

## **Bob Dylan & Guns Nroses**

### **"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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