

The Dirtbombs

"Ride"

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Umm, yes, yes, yes, y'all
Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride
Sho nuff
Let's ride, let's ride

[Mr. G Stacka]
I'm Mr. Everyday Chief
Full of herb
And this killer ass reefer got a nigger feeling swozy
I'm slowly, creepin' up through the hood
And I see my niggas, and the smoking real good
So show a nigga love, what up kinfolk
And while you at my nigga, won't you past the dope
You know a nigga has to choke
Of killer both for me, I got the smoke flowing down my
throat
So playa won't you ride with me
We can get quizzer in the front of my drop top Caddy
With my heat just ready to skeet
So playa please don't drop no fire on my feet
But it's all good, cause it's much love
And I got my mind twisted off kind bud
I'm screaming out Dirty thug
Sipping on the Cognac with the hardest buzz
So tell me what it was
What it be like
Mr. G living up to this gangster life
And it's got me on a flight higher than a kite
And my eyes real low so I have no sight
I'm feeling really right as I keep flow, through the sky
Way past cloud number nine
Chiefing all the time, blazing on an ounce
Cause I just can't make it with a nickel or a dime
Everything looking fine in the Gump city
Girls walk around short skirts on looking pretty
You can tell the thugs from the sedity
All the high-class girls always acting nitty
But showing no pity, in the land
Of blunt passing
Niggas be everlasting
Where Mr. G gone blaze the weed

Until I'm dead and gone off in my casket

[Chorus 1-Mr. G]

Now take a trip in my 'Lac with me
We can patch in
You can go half on a sack with me
We can find a freaky slut to beat
And if it come down to it
We can bust our heat in the street
See, it don't really matter
Long as I'm down for you
And you down for me
We can ride together, forever
Rolling through the streets of the G-U-M-P

[Chorus 2-Khao]

It ain't nothing like riding the track, rocking the show
Making the crowd get hype, letting them know
Is you ready to wild out, I'm bout to flow
Got you peeping the style out, as I go

[Chorus 3-Big Pimp]

Now should I drop the game on them hoes
Now do you really understand
How the pimp game goes
It's all about money and hoes
Keep us in it, with your mind froze
And slamming Cadillac doors

[Khao]

Now I'm a ride on the track
Giving you something that you can feel
Better buckle up before you go, haters hit the door
Cause we be hitting you with the skills
Don't give up before you flow, I'm a let you know
That my adrenaline assembling
That's enough to have a emcee trembling
Just give me the mic and them Frank Benjamin's
And call the paramedic, I'm about to injure men
Finish him, ain't many left to cope
Hearts stopped beating, listen to this stethoscope
So many emcees getting' left for broke
And try to make a comeback, shoulda kept the joke
Khao be the name, try dissin' me
Your history, your absence a mystery
Dried your game up like an antihistamine
Put that on Big Pimp and Mr. G
This'll be, something that people can ride to
Laid back, track cool like Rallo
Hit after hit we follow
Wanted to nibble and bit off way more than you can

swallow

Y'all must be drunk off the bottle
Hating on us, don't talk, bring yourself to me
I don't need nobody helping me
I'm about to lyrically burn a brother to the 12th degree
What y'all wanna do now, huh
Humiliated, didn't know, Krumbsnatchaz affiliated
With Dirty, came up and really made it
All these cats wanna be down with us
I really hate it, but illustrated, the picture
It takes skills to grab the mic
And keep it tight, some want, simplified:
Some had it, some got it
Some wish they did, and some don't

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 3]

[Big Pimp]

Now let me take you to the land where the riders see
Pardon me shorty
Let me introduce you to my pimp psychology
Let a young nigga hold if you down with a holla at me
Now follow me, to my '98 'Lac outside
Now is she ready to ride
Slip cover your eyes, it's a surprise
I'll be obliged if you slide where them Dirty boys hide
And I was hypnotized when a young playa saw (um,um)
Your pretty brown eyes
And I apologize if I came to hard
Trying to get between your, sugar brown thighs
You know the pimp hide
And it's 12 o'clock tonight
I got late night lust
We need to, bring a pen and pad
And keep count (keep count)
Of the nuts I bust (I bust)
I'm swerving, looking through my rearview nervous
While your head steady working
And your neck steady jerking
Up on your knees in my seat
And your lips steady slurping
I don't just kill a knob
And I know your mouth finna' throb
And baby if you could
Shine and rob with your tongue
Like old Inga Shywood (Shywood), situation all good
I love the way you got straight to it
And plus I love the way you do it
I wouldn't take nothing from you

Girl you's a true headhunter
Booger-lips turner
You must have got it from you mother
Now look up in the sky, it's a pimp in the air
So freaky bitches better beware
I got your mind, mega blown
With the game that I spit
And keep them freaky bitches horny as hell

[Chorus 3]

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 1]

Ahh
Sho nuff, sho nuff
In my 'Lac with me
On a sack with me
Ahh
Drop the game on them hoes

{*Fades Out*}

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