

## **Dre Dr**

### **"Let Me Ride"**

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"lyrics here"

Creepin down the back street on Deez

I got my glock cocked cuz niggaz want these

Now soon as I said it, seems I got sweated

By some nigga witha tech 9 tryin to take mine

ya wanna make noise, make noise

I make a phone call my niggaz comin like the Gotti boys

Bodies bein found on Greenleaf

With their fuckin heads cut off, motherfucker I'm Dre

So listen to the play-by-play

Rollin in my 4 with 16 switches

And got sounds for the bitches, clockin all the riches

Got the hollow points for the snitches

So would you just walk on by, cuz I'm too hard to lift

And no this ain't Aerosmith

It's the motherfuckin D-R-E, from the C-P-T

on a rhymin spree, a straight G

Hop back as I pop my top ya trip

I let the hollow points commence to POP POP POP

Yeah, cuz if it don't stop

I have to put my shit in reverse, go back and take

another stop

Cause I'm (Rollin in my six-fo)

With all the niggaz sayin

Chorus:

Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

Hell Yeah

Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

With all the niggaz sayin

Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

Hell yeah

Swing down, sweet chariot stop and, let me ride

Just another motherfuckin day for Dre so I begin like  
this

No medallions, dreadlocks, or black fists it's just

That gangster glare, with gangster raps

That gangster shit, that makes the gang of snaps, uhh

Word to the motherfuckin streets

And word to these hyped ass lyrics and dope beats that  
I

Hit ya with that I, get ya with

as I groove in my four on deez, hittin the switches

Bitches relax while I get my proper swerve on

Bumpin like a motherfucker ready to get my swerve on

But before I hit the dope spot

I gotta get the chronic, the Remi Martin and my soda  
pop

Now I'm smellin like indo-nesia

Bus stop full of fly bitches and skeezers

On my dick, cause my four on hit

Pancake front and back, side to side, and all that shit

So when I crawl I comes correct

Now, if your bitch in my shit, it's your bitch you check  
nigga

Now let the Chevrolet slide

As I dip a nigga trip to the south side, yeah

(Rollin in my six-fo) With all the bitches sayin

Chorus

Check this out

The sun went down when I hit Slausson

On my way to the strip, now I'm just flossin

Checkin my rearview cause niggaz they will do

Jack moves, black fools cause I smack fools

Try to set me up for a two-eleven

Fuck around and get caught up in a one-eight-seven

But I don't represent no gangbang

Some niggaz like lynchin but I just watch them hang

So on and so on, why don't you let me roll on

I remember back in the dayz when I used to have to get  
my stroll on

Didn't nobody wanna speak, now everybody

Peepin out they windows when they hear me beatin up  
the streets

Is it Dre? Is it Dre?

That's what they say, every single motherfuckin day, yo

But I ain't trippin I'm just kickin it

While my deez keep spinnin and these hoes keep  
grinnin I'll be

(Rollin in my six-fo) With everybody sayin

Chorus

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