

# Kid Ink, Tyga, Wale, YG, Rich Homie Quan, Ride

[Rich Homie Quan:]

Came in at first had bad luck  
Got a whole lot, remember I ain't had none  
We done sold now everybody mad at me  
Tell 'em roll down now everybody smashin'  
Keep ready cause you know we bout to be a problem  
Hope you ready cause you know it bout to be a problem

[Kid Ink:]

It's the only way we know to go  
Squad up, never roll alone  
And we gone ride on forever  
We ride out together  
Pull up right in your zone  
Takeover the street, that's how we roll  
And we gone ride on forever  
We ride out together

[Tyga:]

Fancy when I drive, six cars in the driveway  
Cash in the driver door, spend it, do it my way  
I fucks you like a matador, fresh out the catalogue  
One fall we all fall, crew like dominos  
But chase (?) all my dogs riding smoke  
(?) heavy like the Pope, for that pot of gold  
We are not alone, broad better check your tone  
You gone need a lot of help, I ain't talkin' bank loans  
Sit with us, table last supper  
Toast to the brothers, some bad motherfuckers  
Yea, ain't nothin' but pure luxury  
You lookin' left to me, should be looking up to me  
Preferably one of the best  
She ridin' cause we (?) now and forever to death  
Be loyal, real, and respect  
Stay ahead of the rest  
We just sit back, relax, doin' things to impress

[Kid Ink:]

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[Wale:]

Ridin' on ton of waves  
And no way these niggas stoppin' me, ohhh nooo  
Flyin' from a mile away  
It's not a problem, only real ones follow me  
And I can do this with my eyes closed  
Blind fold two times over  
Ride solo, I got women and got soldiers  
I ain't (?) try and get it (?)  
Talkin' melatonin, get it and fight coma  
What's the feet of a giant?  
Niggas feedin' the fire  
History, (?) flee when they flyin'  
You don't believe it? Then try it  
We don't believe in just tryin'  
I call it peoples and leave 'em in 100 pieces divided  
That's cold cuts

And I've been dope for like four summers  
And I ain't really going for the he say, or she say  
Keep it G for peace sake  
I know this shit that bones, (?)  
Might leave you niggas feeling

[Kid Ink:]  
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[YG:]  
It's YG 4hunnid!  
Is you ride? Is you wit all the burglarizing and the violence?  
If Jimmy got caught up but you right there with him  
So the police askin' you questions, is you gone keep quiet?  
Is you loyal, is you real, is you fake?  
When I can't tell that's the type of way that I hate  
You got that fake friend, St. Anton  
There's no cure so them symptoms is gone show  
You know the code, stick around, hold it down, never fold  
Like it's crease up in your Dicky Browns  
Hold up! Each one teach one  
Motivate each one to be somethin'  
Cause I ain't just another statistic  
I do (?) if you wanna get specific  
I'm just tryna make bread come quicker  
For me and my dead gone hitters