

## **The Explosion**

### **"Ride Out"**

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(\*talking\*)

Uh what, two triple  
Getting it how we live, Wreckshop  
Chevis, independent labels uh  
(The Hardest Pit is off the chain  
The Freestyle King is in the god damn game  
And it's going down, E.S.G. and Po-Yo  
Tyte Eyez what's up, let's make 'em ride out ha

[Big Pokey]

On tracks I break backs, so come on with it  
Here go sixteen bars of poison, getting spitted  
Go out and go get it, that's the way I was trained  
I'm here on wax baby, with no pro fame  
Switch four lanes, in a big old fo' do'  
Chevis bread winner, bout to rep the logo  
Tours in Tokyo, and Amsterdam  
If I'm featured on a song, then it have to jam  
Eat niggaz up, like a rack of lamb  
For power I spit bars, like battle ram  
Call the ambulance, tell 'em stitch this track  
If my verse ain't hot, tell 'em hit me back  
As a matter of fact, we go dolla for dolla  
Independent got our pockets, bout the size of Kamala  
Getting big of shotter, balling with your honey  
Gambling this shit, fucking off the show money

[Hook]

Wreckshop and Chevis, and we go hard in the paint  
Gotta hitting the town, overseas and swiss banks  
No blank checks, or who next to plex with the best  
Suggest your wearing a vest, or get a hole in your  
Chest  
You better ride out (ride out), ride out (ride out)  
Ride out (ride out), ride out (ride out)

[Tyte Eyez]

Excuse a young nigga, for taking up too much space  
A lyrical drop out, it's Tyte Eyez  
Releasing rhymes from my vocals, making 'em hit the  
Deck

E.S.G. and Po-Yo, got's to give us respect

Chin check is what they catch, for fucking around with  
Some veterans  
Relieving pain from your pain, like a bottle of  
Excedrin  
Dirty 3rd's the section, we filling all prescriptions  
From pills to codeine, to ecstasy we granting wishes  
Eat steak on platinum dishes, going fishing in the Gulf  
North pull out the boat, and let the jet skis float  
Dirty 3rd's the coast, and we some superstars  
Wearing ten around our neck, investing fifty in a car  
And if you ever see me rolling, blowing weed into  
Traffic  
Ain't no high side with me, you need to postally  
Autograph it  
Ain't no calling you fishes or bitches, or even scrubs  
Cause we get it how we live it, and that's ghetto love

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

I'm leaving stains in they brains, sixteen bars of pain  
Like a four year old kid, putting her'on in they vein  
They addicted when it's spitted, well kid I'm working  
Trunk on wave, just like a white boy serving  
20's be hurting, when I hit the curb slow  
Make sure next year, y'all reserve the front row  
At the Grammy's, haters can't stand me  
Condo in Texas, beach house in Miami  
What you dream about I done it, rap game I run it  
Bank account on swoll, like Big Moe's stomach  
Last year was a good one, reached my quota  
Forbes Top 50, came right on over  
Sammy Sosa taking over, mashing Rutgers  
Riding candy Winebagos, Compact computers  
Wreckshop and Chevis, worth a bill each now  
Sitting on 22's, shutting the whole piece down

[Hook - 2x]

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