf or you sheep
I just put truth on a beat
And keep a scoop on a freak

Yeah, absolute fire you deal with
Set fire to the entire building
Inspire children
Drop a sapphire and chill when
But until then
Just admire the realness

[Hook 8x]

We gonna take em uptown, Ridin around
Gonna take em uptown, ridin around

Check it, you know the drill
Money over bitches still
Load the steel and go in for the kill
All the way from Sugar Hill to Brazil
Back to the ville, stack bills
Smack niggas all in they grill, but chill
We on the strip, new whip (new whip!)

Seen us crusin up one two fifth (two fifth!)
Who can resist, the wrist, isn't it brisk?
G's slippery like fish, in my Fila kicks
And to me, you're like Leon Spinks
Nigga we shine like neon, bitch
Peons get peed on quick like a street harlet
At the bar gettin me all stiff
We can car shop free off this
No key, just squeeze off fifths
Strike a chord like a guitar lick
Sit and relax to this beat for a sec
And then I'm out like a green Corvette, bitch

[Hook 8x]

We gonna take em uptown, Ridin around
Gonna take em uptown, ridin around

If we can't make dough, we take dough
(Baby it's Mausberg)
And ain't a damn thing changed hoe (oh!)
I stay on the down low
Niggas be frontin like they rugged
But they throwin in the towel though
Niggas I shot some, I always kept a shotgun
In the trunk of the Datsun
You don't want your top spun (look here)
I get busy with the semi, just gimmie
When the cops come shimmy up the block for Phillys
We got the city on lock, really
I'm hot as a pot of chili
Pop a wheelie, ma feel me
The mac millie rock it sad silly
Get back to me, cash money keep it bagged plenty
Absolute fire you deal with
Set fire to the entire building
Inspire children
Drop a sapphire and chill when
But until then
Just admire the realness

[Hook]

We gonna take em uptown
Ridin around
Put the ratchets to these faggots who be on to us now
Got some bitches in the backseat with pipes in they
mouth
Trunk full of hashish, we supplying this now
We gonna take em uptown
Dumps em in the Hudson River
What what, dump em in the Hudson River
Nigga yea, we dump in the Hudson River

Right after I plug a nigga

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