

## Ice Cube F/ Korn "Smokin And Ridin"

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[Ja Rule]

Gangsta.. you know

Huh, gangsta, c'mon, hehe

Uhh.. got my nigga Vin Diesel in the house, y'know

Number one movie in the country and all that

Haha! Yo..

[Chorus: Ja Rule]

Nuttin but some gangsters, smokin and ridin (YO!)

Come on get high with us (NIGGA!)

Come on and ride with us (BITCHES!)

Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters (YO!) smokin  
and ridin (YO!)

Come on get high with us (C'MON NIGGAZ!)

Come on and ride with us (YO!)

[Ja Rule]

Hey baby; c'mon and hop in my fo'-three-oh, S-E

And let's see, how quick you fall victim to this G

I'm a gangsta BITCH, a mack like Goldie

But I never let the strength of this money control money

Niggaz is somethin like pimps, the Rule is an O.G.

I make three G's a day, thirty-three a week

And my hoes hardly speak - they smoke while they ride

Just, blowin the driver, when I'm one car behind ya

(Nuttin but some gangsters) on Daytons and lowriders

And three-wheel motion, bumpin Tha Eastsidaz

I love Cali-for-ni-ay, on a hot day

Where the green is wetter, and the head is even better

(So get high tonight.. and if you rollin like I'm rollin

you ridin right.. and if she fuckin with them gangstas

ain't nuttin nice.. and if you knowin what I'm knowin

then live your life.. cause, we're..)

[Chorus]

(Cause, we're..)

[0-1]

(Nuttin but some gangsters..) Ridin by in them big  
trucks

Chrome wheels spinnin and killin niggaz with big bucks  
See baby I came up, from bein a thug  
From a nigga sellin them drugs on the corner throwin  
up slugs  
(Show me love!) All of y'all bitches wanna ride with us  
(Mask and gloves!) Up when it's time to fuck bitches  
(Wanna be loved!) All you get is hard dick off the drugs  
(Pass the bud!) Yo bitch I ain't seen none of that dub  
But give me that Remi, a half a bottle already in me  
I cop a ounce, from one stizzy, and smoke 'til I'm dizzy  
Who ridin with me? Both of y'all bitches slide right in  
Just me, you, and your friend - I'll be fuckin y'all 'til the  
mornin  
C'mon, I love bitches with thongs on, that love to get it  
on  
with gangsters, leavin they pussies warm  
'til like four in the mornin, baby girl, I'm gone  
Hop in the 6, devour your lawn BITCH, cause we're

[Chorus]

(Cause, we're..)

[Jodie Mack]

(Nuttin but some gangsters..) Holla!  
And if you, bout the dollars then pop your collars  
Cause we ain't nuttin but some gangsters, nigga  
smokin and ridin  
Who put it down for real, got this dough multiplyin  
Straight, livin it up and fuckin with thugs  
that push trucks that's sittin on dubs, not givin a fuck  
Y'all niggaz know me, Chris Black slash the O.G.  
So please believe I'm gangsta I control these streets

[Ja Rule]

Yo, nobody leaves nobody breathes until I enter the  
party  
And ease up in a 550 Medina Ferrari  
Pull in handicapped parkin, hop out with the lock in  
and wink at the hoes while I walk in  
Who's ridin and smokin tonight with players  
And I ain't talkin bout them niggaz with them Marvin  
gators  
I'm talkin bout them niggaz all up in fronts and gauges  
and runnin up in spots and blazin, we call them  
gangsters, yo!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Ja Rule]

Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters, smokin and

ridin  
Come on get high with us  
Come on and ride with us  
Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters.. smokin and  
ridin  
Come on get high with us  
Come on and ride with us  
Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters

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