

Tha Eastsidaz "Eastside Ryders"

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(feat. Holiday Styles)

[Tray Deee]

Who run these streets? Love Thug Beats?
Ruff Spoken, Guns Speak, Blood Leak
Lug heat for the threat not protection,
Not a question, Busta Tests I got rest 'em
Catch 'Em Slippin, in the hood or the mall
You ain't strapped, we can scrap, I'm good with the
Doggs
Fuck Talkin', Chuck Walkin' in my khakis
Rag Swangin', Gang Bangin' nigga brang it at me
Eastsider, Ruff Ryder loved by the masses
We The Niggas holla out the set when we blastin'
Insane 20 gang, anything killa,
Tracy Davis, Hair Raises, Goldie Loc The Stealer
Gang Lock Down, We Cant Stop Now,
Get in the way of villan and Tray spray hot rounds
Suckas chose thuggin' as a last resort, aint that a
bitch?
Here we do this shit for sport This CRIP

[Tray Deee]

[Chorus:]

We ridaz, keep the heat beside us,
Better Not try us, Touch ya like Midas
Ruff Rydaz, Ride with Eastsidaz,
Bustaz bow down to crown, the Royal Highness
Well we gonna take your raps, and gats, stacks and
sacks
Dippin with the Jags and 'Lacs
Eastsidaz roll with Ruff Rydaz
Try to step aside us or get right behind us

[Styles]

When I die, fuck a moment of silence, this is Holiday
Gangsta rap gunnin' and havin' moments of violence
Its an Eastsider, Ruff Ryder thing, Why you mad at me?
Holdin on an AK, puffin' on some Cali weed
Streets is my girl, asked her to marry me
Yellow and Purple Ears, tryin' to see Shaq's Salary

D-Block Gang, Ruff Ryder Mafia,
Make Sure the bullets hit u cause i stand on top of ya
Bounce like I'm Hydrolics (Hydrolics),
And i got niggaz in the hood that would shoot you over
nine dollars
Asked if I'm a gang member? Fuck nah, I'm a gang
leader
Boss to the boss and I bang heaters
And you dont wanna see my arm jerk
Cause the work i put on your face is bound to make
your mom hurt
And this one is for my Cali niggaz
Eastsiders, Ruff Ryders and you can die in an ally
niggaz

[Chorus]

[Goldie Loc]

I never write raps like a song can make me
Trick off my money and let these bitches break me
Cause I'm a cold piece of gold, dickies saggin in the
dirt
Sellin' my double knucks, to enhance my work
Nigga Q keep it Pimpin, I'm 'a keep it Crippin' (Crippin')
Me and Dip Dippin, Dogg tha Police Trippin'
Im an Eastside Ryde or Die Nigga
And I believe you fools are some quick to lie niggaz
Sippin on Sans call me lil Bit
A down to earth brother, Gang Bangin' and rappin'
Fake Blow Joes not hoppin' Lo-Lo's
Im tired of you bustaz and fake C-O's
You can ask Deal Dogg, Motherfuckin' Scoop
We Done rounded up the homies and the front line
troops
Look Cuz, This game dont give me my cheese,
Im 'a shit down your thorat, with tricks up my sleeve

[Chorus]

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