

# Ride Out

ScHoolboy Q

Ride out, big smoke  
Re-up, big dope  
Gs up, hoes blow  
Freeze up, eyes closed  
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Freeze up, eyes closed

Young nigga and I'm proper like  
Couple hundred thousand on me, nigga, yeah I'm baller like  
Bitch I think I'm Dolomite, bitch I'm goin' poltergeist  
You said this is overnight, album four is really like  
Crippin' on my minibike  
Either hoop or sellin' white  
Brillo pad, the smoker's pipe  
My pistol cocked, you tryna fight?  
Say he wanna be a cuz, put his brains to the right  
Bruh, this ain't the eighties, mane  
Niggas shootin' everything, everything  
You know the gang we represent  
Specialize in pistol grips  
Shootin' out my momma's whip  
Always got an empty clip  
Top Dawg in this bitch  
Nigga's puttin' dicks inside your baby momma's momma's lips  
Shootin' all the witnesses, it ain't no fuckin' murder scene  
Crips don't fuck with Crips oh now it's jeans that look like the rival team  
Wrong hat and shoes, put your ass on the forever dream  
Heatin' up the summer 'til the winter fall, spring clean

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You said this was overnight, me and Vince, we crackin' like  
Crippin' in our afterlife

Yeah, cause at Ramona Park we beef with everybody  
Light or dark I'll spark, don't fuck with narcs  
So don't be talkin' 'bout me  
My big homie made me get 'em, kill 'em  
Cause if I got 'em I'ma kill 'em, I ain't playin' with 'em  
I'm from the bottom, that's the top of the town  
We on the so they clip us up for knockin' 'em down  
My burner tucked, I learned from Chuck so I ain't turnin' it down  
Get to bussin', know you bluffed it, nigga  
If that bitch can't make me rich then ain't no need in fuckin' with her  
Turn around and fuck her sister

Heard that bitch, got EBT  
Long Beach ain't seen shit like me  
Since Tracy D and DPG I went and got a burner  
On the day they murdered Baby D  
That ain't murder baby, heat  
I'm in that Benz with Lil Boy  
So lil boy don't play with me

I'm ridin' cycs through Hoover Street, my knuckles full of teeth  
Try to creep on me, you're dyin' in your homie's seat  
Keep to my gun and reach  
Filet the beef, clip reach from Fig side to Norfolk Beach  
In a stolen Expedition, in your hood cause you the mission  
Been a mathematician, load nine, subtracted eight  
I'm keepin' one for just in case, don't cover face but I ain't trippin'  
Blunt was laced, niggas know I'm 'round the way  
So ain't no liquor stores today

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Gs, gs, gs, gs, gs  
Eyes closed  
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