

Celly Cel, Ride

Eye for an eye
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Ride or you die ride or you die
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Won't leave the house unless I'm strapped up
I might get backed up in the traffic
Niggas is dumping on me when I got my zapper
Creeping up on me when I had one hand on the wheel
One hand on the steel trying to break a nigga's thinking
Ride with shoot sharpening skills for season whatever the reason
I'm dealing with drama send one of them buchez ass niggas
Crying to Mama I kicking the door to alleviate the whole situation
Fuck with me he ended up having his whole family erased
Face it no charges leaving the body until you better respect game
Fuck that when niggas spill fuck your hood
When your caught up in a twist flash on us you'll end up sleeping
With the fish singing shoes honey singing
Them blues and them sad ballads
Fried colla greens and potato salads
So rounded them up so many family member crying
Eye for an eye you ride or you die
Eye for an eye you
Ride or you die ride or you die
Niggas get itching when you run back at them
And let them bullets fly
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He moved one ohh moved back on the piggies hit'em up and buck
And leave them struck when I'm dicatation love for the thugs
That die for this shit with a hundred fifty round drive
For this shit fuck the hard hats end locs pass the fo fo
And watch me smoke them hoes like the last hitter indoer
Fo' sho smash and blast nigga when I'm provoked
With a loaded magnum coke I'm down
Why you smiling when these niggas and bitches be playing games
In the street is where they meet the heat
That's where they sweep their ass up off their feet
This ain't no fairy tale you fucking with Cel
Hit the scenes with machines if you want my team
There ain't no in between seventeen in that place
When your crossing the realest
Niggas is business kill this shit on the mic
And make the world feel us hit them with rounds hollow tips
When were finished niggas chop they ass up
Till they fully out of
Eye for an eye you

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I ain't no actor bitch my life is worser than the movies
For real though from steel toes to my uzi pushers
Impala S.S. Benz Beamer to Lamborghinis and chase my strip
With X.O. Henn and Remi Rolex on my wrist hundred bill crisp
I pull a blunt from my lit 45 from my hip and spit
Incredible medical hard core the deadliest metaliest
Gas ever set off in a war westcoast the spot where
We making millin dollar noise survival in heck packing heat
Ducking from them I'm just a thug nigga step on your street
And draw my heat then I plug niggas I be a G
From the G.B.C. I mug niggas don't flag I just sag
And carry a mag and get off in the snitche's asses
You a bitch but still ride or die screaming out the block
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