

Do You Wanna Ride

C-Murder

How many wanna play now? It get dark wit the shades
down, you know Slay and Black paid now
Niggas, see we be thugged out, 2 deep
Muthaf**kas betta stay out the way now, that foolishness
I'm tellin you yo crew could get hit wit dem tools and clips
f**k who you get, you and that fool you wit, gone get yo wig split
Black guns, me and my doggs clap guns, don't be thinkin we jus rappin
You saw what would happen, gun blastin
Squeezin off til I'm the last one

[*] 2x

You gone ride - Take It Outside

You gone die - Take It Outside

You gone cry - Take It Outside

Take It Outside, Take It Outside

Now if you wanna ride or die, then try
but let me get high so that my mind can fly
Because I'm just that kinda guy, people wonder why
I'm so violent, because the N.L. move in silent
in other words, I creep creep, put you to sleep sleep
187 will be yo last beep beep
I bring that N.O. heat heat, to the streeets
toe tag yo feet, yo feet
I treat ya like a prostitute, and f**k ya up
A roughneck nigga that'll ruff ya up
Like a quick car wash, I'll touch ya up
Cause I look at ya'll like sittin ducks
Boy don't you understand that I'm the man

wit the plan, wit beacoup benjamins and alotta ghetto fans

At first you was tellin me to keep it trill

But now they know T-R-U is real

One hundred and eighty seven percent

I remember when my pockes were full of lent

All my real niggas like next to kin

So testin me is like testin them, now what!

I guess it's buck ya'll time

I guess it's time for the second line

My last cd was "Trapped in Crime"

so you already know what's on my mind

[*]

What What

Say I had 16 bars

How many muthaf**kas can drive 16 cars

Go up in the club, thuggin, and pull 16 broads

Take em home, and f**k em all in 16 minutes

(haha they don't know)

Muthaf**kas you aint heard of me, Alotta them niggas

from Desire be, on the side of N-O L-I-M-I-T

or T-R-U, wit Slay Sean and C, peep game dude

who can spit it better than me?

Ever seen a nigga chest blown (chest blown)

Eventhough he gotta vest on (vest on)

Nigga walk up to yo dogg witta dress on

and start spittin some shit, that'll split you at the

chest bone (chest bone)

You f**kin wit the wrong click

We gotta army of niggas who don't give a f**k who u

run wit bitch, get cha wig split

Think it's a game, but it aint, Black Felon, Slay
Sean, and C
Bustin on some of that T-R-U shit

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Nigga take it outside, I was born to represent
Tru niggas gotta keep it thugged to roll wit this chick
Catch me in the cut, G' Nikes, bandana'd up
Mean mug on my grill, Like I dont give a f**k
Who want what, they get stuck
I don't play around, in the back akin buck wit both
Arms up, and around my hand, Tru Records wristband
understand the game cold but got colder when it met me
I came to put it down, put ya face where ya chest be
And I don't run, it's the same place where you met me
Slay Sean, Black, and C my click, so don't sweat me
I get up in yo face, nigga, so don't test me
Hard to get at me, but try ya luck
I make niggas stutter and I leave em stuck
When this track come on, watch em all get buck
Traci just represented is you warin or what?

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