

## **Slim Thug**

### **"Ride On 4s"**

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[talking:]

Ha-ha, H-Town say

[J-Dawg:]

I got my Lac sitting low, like a Honda Civic  
Hundred sack of that dro, got a G lifted  
And the way I work the grain, gotta be gifted  
Dipping, in and out of traffic swiftly  
Tipsy, off drank but no beers here  
I got a tre, and a twenty ounce root beer  
Muddy, like a motherf\*\*king hog pen  
Banging Pac "Makaveli", play that number eight again  
Time go by, puffing on high  
I'm feeling too fly, and that ain't even high  
See I's a gangsta nigga, I shoot or shank a nigga  
But it's some'ing about them swangas, that'll change a  
nigga  
Have you chunking the deuce up, to a stranger nigga  
You shining harder than a bitch, he don't blame you  
nigga  
Who could blame you nigga, you doing the damn  
thang  
Staying true to the game, you deserve to swang

[Hook:]

Behind that five percent, windows never go down  
Music never go down, my nigga say slow down  
Keep driving, pass that dro  
Tip slow while you ride on 4's, when we ride on 4's

[J-Dawg:]

Hit your breaks homie, let the third light glow  
Swang open the do', let em smell the dro  
Naw we ain't capping, that there for them bitches  
We grinding hard as f\*\*k, and riding on our riches  
Shit the fam good, the kids good  
So why not grip wood through the hood nigga, come on  
now  
Kush got me gone now, I don't smoke the stress  
I been blessed, so if it's in the air it's the best  
And if it's in my cup, it's that purple

Got me flipping through the hood, riding in a circle  
No destination, nigga just riding  
Big mothership gliding, motor on silent  
That's what it is, what could be better  
Send a couple pictures of the slab, in the letters  
To my niggaz in the Penn, I'ma hold you down  
Show the whole unit, how we do in H-Town nigga yeah

[Hook x2]

[Slim Thug:]

I'm rolling on 4's, with the windows closed  
Dro smoke up out my nose, letting the trunk do shows  
Playafali on my toes, gotta show the world I'm having  
change  
So I bought a candy Cadillac, up on them thangs  
Hurting boys mayn, Thugga gotta represent  
I stay lit up, behind that five percent tint  
Stay bent on the daily, when I'm in the hood  
Shining like a superstar, when I grip the wood  
Pieced up smelling good, gotta stay fresh  
And show the world I'm blessed, everytime my voice up  
in your deck  
Wreck the mic, and I wreck on the 'vard  
Every season some'ing hard, coming out my garage  
I don't barred, H-Town repping till I'm dead  
From the Tre to the West, to my G's off the 'Stead  
Boys out here getting bread, and reaching our goals  
Behind tint with the windows closed, when I ride on 4's

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