

Eightball % MJG

"Ridin', Slipin' and Slidin'"

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Ahhhhhwww shit, fuck!

[Dat Nigga Daz]

It's a brand new day in the hood
It's money to make, and I'm doin bad and it ain't lookin
good
It's all about the you know what everywhere that I roll
And never leave emptyhanded without packin my
chrome
If it's on it's on, I put down my gangsta hand
Show and prove and be gat, put the jack down a
chance
See I can put down like this, and you don't know why
Niggaz always would try, but soon they all just die
How they come up like I, would put my biz in the street
I'd like to say is that the jack made my life complete
Fifty-four thousand the cash he left cheesed and
stitched
But it still ain't enough, so what can I plot next?
An armored truck'd be fine, as I come up from behind
Grab 7 bags and fled, not wastin no time
Coppers tailin my ass, breathin hard on my back
Now my biz in the corner as I aband' the 'Llac
Grab the satchel full of money brother Star crib
I throw the money on the table say 'be back in a bit'
I caught the biggest dope sack, I got my hood sewed
up
Now everybody bought to make the bomb soaked
uncut

Ridin', slipin' and slidin'

Ran out a door my situation's back where I left
A voice quietly tellin me -- you got to come up on some
bread
Don't get twisted for shit, see I be mashin on my own
mission
Never dreamin or wishin the money that I'm missin
I heard some, niggaz doubt clockin rakin in all the
dough
And since I'm doin bad I gotta jack for they dough

Called my partners in crime, Kurupt, Nate Dogg, and
Style
True soldiers from the Dogg Pound, puttin it down
Kick the door in with the gauge and fo'-fo' (don't move)
Blast a couple of niggaz as I style with all the dough
Five pounds of coke, two pounds of ?
Now we baggin it up, and smokin all night long
I wanna trip, then I didn't have no chip
And my pockets be short, and I started to trip
To maintain with no problem stopped by my bitch
house
She was poppin with them sales I don't play that shit
(bitch!)
and sold five hundred in cavi barely happy today
Feelin knockin rowdy and my homey had to say

[Kurupt]

Well I got me a plot on the Westside on the town
With some mark ass niggaz from the other side (yeah
let's put it down)
Now Dogg Pound Gangstaz true indeed we see
the layout down, as we proceed
Two in the front, three in the back, about to make
niggaz collapse
Cocked back the strap two minutes before the jack
takes place now we face to face and I'm in the mood
for a murder, so I'm all for the do low and you know
The chances, advances stages
Gauges and three-eighties, crazy, nigga shady
To my lady, what I'ma do is mine for my loot
with the homies mash on the massion about quarter to
two
When we arrive, I be the first nigga to dip
Straight to the front door and intention's to straight trip
I gotta make my grip and I made my grip with the
quickness
niggaz here to lick and got paid, bitch

Ridin', slipin' and slidin'
I don't trust a bitch, so fuck a bitch
What's the function, what's the game
All aboard, the cavi train
All you busters, riding round
You don't wanna, see the Pound

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