

Transitionz az a Ridah

Murs

I won't deny ya, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me!

Me, personally, I shop illegally
All you ladies out there c'mon, cause whatever, don't front!
Y'know you them like them ridahz! (SHOW YO LOVE!)

(Give it up) Now I heard that heaven is a halfpipe
Well, that's only half-right
You'll have to skate vert to find your heaven on this earth
You could skate a parking lot and see it all for what it's worth
Heelflip - 12 stairs, and still recieve your share
Hardware to the wood, no risers at all
On the low life skating before the blegals got involved
Now they got, platnum chains to match they rangs
Understand I'm not hatin, I'm just sayin' that is strange -
That Hosoi's locked up, Tony Hawk's got a game
Although, everything's changed, I still love it the same
Sixteen years later, still doin my thang
This go out to all my ridahz who, don't gangbang

It used to be so fun, we rode from cops at the spots
Makin magic, weekend havoc in yo' local parking lots
Now let's RIDE (Fo' them 15-stair, no slides)
Let's RIDE (For the homeys pullin airs backside)
Let's RIDE (Ol' skool, Dogtown, Bert Slide)
Let's RIDE (For everytime you bailed, but got back up and tried)

Now I first startin skatin back in 1986 (WHOO!)
And I still can't land a motherfuckin kickflip (I know that)
I just like to ride, kickturn, carve the bowl
And my most impressive flatland trick? Ollie the road
Though I'm not outta control, it's good for my soul
To go out and test my limits - no coach, no scrimmage
One of the few sports in life that promotes independence
So this is my ode, to everyone who roll
Two trucks and four wheels, those who ride everyday
To develop more skills, and there sure ain't thang in pain
Seven plaza woodgrain, do the same trick for weeks
'Til it drives you insane (AHHH-RGH!)
But when you land that trick, it's spritual bliss (Hummmmmmm...)
When the vinyl meets the asphalt
Attempted it for weeks, you've been workin yo' ASS OFF!
And it's not about a girl, or some props for your boys
You do it fo' yourself and that sense of inner joy

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Now you could ride for fun, flow, am, or pro (shit, I'm a pro)
It's like underground rap - it's not about dat dough!
Although it is nice to make loot at what you love
Said by me and James Craig (Whaddup?) talkin' life over grub

Or me and G-Mo's hosted outside the club
And if they don't let you wear yo' skate shoes, then FUCK them scrubs!
Look, I don't play ball or, organized sports
Catch me at the skate park, in some boarder-type shorts
It's a quarterpipe sport, skate is sorta like H.O.R.S.E.
And we don't fear pain, it's a door to life source
And we could make our own fun, we don't, gotta find a court
It's as plain as this, we could skate a drainage ditch!
Ride with the homeys, pull the insane and shit
That'll never get filled, but still it makes you feel
Like a hundred thousand dollas when you hear yo' boys holla (WHOOO!)
And this is dedicated to my skateboard scholars

It used to be so fun, we rode from cops at the spots
Makin' magic, weekend havoc in yo local parking lots
Now let's RIDE!

Now on the real kno', we'll take a moment
To say, "Rest In Peace" to all ya favorite skate spots...
Like E.M.B... Lovepark...
Moment of silence...
Rest in peace, Kenan Milton...
Keep ridin...