

Havens Richie

"Lets Ride"

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Something about the West Coast...

Shhh... Don't tell nobody

[Something about the West Coast

It makes me wanna ride

Something about the West Coast

Shake it westsiide

throw ya hands up let's riide

to the city of the scene

put it on the one get ya body on the dance floor

Something about the West Coast It makes me wanna
ride]

(Repeats until Verse 1)

No disrespect it's all love and a muthafucka just feel
real good

be like what's poppin' on this side of the muthafuckin'
planet

understand me? It's still one love, smokin'. It's just a
whole lot

more money involved.

Verse 1

Leanin' out my zone

I roams like mobile phones (right)

rag top 'Vettes Yukons & hundred chromes

Silly bitches lie in wait until the day I come home
while the phone machine kicks
"Biitch Rich ain't at home" (Ha)
six million ways to mob choose one
I chose to dispose of those who call theyself foes
foes like bitches tuck they toes like hoes
these amateur niggas done turned pro
Can't ride with the hi pro glow
the boss with the sauce
got receipts to show how much it cost
I dedicate this to the ridahs
who like to slip sideways
Beware devil's shuttin' down the highway
Chorus
Something about the West Coast
Shake it westsiide
throw ya hands up let's riide
to the city of the scene
put it on the one get ya body on the dance floor
Something about the West Coast It makes me wanna
ride
(Repeat)
Verse 2
How many MC's must get ditched
before somebody say don't fuck with Rich
It's evidential the Presedential's up on the wrist

who that new nigga from Oakland

with that brand new twist

Don't even worry 'bout it

watch yo' neck & chest

they don't wanna get

Elliott like Mr. Nest

Known for flippin' scripts sick duets & mic' rips

but now I'm off the hook don't trip

Hookers throw yo' skirt up

Cruddies throw yo' turf up

hustlers trust her & some of them put that work up

'Cause if they ridin' they gone ride tonight

when they hit it we to the next light. Believe it.

Chorus

Verse 3

Thou commands me

to skyball hands free

Sam see I'm havin' some spam hezask me

3-0 TV had fiv on it with the Luniz

I got five on it.

You wanna ride with me

that's when you call yo' N-I-G

I'd rather be

puttin' the twomp on somethin' thick

big SSL with Nicki Scarf' in the licks

still hittin' licks in the villo with cigarillos

big head C-notes and them light green pillows

tinted windows V dozen on my Benzo

the rumble and humble

outdo' versus the indo'

That's how it be'z when I smoke for sho'

West Coast representin' all O. Believe it.

Chorus 'til end with ad libs

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