

# Yukmouth, Ridaz

\*(Yukmouth)\*

Yes!

(Uh!)

Yes!

Welcome!

(Thug niggas throw yo turf in the air!)

Smoke-A-Lot up in this bitch!

(Throw yo hood in the air!)

A-G-2 the Ke, DMG, yes!

Let's kick this anthem shit.

Chorus \*(Yukmouth)\*

All of my niggas Ridaz

small time grindas, pimps and big timers

whether it's heron or hemp wit China

I'm not a bitch on the strip sellin vagina.

(Come on, come on)

Verse 1 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Nigga I'm always into somethin

if I can't beat yo ass then I'm dumpin

give a nigga the pumpkin head deluxe

then come back an shoot up they whole fuckin function

we funkin

rootin-tootin, smokin on blunts wit skunk until a nigga malfunction

get in the coupe and punch it

niggas be funkin for nothin

fuckin the game, another nigga done lost his name for side bustin

fire somethin

puffin

I put it up in the air

you niggas live to die hustlin, I'm fuckin wit playas from every where

from Las Vegas to Delaware on down to there

I'm a thousandaire

mackin bitches, draggin em down the strip juss by they hair

like "Oh dear!"

Where the fuck is money? Don't go there

I leave yo ass stuck, hungry starvin in the middle of no fuckin where

I swear

cut off your privilage like welfare

Section 8, Smoke-A-Lot'll stay placed in Berlin

by the end of 9-8, hell yeah

then I'll be straight

fuck off a hundred G's and still got money up in the safe

Ridaz nigga!

\*(Chorus)\* 2x

Verse 2 \*(G-Mone of A-G-2-A-Ke)\*

Go inside the twitchin, missin, my mission I vision the hit

suckas keep watchin yo mental mix is gettin twisted

Who is this? In the kitchen wit fixings for the come up

servin rocks on the block til it get hot snitch we ridin on ya

bitch we Ridaz

remind ya that niggas high

if I introduce you to the ditch, you don't wanna die

is the hit

smoke, drank already lit

caulkin my shit

Who you think you fuckin wit?

I said recognize the mutha fuckin Mobb hoe

I don't know nothin, juss heard poppin by the door

Who flipped you in the river did you see G Mone in the "O"

by the ???

flippin this A-G-2-A mutha fuckin Ke

you best believe we rob yo spot

Why not? We Rap-A fuckin Lot

owe us some paper  
there's no reason for us to not glock  
posted wit yo mouth open hopin that I don't squeeze  
wit a swift chopped up to his knees  
say where the cheese?  
We Ridaz!  
\*(Chorus)\* 2x  
Verse 3 \*(Yukmouth)\*  
I'm juss a Y.G.  
who snuck in the gamblin shacks  
scramblin crack wit niggas who did more years than Geronimo Pratt  
killas wit hands on they gats, mutha fuckin murder fo' hire  
Mobb attire, pupils dialated, nigga hog tied in barb wire  
torture, squeeze a niggas nuts wit plyers  
put his place on fire  
then escape juss like McGuyver wit the get-away driver  
live and direct from the projects that be gated  
on some made shit  
Outlaw affiliated!  
He chose to spray wit gages  
baraccaded the scene, yellow tape and white chalk  
niggas who like doe, I get paid off  
fuck a write-off  
it's tax free money  
deliver 'em a China up inside a Taxi honey  
task be lookin at me funny  
know I'm a trigga happy, gats be hungry  
barkin on niggas like DMX  
beat bitches like PMS  
and flee ridin a BMX, flippin GA checks at yo set  
grab the promoter by his mutha fuckin neck  
don't be fooled by the Rolex!  
\*(Chorus)\* 2x  
Verse 4 \*(DMG)\*  
Who in the mutha fuckin hell  
nothin but Regime Ridaz  
southside affiliated wit big timers  
ballers  
killers, who live in mansions off the water  
lunitiks, shippin in bricks after brick  
200 percent, pure snow white Coca-Cola  
straight Yola all the way from the Bay to Minnesota  
what you know bout, this Face Mob rida  
dumpin off on yo shit 4 and 5 timer  
Yuk, I think it's time we fuck these mutha fuckas up  
show these mutha fuckas up, straight up drama uncut  
fuck they mamas  
they fuckin wit killas wit seven figgas  
psycos, drinkin the bottles of nitro  
now it was Yukmouth  
that told me that  
he got "5 On It"  
and I believed that  
and now you  
better believe it too  
nigga I will shoot  
murder up you and you we Ridaz!! (echos)  
\*(gun shots fire off)\*