

Blackstorms Lyrics by Immortal

"How We Ride"

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[F] You got real street niggas that ride on your side
They know the code, it's either do it or die
[H] I got real street niggas that ride on my side, what
They know the code, either do it or die
[F] You got rich street niggas that ride on your side
They know the code, it's either do it or die

[Heather B]
So what the world gon' tell us
Me and mine too strong and rebellious - the petties
stay jealous
Find me in the dusty cellars, writing
To feed the 5,000 fellas, hustlers, and street dwellers
Heather B devoted, quote it
I feed the desperate and demoted
Want passion? I'm loaded - The truth, I uphold it
Wisdom, I tote it
Bet that outdoes me, Heather B self promoted
I know thieves, thugs, and crooks
We be ridin, and I don't care how it look
You better take it easy 'fore you get that took
Yo my mans and them be off the hook, PA!
My peoples be's behind me so I fears nobody
Foxxx push the Navie, while I'm ridin shotty
The last nigga that tryed me, what, he came apart
He dropped mine, and they took his heart so don't start

[Heather] You got real street niggas that ride on your
side, what
They know the code, either do it or die
[Freddie] I got real street niggas that ride on my side
They know the code, it's either do it or die
[Both] Who got real street niggas that ride on they
side, huh
They know the code, it's either do it or die
[Heather] You got real street niggas that ride on your
side, huh
They know the code, either do it or die

[Freddie Foxxx]
My walk thru life is iller than most niggas that carry

toast
I'm ya emcee, lyrical host
Stretch a nigga if he stand too close
My niggas know who the boss is
The 240 pound bald-headed killer - that don't know
what a loss is
We like black Yukons and Navigators
Real street agrivators, and we'll kill you in a suit and
gators
Don't get it fucked up - niggas'll run you like plays
And cut you like 'Back in the days'
I got real street niggas that ride, right or wrong
They always on my side, so bring it on
Take ya picture, then we come and get'cha - ya little
bitcha
We bust ya with them four pound shells,
that split'cha when they hit'cha
My unpredictable style of emceeing
Kinda reflectes the unpredictable zone a nigga be in
My niggas seein what I'm seein
Bustin out the back window when we fleein
We heard your radio record, you bitch nigga
Now we sittin back waitin to rob this fake rich nigga
Biters and snitch niggas, get put in PC like lyrical police
Stay the fuck away from me
I'd rather bounce to Jerse' and rock with Heather B
Then fuck with fake ass niggas, that ain't like me

[H] You got real street niggas that ride on your side,
huh
They know the code, either do it or die
[F] You got real street niggas that ride on your side
baby
They know the code, it's either do it or die
[Both] We got real street niggas that ride on our side,
huh
They know the code, it's either do it or die
[Both] We got REAL street niggas that ride on our side,
huh
They know the code, it's either do it or die, what

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