

## Men Of Vision

### "Ride 2 Da End"

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I'ma thug  
I'ma shoot  
I'ma smoke  
I'ma walk up on yo ass and bust yo ass in the eye  
I'ma roll this blunt up  
I'ma I'ma

Chorus:

I'ma ride 2 da end (end)  
Ball till I fall (fall)  
I'm on the hunt for tha papa  
Gimme s'more  
I gotta get mine (hey)  
All about the currency (yea)  
And let my thugs and mutha fuckin' rydas represent  
me (woop woop)

And ya betta blaze the weed  
And pass that shit to me  
And I'ma cock da gat  
And hold it down for my family  
We worldwide  
Leaving ya hatin' bitches  
On the curbside  
Bleeding and needin' stiches  
Bitches ya got ya mouth wide open  
On the wed and all your hatin' and roastin'  
Gonna keep me braggin' and boastin'  
This shit is coast to coast  
And I'ma ball till I fall baby  
While punk ass bitches  
Spend they money on that car neday  
You can't even picture me rollin'  
Money follin'  
In an Escalade with twinkies and it's  
Probably stolen  
Crack my Newports, open  
And I'm smokin' for a lickin'  
If you got it  
And I want it  
Then you hittin'

You and your bitch  
Foe Foe  
Mister Mean And Hateful  
Mister Free to ride  
You and your fam  
Can burn the cradle  
Who wanna smoke?  
Who wanna ride wit me?  
We runnin wit da Rydas  
Till the E-N-D  
And I'ma

Chorus  
(Yayeah)  
Hit the east side  
Intended to get groovy  
Cruisin down the Ave.  
Lookin' for titties and booties  
Guerellis grippin' twinkies  
See me sparklin' and shinin'  
I'm like a diamond  
As I continue glidin'  
The ass drops down  
As I hit the switch again  
Heads startin' turnin'  
Cuz they see that Shank is perfen  
And swervin'  
Pimpin  
Please understand that if these niggas act up  
They get ta leavin' in an ambulance  
I got my hand curved around a heata  
And if your bitch is on my dick  
Hell yea I wanna meet her  
I'ma playa  
You don't see them diamonds through the windshield?  
I'm eatin' steak and shrimp while you bitches splitten  
happy meals  
Don't get your cat peeled  
Actin' hard  
I got a bullet for you  
And everybody in your backyard (What the fuck you  
looking at)  
And bitch if you don't know  
You better ask a friend  
L'il Shank Mutha fucka, I'ma ryda till the end

Chorus

Do I gotta tell you how much  
That this watch cost?  
Or do I gotta tell you how much dope a nigga lost?

Tryin' to come up in the game  
Make a name for myself  
But when this block get hit  
It's hella bad for ya health  
Gotta get back on your feet  
Hustle on the street  
Minimum wage don't make enough for ends meet  
What's up bitch?  
The name's Cell Block, ho  
And one question, do you like dick in the throat? (FUCK  
YEA)  
I be rollin with the rydas  
Iced out on the street  
Gold chain around my neck  
Brand new NIKE's on my feet  
And we livin' up yo block  
Nigga always wit a glock  
And a sack fulla rocks  
For them thieves on my jock  
Keep rockin' skrilla  
Paper chasin' never ends  
I be 45 and still slangin' rocks out the benz  
I'ma pimp by blood  
And a Ryda 4 Life  
And I'ma ride 2 da end  
Dumpin' clips all night

Chorus X2

(rydas)

And let my thug and mutha fuckin' rydas represent me  
Uh...Bullet in this bitch, Cell Block, Fo Fo, L'il Shank, Full  
Clip  
And let my thug and mutha fuckin' rydas represent me

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