

E.S.G., Do You Wanna Ride

(Intro)

Ride baby, ridas, ridas, ridas
You want to ride you can ride, want to drive you can drive
But lord knows, when I roll I'ma be high

[Chorus: Billy Cook]

Do you want to ride with the southside
Eastside gone ride
Do you want to ride with the southside
Westside gone ride
Do you want to ride with the southside
Northside gone ride
Do you want to ride with the southside
Southside worldwide

[E.S.G.]

Hey ho, hey ho, southside gone hold
It's candy coats on my toes
As I, park the Rolls, and open up the doors
Shining marble floors, love seat full of hoes
52 inch Playstation with some 9-9 Tekken
Another L.P. they tell me, this boy still wrecking
Ain't no time for plexing, I can squash the chat
Meet me at the studio, leg go popping to that
From the billboard to the Murda Dog, E.S.G. gone serve em all
While they hating I'm debating on a third of my call
Now we gone ball and parlay, macking gray Navigator
Round some chicken if you with it jazz face in Jamaica
Now later playa hater, just for bumping his gums
Started off with non salt slanging two for one
But my job ain't done until I go worldwide
And have em all body rocking which side want to ride

[Chorus]

[Sean Pimp]

I bring the noise, when I pop my trunk
Customized with the glass banging southside funk
Blowing honks of the skunks till the cat's smoked out
Riding high till we die with the glock on cock
Always peeping never sleeping man these boys'll get you
Picking the wrong times, the wrong place and wrong picture
But I ain't bout tripping, fool I'm all about my chips
Stacking a grip, big old pimps on the southside flip
Bought a club where them drugs and the thugs show love
Pop trunk, me on buzz throwing back to dump
Keeping it true, jamming Screw slow it down three knots
Got a people off the hill and they out by the dock
Off the beach lay up on to some yellow toned skin
X to my N-U-G six hundred with rims
Pop a pill, stack a mill, it's our time to rise
If you boys represent then just ride with the southside

[Chorus]

[Tyte Eyez]

Come take a ride on the side where the weather stay dry
Boppers ride plenty dick behind the shit that you drive
As I creep the scene I'm peeping these so called friends and foes
Louisiana nigga with the k, but better to fuck so many hoes
And yours too, watch me roll through, with the screens falling down
They lit, with your bitch, on my passenger side
Hit the switch, trunk rise, gangsta whitewall tires
Sunshine, blind eyes, on my candy coated prize

But my pride, can't be tied to no item you purchase
Cause in the long run, when you gone son, the shit's all worthless
Valet service, got em nervous, when we hit the scene
Haters green, blowing steam cause we stepped out cream
Our team fifteen deep, methyzine and sweets
Limousines we cheap, so check the V.I.P.
Hit the club, rush the bar, pull a star then I'm jetting
Now which side, want to ride, with the shop that's wrecking
I 10 connected, that's right

[Chorus - 2x]

(*ad-libs*)