

# Big Moe, Ride With Us

(\*girl singing in Spanish\*)

(Hook - 2x)

(why), do y'all think they call us Wreckshop  
(when), we mash 24/7 round the clock  
(what), the difference between y'all and us  
Who else to trust but us, streets come and ride with us

(D-Reck)

It's still in the safe, I'm trying to pick the lock  
If the music game is a dame, I'm trying to hit the G-spot  
They say bigger mean better, I say good dick make it wetter  
Why you spitting nothing address her, we wreck spitting for cheddar  
If the Shop fall off, that'll be the end of the South  
It's up to Reck connect the dots, where Lil' J left off  
I done studied the best, I done passed the test  
Now grandma masking my medal, 'fore I settle for less  
I'm Texas raised nigga, with Texas ways nigga  
In the Lone Star State, we stay paid nigga  
Whether yay or whether hay, or the fly shit I say  
You lil' dudes gon lose, or move the fuck out the way  
It's the rap game, (man these niggaz done turned this shit into the cap game)  
Let's treat these niggaz like bitches, and leave em slapped mayn  
I don't talk it I live it, I post up and I pimp it  
I don't boast, just get it

(Hook - 2x)

(Tyte Eyez)

Fuck the mainstream, and your lame fee  
Bitch I'm in these streets knee deep, digging in your main queen  
And I know she cut for me, cause she be ironing my dickies  
And when I fall asleep, she be trying to give me hickeys  
Man she love my dirty drawas, even wash my socks man  
And be a tad bit nervous, when I hit the block man  
Cause I rock a foot long, and baby that is much harder  
Ask me how I know, because she drinks my bath water  
Got's of order y'all a body bag, cause y'all niggaz through  
Don't ask me bout my flow, because my shit's sick like the flu  
I flew across the country, with that bitch from Argentina  
Her name was Annie Mae, but then changed it to Tina  
Like Ike, I do a dike too  
SUV on dub three's, Cadillac and bike too  
Man a night dude, some to a playas when the freaks come out  
We in the game in the gym, with the bleachers out

(Hook - 2x)

(D-Gotti)

It's time to step on these hoes, rep on hoes  
Baby mama like, how them niggaz slept on those  
Wreckshop pros, we done did it before  
You main squeeze hit it before, as you should know  
Bout me, Cocoa Shenelle with fresh odor sale  
You got it fresh up out of jail, and he fetching his mail  
Yeah I'm a dog, call me Rov' cause I'm in a Range  
The 4 on side of me, cause 'fore the game it's pain  
And the same damn thang, make you laugh make you cry  
Last in line, always the first to show out  
As I pour out some liquor, for my dogs that got swallowed  
We them same damn cats, that you other niggaz follow  
'Fore I wallow in my misery, I'm go and get some trees  
Before you talk down, better go and check my history  
Seriously we hot, the block done been took

Jewels clothes and cars, did that come on hook

(Hook)

(Dirty \$)

It's time to tighten up your belts, slap on your chest straps  
Put your pads on the champs, home like the camp song  
Pressing Wreckshop stamps on, like some need a tampons  
Boys made a little noise, now ain't nothing happen-on  
These kids capping on, the foundation that we lay  
Without showing the respect, for the moves that we made  
Our dues been paid, paid in full  
We sucka free over here, yeah the Shop got pull  
And we've been outlaws, since we stepped in the do'  
Boss hogging everything, from ceiling to flo'  
The first major independent, sold a million of Moe  
Before Moe even got a deal, how quickly y'all forget though  
But that's ok, we gon put it in your face  
My pack back on track, in position to win the race  
Call this a skeet taste, the fam got mo' in sto'  
And since y'all on y'all way out, allow me to show you the do'

(\*door closing\*)