

Game, The "Ride Or Die"

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[intro]

[Whoo Kid]

Damm

[Game]

you gone ride or die?

[Whoo Kid]

Woaaa..... Woaaa

[verse 1]

All my niggas gone bust they guns
real mother fuckers never trust niggas, but we trust our
guns
get money is the code of the streets
live by it, and they say the hotter the bullets, the colder
the streets
like the older the hammer, the older the beef
you holding the can and you busting or you die with
your heat
me and my niggas gone survive in the street
for one reason, we aint living to kill niggas, just dieing
to sleep
im in the hood and i aint wear a vest
push a stock GTO, with a pump in the seat and a desert
eagle in the head rest
live and i took 5, get respect cause i wont die
so its a bet that im gone ride

[Chorus] 2x

Im riding dog, you riding with me? {ride with me}
If im frying dog, you frying with me? {fry with me}
If im dieing dog, you dieing with me? {die with me}
Just know when the beef come, we all busting our guns
{what?}

[verse 2]

we can beef, i dont give a fuck, any street, stoop or
block
Compton, New York City or Watts

you aint never been out the hood? dont go to far
12 guage shotty, with a pump like Joe Dumar's
shells the size of sprewell lugs, go through cars
rip apart your new bently nigga, like Dre sent me
the haze in me make me wanna kick back
your man work out at bally's, put the 38 to a 6 pack
and beef keep the E.R full til the shit packed
no more rooms? let em die in the streets
im from the CPT, where niggas dieing to eat
them niggas with scars under they left eye and they
cheek
park a 745 on your street
like mother fucker if you dont ride with me, you can die
with the enemy
or die like the kennedy's nigga
i empty desert clips out like a bottle of hennessy nigga

[Chorus] 2x

Im riding dog, you riding with me? {ride with me}
If im frying dog, you frying with me? {fry with me}
If im dieing dog, you dieing with me? {die with me}
Just know when the beef come, we all busting our guns
{what?}

[verse 3]

I got niggas that'll beef for the game
run up on your man, splat his brain then bring you his
chain
so if you owe my hood, you better pay up
i roll with killas, that'll put you in a hole like a lay up
aint no sleep on the block, my niggas stay up
cause they aint trying to miss sales
they trying to tip over fish scales
be in the XXL, and its only 6 street rappers if you wanna
be real
that go for the whole industry you bitch ass niggas
say my name in a verse if you ready to die
i call up my Harlem niggas on the i95
10 minutes later you dead on the I95
Aftermath mother fucker, we aint playing this shit
50, work ride, Joe, Cube, the Game and Em
its our house and we in the front yard
so fuck with the Dr. and get picked apart like junk yards

[Chorus] 2x

Im riding dog, you riding with me? {ride with me}
If im frying dog, you frying with me? {fry with me}
If im dieing dog, you dieing with me? {die with me}
Just know when the beef come, we all busting our guns
{what?}

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