

# Ryde On Da Regular

Styles P

Every day I ride on the regular  
You just regular, probably smokin the regular  
Yeah you the prey, I'm the predator  
Yeah you the movie, I'm the editor

Now tell me what'chu know about the zone  
You go to jail when your man is comin home  
Try to get Grants but the plan was all wrong  
Wait for the time but the sand is all gone  
What's the regiment? Smoke weed, get the Benjamins  
Hit the spot for cocaine measurin  
Got a Desert Eagle, need a city eagle  
Tryin to tell my niggaz the whole city evil  
And all I know is murderers and gritty people  
But it is what it is  
And do what it do, I ain't gettin money my nigga  
I keep it movin cause it ain't good biz  
Half a mill' to a mill', that make you hoodrich  
If you dope as a dime, I can get you a good brick  
You don't understand when I'm talkin this hood shit  
Then turn the volume down and on to the next  
Got your girl on Patron then she's off to the X  
Got the Lex from the Japanese triad connect  
Iraq, Iran, guns on deck  
In the hands of the shooters if the funds ain't correct  
Yeah, now what you know about the street life?  
You could lose your life any night you don't creep right  
Hoodie up with the mask down  
School of hard knocks, the Ghost never was the class clown

Now tell me what you know about the hood  
You doin bad but you plannin to do good  
You wanted platinum but they'll put you in the wood  
You wanna ride and switch sides if you could  
What's the schedule? Hit the streets stay credible  
Everybody food seems edible  
Got the trey pound, got the four pound  
Ride around town playin 'Pac then it's Dogg Pound  
Keep a big joint, or a long sword  
I'm tryin to win and fuck the points on the scoreboard  
Homey this the game of death  
No Bruce Lee, I don't use the pen or the looseleaf  
All I need is the Dutchy, if not two sheets of bamboo  
Handle, you like the bars on the bike  
And you don't want a scar for your life  
This is the Ghost, I earned my stars and my stripes  
Nigga