

Noreaga F/ Kid Capri "Ride 4 You"

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Hail mary from the graves, the Lord is with thee
Bless these thugs (Uuuugh) as we ride (As we ride)
Good side, bad side

[Master P]

Til death do us part we gon thug to the end
See I got you my nigga from the streets to the pen
We all family so you know that I care
And if you need me my nigga just know that I'm there

[Chorus]

I'll ride for you boy (My nigga)
See I'll die for you boy (My nigga)
Throw em up high for you boy (My nigga)
And let em fly for you boy (My nigga)

[Master P]

Them boyz can't stop us
They got us loadin em choppaz
They wanna do it come pop it
Man we see em we drop em
That's the life of a thug we wild out in them clubs
T-shirts and du-rags show my niggaz some love
And them fools can't fade us, man these streets they
made us
I guess I'm new and they hate us but these bitches
can't play us
I live the life of a rida, I'm a soldier to the end
From the streets to the hood to the grave or the pen

[Chorus]

[Master P]

Gold teets and tats, we strapped with gats
Trucks and sport cars spinnin on 24 rats
Got a mean nigga facin fuckin 20 to life
Now his kids with no father, figure they can't sleep at
night
And the lawyer told his baby momma he ain't comin
home for the summer
Man she pawned all his jewelry and got rid of the

hummer

They shot my cousin Forty then they called me, told me
he'd make it

But my aunt, she got a bad heart, I know she can't take
it

My momma stared at the walls and waited for me to
come home

I must be here for a reason, why did I live this long?

They took my brother Kevin, may he rest in peace

Ad me and Silkk won't be the same til she murder free

[Chorus x2]

[Afficial]

Ghetto soldiers gone to war, you gone but not
forgotten

This is more than a song, niggaz is still plottin

I'm reminiscen, clouds dark while it rain pour

Ain't nutin changed we can still hustle by the same
store

My boy grown so y'all can fill in the blank

My label a gas station niggaz fill in the tank

You see my team and we spit it the hardest

Still runnin wit my pop's old advice, finish shit if you
started it

So we live life on the edge now

And shots hurt so a 40 under my shirt until I'm dead
now

I got real niggaz ridin wit me

And so you know that it ain't a small task if you try and
get me

[Chorus x2]

New No Limit Only (My nigga x8)

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