

T-bone "Ride Wit Me"

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Who's this rapper tryin to step to me
Talkin 'bout you ain't really got that ministry
Child please wisdom G's on them knees
Preachin from california to the florida keys
We be slingin the word while they smokin their herb
Dippin' in 64's hittin switches on the curbs
And swerve back in place pump that bass
Wit da sanctafied sound produced by that playa chase
Like mase i'm i'm fittin makin you feel so good
When i bump this gospel music in your hood,inglewood
West covina,pasedena, take it to my inte' in puente
I cant forget about all my peoples in the 415,510,916
Make them chips we stick together like cement and
bricks
Now bounce to this playalistic boneybone head

chorus:

Dip bounce, side to side
Come ride wit a playa from the kila catty westside
Psyco west coast ridin music
For you and all your dawgs to cruise wit

[T-Bone]

Shh, aint no talkin while i'm puttin demons in coffins
Dippin in da catilacs pumpin dawkins and dawkins
Got me rapped up tied up
If you love cali, playa throw the westside G
Now watch me ride like those Hells angels
In them harleys, or them blue cowboys wit them blue
wrangler

Swingin their lasso singin wild wild west
Cuz where i am from you need a bullet proof vest
Smoke the what for your stress
Naw dawg hold up wait a minute
It aint no high If the holy ghost aint rolled up in it

I get drunk in the spirit on a day to day basis
Preachin the word, to my partnas catchy cases
Racist click to, piru flamed up in blue
Crips too, God wanna bless you
2, 3, 4, and 5 now close your eyes

And bump this in your ride while you glide and...

[chorus]

[T-Bone]

I just cant stop, makin saucy gospel hip hop
Gonna do this to the day that i drop like tupac
Who do you beleive in
I put my faith in god bless to be breathin
Reachin to the heathin
Buckin them demons
'O' what a feelin got the crowd screamin
Dancin on the ceilin
So hate if you wanna hate, say what you but
Gospel rap wit out bone is like LA wit out a Dr. Dre
Or sway wit out tech, catchin wreck
In these california streets wit out a ghetto vette
It aint happenin bibles i'm still packin'em
And jackin demons wit dem 44 Magnums

[Chorus]

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