

**Jermaine Steward****"Let's 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  
Shake it Westside  
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  
froze 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, double's shuttin down the highway

[Chorus]  
Shake it westsiide (something about the west coast)  
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

[Verse 2]

How many MC's must get dissed  
Before somebody say don't fuck with Rich  
It's evidential, the presidential slap 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  
Crookas' 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  
Through yo' TV, had "5 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's within the mix  
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] - repeat to end w/ ad libs

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