

Hog Ridin'

Too \$hort

Hog ridin Yeah this how we do it on the West coast
Harley-Davidson baby! Everything chrome BEITCH
Hog ridin

On my hog, I keep it at a hundred plus
On the freeway, you don't wanna run with us
Cause we racin, we bettin big stacks
You get left back, ain't no way to catch that
so fuck it! You cain't ride like the hog does
Think you a rough rider but you ain't hard enough
You ever seen my cousin sideways
burnin rubber on the highways?
Now watch me; I'm 'bout to swang my shit
Just like Ike - just like my nigga Richie Rich
That's how these West coast G's be
We showin off on HDTV
I know you wish you could be me
cause when I ride my hog the girls get freaky
They hear us comin from a mile away
We hella clean; we ridin in style today
It's all custom - down to the wheels and tires
You can see the smoke, but you don't see the fire
I never would stop burnin rubber son
We tear 'em up - and then we build another one
Yeah I got my bitch on the back
But I ride so fast, I split from the pack
You tryin to keep up, but you won't man!
You fuckin with a daredevil stuntman
With my front wheel straight in the air
I do this shit for real, I ain't fakin it player
My niggaz ride these bikes; you say you do too?
You just might be right, so go ahead and prove it
Pop that clutch - do some shit
Stop squeezin it, makin noise, you stupid bitch!
You revvin up yo' engine like you playin with toys
'round here, we'll fuck you up boy!

Hog ridin
Ay whassup Richie Rich?
(Gon' pull that Glade out)
(and wipe some of that dust off that thang)
Like that mayne? (I try to tell these niggaz, heheh)

Niggaz be wolfin that bullshit, we don't give a fuck about none of that
And if you ain't QB'n my nigga then you must be a running back
Yard for yard, pound for pound, so sideways when I'm in The Town
Throttle up, hold it down, last real muh'fucker like me around
Talkin to the cherry and I'm lettin her know
When I'm hittin 88 bitch I'm lettin it go
First to the right, then back to the left
Move shit to the right and then back to the left
Second gear, slidin right
Now who wanna fuck with Dub tonight?
All my niggaz they down with the club shit
And we don't give a fuck what you got in that bike
I'm a rider, from The Town
Bring the pink slip if you wanna get down

No salvage tires, the way I ball
You built that bike? Boy you ain't Paul
Sr., or Jr., you're just another sucker
Your bitch bought you that bike and you think you're the motherfucker
Naw! It's pimpin, bitches know my steelo
No back rest, no quick releasin, we still gon' do a C-note
I tap that leg she tighten up, and watch that E run past it
And when we take this exit bitch yeah we gon' drift like nasty
Ooooh! I think I'm talking too much
These niggaz say my bikes are dogs, just cause I walk it too much
It's Rich Rich'n, and now I must get out that ass
Get yo' bitch ass off the brake nigga and hit that gas

Now you see it, that's how you do it!
West coast baby, California in the house
Harley-Davidson riders