

C-Murder, Do You Wanna Ride

[Slay Sean]

How many wanna play now? It get dark wit the shades
down, you know Slay and Black paid now
Niggas, see we be thugged out, 2 deep
Muthafuckas betta stay out the way now, that foolishness
I'm tellin you yo crew could get hit wit dem tools and clips
Fuck who you get, you and that fool you wit, gone get yo wig split
Black guns, me and my doggs clap guns, don't be thinkin we jus rappin
You saw what would happen, gun blastin
Squeezin off til I'm the last one

[hook] 2x

You gone ride - Take It Outside
You gone die - Take It Outside
You gone cry - Take It Outside
Take It Outside, Take It Outside

[C-Murder]

Now if you wanna ride or die, then try
but let me get high so that my mind can fly
Because I'm just that kinda guy, people wonder why
I'm so violent, because the N.L. move in silent
in other words, I creep creep, put you to sleep sleep
187 will be yo last beep beep
I bring that N.O. heat heat, to the streeets
toe tag yo feet, yo feet
I treat ya like a prostitute, and fuck ya up
A roughneck nigga that'll ruff ya up
Like a quick car wash, I'll touch ya up
Cause I look at ya'll like sittin ducks
Boy don't you understand that I'm the man
wit the plan, wit beacoup benjamins and alotta ghetto fans
At first you was tellin me to keep it trill
But now they know T-R-U is real
One hundred and eighty seven percent
I remember when my pockes were full of lent
All my real niggas like next to kin
So testin me is like testin them, now what!
I guess it's buck ya'll time
I guess it's time for the second line
My last cd was "Trapped in Crime"
so you already know what's on my mind

[hook]

[Black Felon]

What What
Say I had 16 bars
How many muthafuckas can drive 16 cars
Go up in the club, thuggin, and pull 16 broads
Take em home, and fuck em all in 16 minutes
(haha they don't know)
Muthafuckas you aint heard of me, Alotta them niggas
from Desire be, on the side of N-O L-I-M-I-T
or T-R-U, wit Slay Sean and C, peep game dude
who can spit it better than me?
Ever seen a nigga chest blown (chest blown)
Eventhough he gotta vest on (vest on)
Nigga walk up to yo dogg witta dress on
and start spittin some shit, that'll split you at the
chest bone (chest bone)
You fuckin wit the wrong click
We gotta army of niggas who don't give a fuck who u
run wit bitch, get cha wig split

Think it's a game, but it aint, Black Felon, Slay
Sean, and C
Bustin on some of that T-R-U shit

[hook]

[Traci]

Nigga take it outside, I was born to represent
Tru niggas gotta keep it thugged to roll wit this chick
Catch me in the cut, G' Nikes, bandana'd up
Mean mug on my grill, Like I dont give a fuck
Who want what, they get stuck
I don't play around, in the back akin buck wit both
Arms up, and around my hand, Tru Records wristband
understand the game cold but got colder when it met me
I came to put it down, put ya face where ya chest be
And I don't run, it's the same place where you met me
Slay Sean, Black, and C my click, so don't sweat me
I get up in yo face, nigga, so don't test me
Hard to get at me, but try ya luck
I make niggas stutter and I leave em stuck
When this track come on, watch em all get buck
Traci just represented is you warin or what?

[hook]