

Ant Banks

"Hoo-Ride Ant Banks"

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[Featuring Spice-1, King Tee]

Intro:

Yeah, Young jock up in this beezee
Claiming and representing that S-P geezee shit
Putting it down with my nigga the big bad ass
Spice 1 and King T
High siding and westside riding
Got my nigga from the feezee up in this beezee
We doing big thangs in the nine seezee
Kicking bitches in the booty and pointing out their
Duty
Yeah any motherfucker that wanna try us knows where
To find us

Motherfucker

King Tee:

This shit couldn't get no harder
Niggas is about to make me flip and commit
manslaughter
All my dreams result to nightmares
So I walk around the hood strapped like I don't care
Truth or dare, I dare you to dis the west coast
The truth is them niggas will split your vest loc
With hollowpoint slugs, Crips and Bloods, we come
deep
And roll in those Range Rover Jeeps
I was a made man at fifteen years
Cuz mamma didn't raise no faggotty queer
I got paid fronting bad colors in the ninth grade
And on the westside is where I play
Straight sick, when my big uncle smoked dip
And grabbed his four four and took me with him on a
Lick

And sure as the sun will come up and just shine
The niggas couldn't believe the Rolex was all mine
Spice-1:

Yeah divine niggas the lexy shine and the fatty
Motherfuckers ain't ready, see they won't hold their
Heads steady

When we come with the fifty caliber Desert Eagle
Feeling you motherfuckers over slugs equal
You these diamonds on the pinky, Rolex up on the wrist
Next nigga run up on me for my pieces is catching

Whole clips
No sucker to the G-A in me
You fail to realize sometimes that I dump on G-P
Black Bossalini, King T-E-E and S-P-I -a

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