

Michael W. Smith % William Owsley III

"Ridin' High"

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(Daz)

That Nigga Daz and Dub C in this motherfucker(what's happening nigga)

Doing what we got to do, every day all day

And if you didn't know! Now you know!

So get it right! Beeeeootch!!!(echoes)

Yah

And it goes like that

Gangsta shit, nuttin but gangsta shit

Gangsta shit, nuttin but gangsta shit

WC, Daz, nigga Daz

Gangsta shit, nuttin but gangsta shit

(Chorus)(x2)

Just ridin high!(Just ridin high)

Just ridin by!(Just ridin by)

Come on!

Don't trip, don't trip

(Daz)

It's like chill, why do we have to fool and get ill

On what we call the dollar dollar bill

You can get killed for that paint job and wheels

Oh my oh my I love the dollar dollar bill

Oh juicy, be like ?vision? when he shot steel

Put the blame up on you and be out with the loot

Slang coke or weed, pills

You got pinky when the cup of blood got spilled

Shit outta luck, there ain't no refills

I'm more deadlier then ever

What I got'll see through your armor shield

Show you breakdown with your bills

Recognize the real side that'll ride and kill

Just for sure

(Chorus)

(WC)

Chronic's in the bag, rollin all day

Blue ??????six with ?double? called ?say?

Age sixteen, I'm tired of hearing mom's mouth
"Motherfucker get a job or get ya punk ass out!"
A little wild seed, influenced by the g's
Strong bombing, pistol whipping and twisting niggas
for cheese
It's the normal method, barrel start by the jail
Wreck a long one ????? the real stretch marks
A juvenile packing millimeters
And when I'm close to doing a third
Nigga I got more stripes then a zebra
Will I live and make it out of the ghetto
But will I die?
Only G0d knows nigga but for now I just know I'm just

(Chorus)

(Daz)
You got the upper hand
Take control and take command
Get your blast over with and cut the bullshit
I the need the chips in a hurry
By the end of the day I'm having em' don't worry
Sorta like a dream or a storybook
A born crook
Shook all the bustas that snitch
Now I'ma black book
It took a while
Being so broke it's hard to smile
Hard living, trying to be grown when I'm a child
Overshadowed by negativity
Running and stealing, running from security
Something like a mystery
Drugs, bitches to county jails, penitentiaries
My background history
Cause the game is so trickory

(WC)
Now what's the remedy
Should we strive, the streets is killing me
Or should we lay down in a cell shit's forgiving me
Criminal activity
Crack sales are killing me
(A bunch or syllables said really fast)

(Daz)
Just chill

(WC)
I'm tired of living the life of crime

(Daz)
Just chill

(WC)
The life of the deaf, dumb, and blind

(Daz)
Just chill
(WC)
Why do we have to fool and get ill
(Daz)
Don't trip
(WC)
It's all about the dollar dollar bill

(Chorus)

(Daz talking)
You motherfuckers wanted to know what the gang was
all about
And now you know, you ain't got to look no further
WC and that nigga Daz
Bringing it to you, hardcore, raw, smooth, gangsta shit
Sucka!!
98-97 99-2G
Whooooo!!

What, what, what hey(x3)

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