Kurupt f/ Big Tri, Eastwood, Young Tone "Slide N Slide Out"

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[Intro/Chorus One: repeat 2X]
Slide in, slide out, that's how a real gangsta move
You can tell by the way I'm smooth (I'm smooth)
But at the same time actin a fool (actin a fool)

[Verse One]

I'm a West coast rider, California rider I'll put that on my riders, I'ma keep it rider And keep it low key, to smash on these motherfuckers 'fore they smash me, I'm a California rider

[Verse Two]

I'm a West coast rider, California rider An Eastside, L.A., South Central rider {?} rider, spit it how I live it I'm a rider and if I ain't got it I gotta get it Don't make me act a fool (fool) Kick back lil' homey "B" cool, or "C" cool Yeah, it's however you wanna take it I'ma rider my nigga you must got me mistaken with them other niggaz over there, Daz you a rider? Nigga you scared, a bitch in disguise with a fade and a beard, gestapo went and got robbed Plus we authentic over here We don't gotta blast, to kill each other off We can go hands nigga I'll show you who the boss I'm a West coast rider. California rider An Eastside, L.A., South Central rider Inglewood rider, spit it how I live it I'm a rider and if I ain't got it I gotta get it

[Chorus Two]

Slide in, slide out, that's how a real gangsta move Tanktop, corduroy, house shoes (house shoes)
I'm a gangster that just can't lose, yeah
Slide in, slide out, that's how a real gangsta move
Tanktop, corduroy, house shoes (house shoes)
I'm a gangster in my gangster shoes, nigga
Slide in, slide out, that's how a real gangsta move...

[Verse Three]

I cain't get enough of the block
I cain't get enough cause I'm stuck on the block
I'ma Y.A. ride 'til I'm dead on the block
Entourage 'til I'm gone watchin me until I drop
Got a pocket full of stones, walkin up and down the block

See the cops at the corner, real niggaz never stop I see death around the corner so I'm hangin on the block

When I'm gone to the coroner they'll leave me on the block

I was wrong, got a problem, you can see me on the block

That's home, Thunderdome, you can meet me at the spot

Probably catch you at the club sippin Henny on the rocks

Catch you walkin out the club knock your ass out the box

I'm a gangster nigga

[Chorus One]

[Verse Four] I'ma gang-sta ride (that's right) And gang-sta glide (and glide) I'm gang-sta-fied, I live a gang-sta life G to T, that's all I know And blowin on dicks, is all she know She a ho, and baby give me head on the spot She a sucka for a nigga hardhead from the block Dear God, don't let a young nigga die broke I hold my pistol with pride with every 9 I toke It's a tear I done shed Another black male on the stairs laid dead What more could I do? Move up, nigga ain't no rules in the hood Too many drugs used in the hood We all young black and abused in the hood 15 years old, they got him doin life No sense to keep cruisin I'ma keep cryin The judge got a grudge, the D.A. lyin You gotta give him mercy, Lord let him breathe Good or bad seed he a seed in the soil Hold your head soldier I'm right here for you And that go for all my homeboys - yuh!

[Chorus Three/Outro]
Slide, slide, roll 'n ride
Front 'n back, side to side
Pimpin baby side to side

So many come to where riders ride
Slide, slide, roll 'n ride
Front 'n back, side to side
Pimpin baby side to side
Keep it hood, riders ride
Slide, slide, roll 'n ride
Front 'n back, side to side
Pimpin baby side to side
Death Row how them riders ride

[Verse Five - fading out]
Yeah, they don't wanna see the Y.A. ride
They don't wanna see cellmates rise
They don't wanna see the Pentagon rise
They don't wanna see the entourage ride
They don't wanna see Death Row ride
They don't wanna see..

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