

MC Magic f/ Big Gemini, Chingo Bling, Guerilla Black

"Ride it Out"

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[MC Magic (Chingo Bling)]

What

Roca Dolla

Magic City (Por favor, believe it)

M, C

Gemini

Guerilla Black

Come on

Chorus: Big Gemini

All my players, thugs and my ballers

All my peeps in the clubs, spendin' dollars

Hey Mr. DJ, won't you play that song

So we can keep it crunked til the early morn', we sayin'

AY YO

AY YO

Ride it out, baby, ride out

AY YO

AY YO

Ride it out, baby, ride out

[Verse 1: MC Magic]

Abre a la puertas, muy abiertas, let the Southwest
shine

Hungry like I'm homeless, and I can't stop my grind

A ten year struggle, but '06 is mine

Magic City's like my Chronic, see my blood shot eyes

I couldn't stop this

Even if I tried

When I'm at the car show, I got 'em sayin' "Brown
Pride"

Like Roger Troutman, top box so fly

Drop the slow jams to make the young girls cry

Not just a verse, homey, this is my life

Ever since my first solo

Back in '95

My whole studio brought the hits every time

That's why I gotta claim, "NB Ridaz til I die"

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 2: Big Gemini]

When I step in the club, I'm headin' straight to the bar
Shinin' bright like a superstar
Shorties all around, yeah, it's goin' down
Take a look, now, what did I found
I'm sayin'
"Hey lil' mama, ven aqui, como te llamas"
Yeah, I like how you working that... (Yeah-i-yay-i-yay)
They call me Gemini, you lookin' hella fly
Just wanna see if we can chat
If only for a minute
I'm tryin' to get to know you better
I don't dance, but I might two-step with ya
Girl
And how about
After this
We jump in the six, and ride out, you know what it is

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: Chingo Bling]

It's Chingo Blingo, stackin' paper like, Kinkos
Catch me on MTV or Sabado Domingo
Dale
Que te resvale
You got tamaza, Chingo's got
The tamale
I got the jalapeno flow
Big Chile, H-Town
Your prima wants to join us, then baby, I'm down
She showed me her panties, and did a little something
You got the sexy sideburns like Ashanti
She does the dishes, that's real big breas-te-sts
Mmm, delicious, pastel y tres leche-ses
I want a girl like you
Not a susia
Like Chapulin o contado con estusia

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 4: Guerilla Black]

I'm with my dollars, stackin' eses/essays
Rollin' through, L.A.
With NB
Ridaz, naw, we don't play
I'm rappin' 'round, up in that
Low-low, the color of
Coco, yet Guerilla
Rollin' up hydro
Ira, ira, mami hot as fajitas
Or, about

Two, good fish of taquita
I just came from the other side of the border
Tryin' to get my ass back up in California
In the dark, cut with them, the real good aroma
Yeah, up for some of that
Bomb (???)
I'm like the vatos, whenever my pockets'll suckle
You mess around, I'll leave your ass up in a bottle

Repeat Chorus

[Guerilla Black]
It's ya boy
Guerilla B-L-A-C-K
Uh
Magic City
Compton in the buildin'
Magic City
Uh, uh
Magic City
Comin' real soon (Magic City)
{*laughing*}
West coast

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