

Kingspade, We Ridin'

Ya Here We Go

This One Right Here

Yo Richter, You Ready Loc?

Yo, I know you like us so you bump us when you ride, switching lanes back and fourth blowing dank
I know you smokin, holdin chronic while you rollin, give a fuck about the cops pass the weed til it's

(Verse 1)

Yeah buddy heres another one for your trunk,
to pump you up when you on your way to get drunk.
Yeah we got the funk, Kingspade we bring the blunts, bring the crowd from the back of the club to t
you can hear my bass bump from many miles around whether im lifted in the sky, high ridin on the
Im high ridin on the ground with that subnoize sound you know we still drunk as fuck and we still pu
Still clown motherfuckers with the best of the best,
Still claimin that the best is comin straight from the west,
Never fuck with the stress, put that heat up in your chest
Got the killa cali chronic, straight ballin triple fresh
? We some vets with this hip-hop scene, and cant no one mess with us when it comes to the green
None the less we keep it fresh, got the big bags of dank bud, D-Loc and Johnny Richter you know

(Chorus)

15's on the truck, ya thats how we rollin, and we rollin you know we always smokin,
The way we smokin will leave you less broken, and thats a fact, we put your hands to the max
20 plus, ya thats how we ridin, well turn it up, now gettin high, sittin up cats is leanin to the side, Kir

(Verse 2)

Well, you know that we comin, got different strokes for different folks but i aint no full of jokes?
So whatcha talkin bout willis
Man you know this the shit
Its different tokes for D-Loc and J motherfuckin Ric
Kingspade we gettin ripped, you know we back up in this bitch
Got southern county lock with the kottonmouth klick
Dont trip you know we bump with the, in the trunk, and I give a fuck, cuz we, where we from,
Beat cappin down the streets like, Got my system sounding so nice, and when that shits turned up
Shined up so clean like a 3 piece suit, we makin records over here so we gonna do what we do
Yo, ya we grabbin ludas everyday, all day, Kingspade we gettin paid writin rhymes, Thats how we c

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(Verse 3)

Yo, I know you like us so you bump us when you ride, switching lanes back and fourth blowing dank
I know you smokin, holdin chronic while you rollin, give a fuck about the cops pass the weed til it's
Puff Puff and to the left, we keep it movin til our fingers burn,
Bud so sticky, hardly wait for it to be my turn
Where my next hit is comin from is my biggest concern,
5 weed tickets, catch my name, you know ill never learn
Blowin hella dank, double dash give a fuck, witcha claim on the spot blaze you out like it aint no tha
Keep it poppin puff puff thats whats up,
Kingspade mother fucka, so dont act dumb

(Chorus)

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Turn it up, Turn it up, Bang this shit, Bang this shit
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And thats a fact, we put your hands to the max

Turn it up, Turn it up, Bang this shit, Bang this shit
Turn it up, Turn it up, Bang this shit, Bang this shit
Turn it up, Turn it up, Bang this shit, Bang this shit
Kingspades in the place bringin nothin but the bass