

Men Of Vision

"Ryden Dirtay"

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These rydas to cool to ryde dirty
They Ryde Dirtay
See basically, uhh, everyday when you wake up in hood
You gotta look at yourself in the mirror
And make that decision
Either you gonn ride like a square
Or you gonna ride dirty like a Ryda
But Rydas are too cool for that shit
They Ryde Dirtay
You see
You might have 6, 7 bags heroin up in the mutha fuck
glove box
Or maybe a brick of weed taped to the engine
I don't know what your preference is
Mutha fucka but ya better have your heat
And if the pig pull you over
You can't hesitate to pull off on his ass

15 black trucks baby
Rydin' in the roll
From the 7 Mile East to the southwest side
Slow
Final destination
Clark Park summertime
Where them bitches flaunt ass in the sunshine
I grip my wheel
I'm like the 4th truck back
L'il punch of perkasetes
And a Kool-Aid pack
Diggin'
I'm tryin' not to spill the Rock and Rye
With the freekshow bump face twitch in my eye
Blowin' cane dust all up off the dash
Bullet quick out the yay for that night of cash
Ryden Dirtay
Till I flip this Birtay
But hey it's like
Everydaaay
Summer breeze
After I deliver these
I'ma take it eaz

In the Florida Keys
We'z gonna take time
Sippin' Carribean wine
With a twist of lime
In the sunshine

Chorus x2:

In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J
I be makin' all them pay (Heeey)
In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J
I be out ryden dirtay (Heeey)

We ryden deep and dirty
On the streets of the D
Duck ya head low
When you see me pull the heat
I'm comin' for your jewels
And all your fuckin' cash
So when you see us pull up
You better hit the gas
And mash all out of this district, bitch
Stay and become my next victim bitch
Cuz we rydin' down the street
Dumpin' out windows
And we don't give a fuck who we really hit tho

I'm rydin' dirty like a dirty low
I'm down with Bullet, Cell Block, Full Clip and that nigga
Fo Fo
Mo money mo problems
Mo mutha fuckin' weight
Mo Ryda tagga reppin' with a can of black spray paint
I cross the line and put a K, you know
How we do when it come to them outside ho's
I'ma Ryda rydin' dirty
And that's how I do
And every nigga in my crew be the same way to

Chorus x2

Eight o'clock on the dot
Rydas at my door
Grab a bag of weed and a chrome pistol
Fo Fo wanna ryde and smoke till the day comes
And we ain't lookin' fo beef unless ya make some
Taste them ho's
And let the 20 inch rim roll
I'm out of control
Rydin' Dirty in my low low
We just lookin' for that Barbeque
With a l'il drank, a l'il weed

And that bitch with you

WOOP WOOP

Look up in the rear view

Shit, man

It's the pigs in blue

Start to get laid up str8 tho

It's officer Ham fucker cop on the payroll

As he approaches

I roll down the window

Here we go

Two grams of heroin and some indo

Get the fuck on

Filthy pig

That's the beneficials

Of Ryden Dirty

There ain't no sunshine

When ya dirty rydin'

Always creepin'

Slidin' Hidin'

Make Ya drops

Shake a Cop

Give a dap to the Devil

And ya take your dop

The feelin' is good when the deed is done

Home free and ya didn't have to kill no one

Lucky you ain't dead

You played the game

Rydin' Dirtay boy I tell ya

Ain't nothin' the same

Chorus x2

You see I'm an old school dirty ryda

I used to have a mutha fuckin' ice cream truck

That I'd slang my bags from

Yea you might get a mold, and bag of chips and nice

pop from me mutha fucka

And all the mutha fuckas in the hood knew it

When they see the mutha fucka come jinglin' up the
block

They knew it was comin'

Sweet time (heey)

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