

Boc

"Ride Again"

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[GREEN EYES]

West Side WOOP! WOOP!

West Side 92 Street Riders

[GREEN EYES]

I bangs Damus, me and Dock claim too
But we just don't give a fuck, it's the life we choose
Eight brews daily just to keep my mind focused
On the block everyday so my life it's like hopeless
Dropped out the school and learnt the tricks of the trade
I was a crook but did whatever it took tryin' to get paid
My mind was made to be a soldier, I got two lives
And I lost one the day my nigga Pumpkin died
And it's a shame the game got your own homie shady
So I lay up in the cut, hands clutch the 3.80
Ready to dump a nigga out, nigga this is F for death
And I'ma empty the motherfucker till he ain't none left
And till my last breath, Green Eyes gon' be payin' dues
In the hood khaki suited up, pig tails and ?? shoes

[DOCK-B]

Well if you know like I know, was only two ways to go
Either the B or to P, crossin' out every C, 187 at the end
Best to tell your friends Dock B and Green Eyes on the ride again

[DOCK-B]

Comin' from the Wild West young Sick Dock from the F
Bangin' for the ?? gang, it's a Family Swan thang
From the East - to the West - y'all know - who the best
Who tha fuck - wanna test - hot ones - to the chest
F-A-M-I-L-Y, you niggas know
Yellin' F till I'm still right before one nigga go
Out the door
B-Dog from head to toe
F hat, red Chucks may you motherfuckers know
On my way to ?? G-I
So we can hoo-ride
You bring tha pistols
And I'm comin'

In a G-ride
The weed high
It's the only way to go
Me smokin' on some loots on Bloods? Hell no!

[DOCK-B]

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[GREEN EYES]

I'm back up on that ass, on the streets after three years
It's me: Young Gangsta Green Eyes, Inglewood Y-G
And I'm straight fuckin' it up Blood cause I know I can
do it this
And niggas from 9-Deuce recognize who's tha truest
?? representer, enemy homicider
You know I'm a rider and I'm down with West Siders
Headed to Darby Park where my niggas hang and bang
7-7, 8-0, 9-Deuce we claim the same

[DOCK-B]

Everytime I look around
Somebody's trying to test
Who bangin' on me
To get some stripes on their chests
What they really ain't knowin'
Who they fuckin' with
A soldier from the West, born and raised in that shit
It's only two thangs in life
That I'm really scared of
My momma and God, fuck a fool with a gun
You better bust with precision when you're goin' on
your mission
Cause if your ass missin it's your grave body diggin'
So let the punk start
And aim for the heart
You won't even close so I be back at the dark
Who the shit ain't no game and I mean what I say
Come trip in my hood and you'll get sprayed with the 'K
It's an everyday thang
For us to trip
Better come here quick
Either Blood or Crip

[DOCK-B]

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ride again...

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