

Saliva, Doperide

Coming down like a hatchet,
Rollin' with the masses,
Throwin my matches atop of the gasoline package.
Throwin' rhymes like rachets,
Playas with passion comin disastroous bashin.
Runnin round with the wrong crowd acting like you all down,
Bout it, bout it, but you bow down.
What's up with you, what's up with you, what's up with me,
You're the one that I see through.
Right left, take a ride in the doperide, yeah
Right, left take a ride.
Getting paid in the last days.
Rage of the teenage.
Coming out strong and hard and on the front page.
Haven't I stated, never been faded.
If you steppin up, for sure you're getting wasted.
Hangin out base in time you're wasted,
Hear you talkin local, I'm talkin nation.
Everything I will be, everything I should be, everything you'll never be,
Everything you can't but you wanna be.
Right left take ride on the doperide.
Right left take a ride.
No apologies like I'm born-again.
No authorities gonna fumble my legs.
Yeah all these buster all people in this life wanna talk that ya ya
I'm a show you how we deal with that up in m-town.
Rollin with the masses throwin my matches,
throwin my matches atop of the gasoline package.
Rollin with the masses throwin my matches atop of the gasoline package x3
Right left take a ride in the doperide yeah.
Right, left take a ride.
No apologies like I'm born-again.
No authorities gonna fumble my legs.