

## The Marshall Tucker Band

### "Ride Wit Me"

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Lytro, yeah, hm, yo  
Yeah, fuck the rest be, nobody can test me  
Rich like Nestle, thick like Wesley  
Snipe out, I'm the type that be about  
Crashin' up in ya joint and knockin' the lights out  
Feelin' lovely, trust me, I'm drug free  
Only chewed on bringing out the thug in me  
Cos you sittin' on my nerves, when we've already heard  
That garbage, played-out crap you call rap  
Some chicks say they love that, well I'm above that  
Calling me a ? ? ? it's two, double O two  
And my crew roll thick like BIG  
Act up, and be puttin' that ass to sleep  
You got nothing for me, been there, smelt the dope  
and  
Rollin' with the shelter, making niggas jail free  
Like a Luger, I spit thick shit  
That a leave ya squad sick, cos I ran up in this shit

Holla, get crunk, get live with me  
Brotha, don't make you as fly as me  
Gotta get yo' ass up and vibe with me  
Come on ride with me, come on ride with me  
Holla, get crunk, get live with me  
Brother, don't make you as fly as me  
Gotta get yo' ass up and vibe with me  
Come on ride with me, come on ride with me

Still got the little frame with the big name  
Watch it change cos, nah nigga, we ain't in the same  
gang  
We walk different and we talk a different slang  
You a sidekick, and I'm a four point six range  
You a one roof flat, I'm fifty acres of land  
In Jamaica with your man laid up, gettin' a tan  
Thought you knew, I'm overdue  
And you're overrated so cats are over you  
I inspired you, come on now, no way  
? that rumour, the consumer won't believe it anyway  
Never play with the messenger, Head on Joan of Arc  
When I'm coming through these parts like just cut the

dark  
I'm a trendsetter, go getter, bringer back  
Cos I'm fed up, ready to get a set up  
Oh you scurred, vision blurred  
Cos I serve these words  
And pitch them bitches with a curse

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Yo what I'm sayin I've been layin' waitin' for the right  
situation  
New York hawk city playin', back in the BK bomber  
Niggas in the hood call me Lyte  
But brothers call me Lana Moorer the high scorer  
Play fool if you wanna, we closin' after quarter  
I started it and I shut the shit down  
Sit down, don't nobody move, I'm making haters quit  
now  
Been a long time coming but I'm running with the torch  
Race, got a lot a rats but I can't be caught, or bought  
Cos I won't sell out, that's why me and the big dogs, we  
fell out  
Not with a major, but I'm still major league  
Crash ya dome with this ? then watch your nose bleed  
You want it, you can get it anytime  
Cos I got many lines for niggas of any kind, you know  
me

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