

Rydin' 4 Life

Psychopathic Rydas

Psychopathic Rydas....ryde on
these bitches....forever
and a day....y'all know how we do...it's Westside till
we d-izz-ie...Eastside till we d-izz-ie....worldwide..

Rydin'!! Rydin'!! Rydin'!!
Hatchet rydin'!!
Rydin'!! Rydin'!!
Straight up rydin'!!
Rydin'!! Rydin'!!
Hatchet rydin'!!
Rydin'!! Rydin'!!
That's for life!!

Now we rydin' on these bitches, ain't no mercy in my eyes
With the Rydas by my side
Screamin', "Die, mufucka, die!!"
Never hesitate
All up in the Escalade
Bumpin' sounds from the Rydas, straight dumpin'
Always into somethin'
Gats on my hip, hangin' out the window
Blazin' indo
Lookin' for a narc or a nympho
Breathin' this pollution always dancin' with the
streets
With my heat
Can't be beat
Get in mind
And we rydin'

I'ma ryde
I got a hatchet on my side
Long time ago, I was born to ryde
Straight up Detroit Psychopathic Ryda
Only real mission here is takin' you higher
But we gets fucked up and that's a fact
We roll down your streets, pumpin', shootin' off gats
So what the f**k bitch, why you wanna get shot?
You in the midst of the Rydas and Cell Block

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I was 10-years-old, a lil' scruffy
Already rydin', grippin' a black Huffy
So
Buffy my picky-lo
Bitchy-ho
I'm the last jiggi-lo
Fo' rilly tho

On the dealio
About this crew
You don't join this shit...we come to you
Only a chosen few
That know the pros and cons
Fuck the Mafia, we froze the Dons
Stakes in bonds
I'm in a cashmere sweater
The better your cheddar
The wetter you get her
And never let her ass what she don't need to know
'Cause the flossin' will kill ya for sho'
I know
I had to kill a deputy
Tryin' to question me
About equity
I coulda let it be
But my skrilla comes first
Till you see this Ryda rydin' a hearse

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Rydin'? Rydin' bitch, no time for hidin'
Rydin' is for a perfect balance in time
Rydin' A, grippin' oversized black trucks
Rydin' B, grip a hatchet in your hand, whut?! whut!?
Rydin' C, fellow Rydas always got your back
Rydin' D, And phones, me, and my bumps, and my
Cadillac
Holdin' heaters to Ryda haters heads
Ryda E, I'm a Ryda and then some, 'nuff said

You wanna ryde
Well bitch, tell me why
You wanna be hard, think I'm Mr. Nice Guy
But I ain't, I'm the one they call Cell Block
Carry two Colt .45's and a Glock
Ready to pull out, so bitch squeeze that
Itchy trigger finger on the side of my gat
Five seconds later he was on the ground
I got in my truck and peeled off with his pound

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