

Dre Dog & Equipto

"Knyte Rydah"

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(*Talking*)

Yeah, let's do it

[Mike 2X's]

My attitude stay cold like "Scarface" Al Pacino

What is it Queezy?, let's roll

Now you wild in under the lights with Michael Knyte

The truth hurts in the day time and at night

Have heart, have hustle, my niggaz and keep your
game tight

Know what I mean?, the streets gon continue to watch

So I'ma stay fully loaded and copped

Like a detachable magazine

When I visit Reno I'm hittin the Silver Legacy Casino in
my camoflaugje jeans

Made by Def Jam

And my boots and the trees is sponsored by
Timberland

Man everyday I'm just husltin

Bring a straight hungry, aggression, and passion

Just to keep this shit happenin

So watch how you roll

Game recognize game in a world full of haters and the
po-po's

Man I'm tellin all my niggaz man everything they glitter

36-24 ain't gold

I'm spinnin and sinnin on low pro's

(*Talking*)

Mike Myer, a knyte rydah

Tell her, you know I mean

All in they face

[Equipto]

I said "Now, Wow", baby came with a thou'

Young and actin like a Indian, start askin how?

Tadow, see I got her all out of character

Hoppin on one leg she comin to America

Bark like a poodle, I'm all in the noodle

I doodle on the page and the game is brutal

I'm chillin, like a cooler manuver like a Heimlick

MC's knowin I been cold since 9-6
My bicep flexin, while doin the high-step
Bounce, and I'll be +Gone Till November+ Wyclef
Your highness, why they gon hate the skill
Took you under like the hood did ate and chill
Now it's crackin, I'm choppin in the bachelors pad
In the bathroom you won't find no maxipad
Roll up, from killin the swish and pass me that so quick
That's granddaddy in the Cadillac bitch
Fa sho, and she thought she couldn't get no higher
Until she really rolled with Michael Knyte Rydah
Hi, I'm the supplier the shotgun sitter
Don't get upset because I'm not done with her, the
Knyte Rydah

(*Talking*)

Yeah, all in they face mayne, youknowwhatlmean
It's my dot to e up in this coochie granny's
Up in the alley's, youknowwhatlmean
In Cali, Frisco

[Andre Nickatina]

In me eyes this freak said she saw Carnival
And she'll pay a lil' fee if she can play and go
I like fine dimes, because I wear fine vines
Man walk with me baby we don't stand in club line
Baby night-time, night-ride cobra-cobra
A white Cashmere coat on my shoulder
Baby you can lose jewels if you choose
I'm tyrin to get half of ya ass like the moon
I might do court moves just like the Doc
Or rip your whole community man like the crack rock
My Nakamichi bangs and my Nakamichi knocks
From the blood to the bones and we still rep Pac
Lord of mercy, I give you water if ya thirsty
It's like a movie in the making when these bitches try to
work me
My vogue tires shine like the sun
And they scream from the curb like a home-run
Drop like a hot gun, hat low ready to flaunt
I don't need no menu I know what I want
It's like the seventh sign, I see my life on the computer
line
It's like a treasure when you find mines

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