

Men Of Vision

"Ryde Out"

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psychoapthic rydas..
mother fucker.. ownin detriot
rydas bitch! get yo motherfuckin hands up
from new york.. to LA...

chorus
RYDAS ride out
(mother fucker!)
RYDAS ride out
(whut!)
RYDAS ride out
(Yeahhh boyeee)
RYDAS ride out
MOTHER FUCKER!

we be the dick and vagina hiders
from the back sidas, psychopathic rydas
whitey tites aint tighta
we be the cheeba rollers
along with crissy guzzlers
bitch motherfucker smoke up
natural born street hustlas
we be the hatchet sporterz
stick up kid supporters
in the keys of florida
makin deals on morotolas
we be draped in platinum gold
jet black rolls, more royce than rolls can hold
po-po on pay roll
we be the holders at snub stops
no doubt stick you up
make out the back route
and ride out!

while other bitches seem about it
thr rydas on the street
and we be about it
check to see and we find
the mad bank roll with the rubber band
if you a ryda then you like my fuckin brother man
so lets get this cheddar and do these thangs we gotta

do
find a chicken head that the whole crew can run
through
sippin on the crissy till the bottle lookin low
send the same freak bitch to the motherfuckin store
then we ride out, bitch you know its all the same
when you fuckin wit the ? hoe you can keep the change!

chorus

ryden on folks dont come with no bitch shit
bitch shit, you shoulda known you cant fuck with
niggas from the hood aint about talkin shit
they about robbin suckas
and emptin clips
in the mouth of a bitch
who aint actin right
who any bitch made nigga dont wanna fight
with 5 true rydas high flow providers
3 south westaz
2 east sidaz (east siiiddeee!)
10 o clock rydin down the suckas with the heat
out the window, bitch, steady blazin indo
take a puff and pass it to my homies (right here right
here)
cock the gat and unload on all on you phonies
catch a slug hoe, splaterin your blood hoe
grave get dug bitch it aint no love, hoe!

my name is bullet
and I be what is known as a gangsta
shackin up in the hide out
and when I ride out
I put an eye out
I'm in a black truck bumpin down the block
windows tinted
nothin but a gat hangin out!
boyz in the hood, I be that cat in the back seat
eyes buggin wide with the skully brandishin heat
you hear my pitter patter from a mile away
head chunks still fallin down the followin day
I be the maniac! (yeahh!)
hidin out on the roof
bustin shots at cops
for my ryda dogs (woof!)
anybody wanna see me
bring a magnifying glass
cuz I hide in the shadows
and bust a cap in your ass
I'll be the killa
youll see me o the 10 o clock news

I put the barrel to your chest and blow your feet out
your shoes!

chorus

you better ride out
before we get to slide out
heat that we pull out
unknown to smoke out
rydas dumpin clips
bitches run for cover
when we on your block
duck low, motherfucker! (nice!)

I wont even think twice
about buckin the vice
you wanna bang with the berries
be prepared to pay the price (POW!)
I walk up and blow a hole in your face
before your body even hits the floor
I'm gone without a trace
cuz I'm slippery
when I do my trickery
its like hickery dickory dock
when I cock the glock
psychopathic ryda hidin out
spark a wet ciggerate
start the blazer up and ride out!

low ridin out like ridemous prime
and all in the skies better open their eyes
before the trigger happy rydas
roll out in the black trucks
keep my name outa your mouth and tell em
shut the fuck up

ryda love to the e-n-d
we constantly jackin your beats
and bankin all your cheese, please
buckle your knees take your car keys
? your beats in your whip bitch, ride out on these!!!

MOTHER FUCKER

chorus x2

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