

# 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\*)