

Warren G, We Came Here To Ride

(RBX)

once again, the circle, hehe
continues to hit you with these masses hits
y'know, but we gone do it something like this
for all them bustaz out here
check this out

(RBX - chorus (2x))

hey, we came here to ride (don't do it)
forty battle ready and set to collide (don't do it)
niggaz you won't know the death you die (don't do it)
suicide is a suicide (don't do it)

(Warren G)

I'm deadly as ever
ready fo' whatever
tryna to keep my pockets heavy on the cheddar
got nothing to prove, just really expressing myself
why y'all niggaz in the studio stressing yourself
ya got to do it
so why not do it big
drop the music, and spit fluid to they wig
underdig
I'm a split the game in half
and leave 'em all mad like Warren you do done did
hey, we came here to ride
never slippin', but rather sippin' on my side
blaze up
cuz I'm tryin' ta raise up
and flow I came up, from broke to paper'd up
don't test me
I bust like a 12 gauge sort of
and hoes jump on stage and rip they draws off
and I see through all that see-through
make up and weave in ya hair these ignit
but, hey

(RBX - chorus (2x))

(Warren G)

sworing to the streets
born in the Beach
armed with the heat
mourning my peeps
makin' niggaz respect mine, I came to collect mine
comin' through with a Tech 9, lettin' my neck shine
I let a nigga slide with a pass but next time
I might disconnect his neck from his spine
run up and catch 'em from behind and stretch 'em
we squeez triggers like ketchup, wet ya whole stretch up
scared of the truth, you fear it, don't wanna hear it
'till the Smith's bust, then you listen up
cuz I'm a tell it like it is, like it was or like it always will be
give a fuck if you feel me

(RBX - chorus (2x))

(Warren G)

who am I?
W-A double R E-N to the mothafuckin' G
suicide
niggaz hang theyself
might as well bend over, and fingerbang theyself
sell they soul for the faim and wealth

and end up broke and lonely
nobody to blame but yourself
but me, I keep it all business
cuz this is business, can I get a witness
see I been chillin' like a villain
with a million and my children
plottin' or revealin' what the game been concealin'
I got a little older and learned a bit
a plot the effort and earned a grip
now I know there is a hater in every circle
as I roll another vega heavy with purple
take a puff and inhale and hold it 'till it get stale
in my chest exhale my stress
my nigga R-B-X

(RBX - chorus (2x))