

Bläck Föös

"Still Ride Till We Die"

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Chorus: 2x

Still ride till we die,
still ball till we fall
See me and Twista up in this bitch,
and we figurin' we ride on all of ya'll
Don't even stallin' ya'll
Givin' the people hall-to-hall
Even bustas can't get it on but playa wit all my dawgs

[Verse 1: Coo Coo Cal]

From the Mil to the Chi I ain't gon' lie dawg we holdin' it
down
We rollin' now
Defeated the streets, on lyrics and beats and they owe
us now
The rest of the world is slowin' down,
Tryin' to hold us back,
They pissed
Cuz we don' got on all these damn discs,
and holdin' stacks
Act like ya'll suppose (?) stop hatin'
Nigga the world is tired of waitin',
on a nigga like Coo Coo Cal and Twista spittin' on your
station
Ya'll facin' drama that I'm gonna kick up
Strapped in the back of a pickup
Workin and jerkin that faulty five like I had {quick
pause} hiccups
I'm gonna rip this shit up
From limb-to-limb,
Nigga twenty-four hours
Ten-to-ten,
when you tired of hearin' my song it's gonna get
spinned again
I fuck wit Infine and them, and we stay strapped
From way back in the days, slippin', can't even pay
nobody to say that
Ha, this is the payback from the dawn helped the Mid
West
And West say I'm (?) how bout the East say that kid's
fresh

Yes nigga, the Midwest is takin' over
And Candy Coupes and (?) 600 Benz and some Range
Rover

[Chorus: 2x]

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Givin' the people hall-to-hall
Midwest is takin' over playa wit all my dawgs

[Verse 2: Twista]

C'mon then, safe the bud for my(?)
Kill a nigga (?)
street creature
Swisher Sweet cheafa
the reafaer wit the heat seeka
on my street sweeper
bloody body leaka
ki keepa, 20-pound holda
high rolla
white rhino wit some doisha
I'ma mighty ol' soulja
(?)
Can you find any licks that'll match my mixture
For the scripture
Bet a nigga spent cha
When my crew mob up thicka-n-thicka
Whoever don't show love I can shower you wit slugs like
rain drops
Bullets if you use your brain box
No saftey on the automatic gun, I can't stop
Coo Coo Cal and Twista bitch
Smokin stuff stankin like pissin shit
Disappear like (?) cliques
After we don' mask up and hit some licks
Rollin' up too thick (?) janks
And we got them thangs
Don't block the Midwest, time to lock this game
Without the G-House ya'll lames
Cuz we got
(Every lil thang you want)
Thug niggaz'll still,
pound the pills,
bricks 'n bitches on fifty, thirsty for mills
We got
(Every lil thang you need)
Lay down on the table
Connects like cabel

Where the pen and label
So fuck a record deal

[Chorus:2x]

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[Verse 3: Twista]

Is it all an illusion
Or does Coo Coo and Twista cause confusion
We ballin' and bruisin'
Drop the shit that get you all in the mood and you stall
and loosin'
Well I chop Carache like karate
Steady on a lick like Gotti
Bustin' off a shottie
From a black (?)
It's gonna bruise your body
Move your body
Lodi-to the-dodi
Bring the hottie, to the party
But if you come wit lights on then it might be a robbery
Crisis for the prices, ices
Get up when you see chrome devices
I'm righteous and I like this
But if you get outta line I'ma leave you lifeless nigga

[Coo Coo Cal]

And I'm gonna do you righteous
Might just, buy your wife that black dress
A lesson learned wit a soft turn,
niggaz get burned fuckin wit the Midwest
Wit the smell of flesh, on Highway 94 from Milwaukee
to Chicago
See anything in our path it's down to get bobbed hoe
Cuz we like to mob roll, wit them .50 cal
See me and Twista,
get this mutha fucka crackin' and shut your city down
Really now, ain't no mutha fucka stoppin' this
Why you waitin' and hatin',
Keep skatin' on them daytons nigga droppin' hits

[Chorus:4x]

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Midwest is takin' over playa wit all my dawgs (echo:4th
time thru)

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