

Free Murda "Ride, Ride, Ride"

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[Intro: Free Murda]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah My niggas ride, ride, ride Me and my niggas ride, ride, ride, ride Me and my niggas ride, yeah, be a homicide On your side, you can die, die, die

[Free Murda]

I'm a gangsta, never talk them hoes

Free gangsta, leave no info

Pop watts, while your fifth blow

How you gon' show me, what your clip gon' hold?

Least forty shots, I got the forty cocked, big gun, right

through your window

Passing the door, watch your clip fold

I'm passing the raw, now my wrist grow

Off flips like gymnastics, when the NARCs come, don't

know the answer

Still coming off with the four-matic

Disrespect and that's a closed casket

Don't know til I blow ratchet, boy, buzz all four, and we

can go at it

Don't know hoes but the cold bastards

And you think with your dick, now your foe's laughing

Got the four blasting, nigga, hold that shit

Better run when I unload that clip

Nigga pull the gun with no action, leave his ass done

with a whole rap bit

Sound of a donut, better high when I roll up

Bought mad singles but I ride like a soldier

Like I told ya, I disown ya, fuck with me and you'll lie in

a coma

Should of stuck with me, right behind that toasted,

when I fired from close-up

What's the hold up, when I post up, my doulja do like

she suppose to

[Chorus: Free Murda]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Me and my niggas, ride, ride, ride, ride Me and my niggas, ride, ride, ride, ride Me and my niggas, ride, better run, better hide Me and my niggas, ride, ride, ride, ride Me and my niggas, ride, ride, ride, ride Me and my niggas, ride, the'll be a homicide On your side, you can die, die, die, die

[Free Murda]

Who that wanna fuck with me, Lil' Free Now ya'll get smoked like angel dust No clips wanna bang with us Might wanna sing with us, ya'll can't be dangerous Got feds wanna bang us, got niggas in the P's wanna hate us

Got chicks atleast wanna date us, nah we straight ball like the Raiders

Ya'll fools better slow down, better fall back, fall, make the outwards whole round

Put a ghost in your town, Free Murda, on your spell, put you in low ground

Ya'll niggas ain't harming me, and I leave these boys wet like laundry

Loose lips, chase hips, out to sold quick, but you walk quick

And it's funny like comedy, it's arming me Now set cuz I shoot, til my armor sees, and pat on your arteries

That smoke make it hard to breath, fog in the air, you can hardly see

Get ate like God Degree, yeah, me and my niggas ride, kick that gun right off your side You catch one when you walk the side, I don't care nothing, cuz I walk without mine I ain't stupid, knock a nigga ass out with two hits Leave you toothless, think you ruthless

We can do this, but the movement

[Chorus]

[Free Murda]

magic nigga

Muthafuckas ain't playing with the chopper Undercovers with the K, got blocka Nigga, blocka, blocka, all day and it ain't gonna stoppa Act like you ain't afraid of the mobsters, swim with the fish, get ate by the lobsters In school, cuz I ate in the locker, what's cool, better bang that Ilama Use a fool if you think that I'mma, faggot nigga I had it, nigga, up to here, you disappear, without

Shit, yeah, see it clear, without glasses nigga
Sit here, in a chair, grab that plastic, nigga
Put it right on your face, now that's a classic, nigga
Can't talk, can't breathe, should of brought that heat
Middleside of the four day suites, six/seven on the
court with the E
That's eight a sword, they can't bang us all
Police, can't walk on beats, strip they ass so they walk
on feet
Hit the gas, tryin' to bark on me
Them niggas can't talk to Free, stick the gas with the
hawk in his sleeve

[Chorus]

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