

# C-Murder, Ride On Dem Bustas

(\*Helicopter propeller\*)

(Whisper getting louder)

Real nigga  
Real nigga  
Real nigga  
Real nigga

(C-Murder)

Real motherfuckin nigga

(C-Murder - in background)

From the motherfucking Deadly Sounds  
On to the motherfucking Beats By The motherfucking Pound  
Nigga I walk with a real motherfuckin dirty gun  
with a motherfucking round  
Bitch!

Chorus (2x):

Real niggas and we ride on them bustas  
We some real niggas scream fuck them motherfuckers

(C-Murder)

I smoke weed, when my mind gone, I aint tripping  
Bullets flipping, young nigga bout that hollow chipping  
Flipping Ki's on the block, where them G's at  
Got them ho's sucking my dick till they knees crack  
Drop top 6 all black with the black tints  
I got them niggas pushing crack like a Mack 10  
A dollar short and I'm coming  
bout to have these fools running  
Hundred rounds humming, bout to break em off something  
Call my cousin Rock on the Mobile phone, he at home  
Magnolia projects, straight from Clebourne  
In the city, where the shitty niggas quick to give you  
A ticket to the morgue (nigga) after they kill you  
Fuck the penn, cause if I go again, I'm a rider  
You never catch me slipping, I got my heater right beside, uh  
Running from the cops, cause the law, I don't trust ya  
I'm a real nigga and I ride on them bustas, I'm a

Chorus (2x)

(Magic)

What Shit!!! I sick and I'm tired of all the fakers  
Niggas be talking about they gonna keep it real  
Nigga give me the strap and get in the back  
This shits is about to get real!!! (Ch Ch Chh)  
I came here a head-buster, a dome-crusher  
They founded out I can rap and they told me put down the strap ands  
Now I'm getting paper screaming 9th WARD  
I real in this shit, I took it in blood its tatted on my arm  
So now when i ride I take the nine with (nine with me)  
It don't take less than 2.5 to get me (Ha ha ha)  
I'm with C, I'm with Serv, and we smoking on some herb  
Contiplating on how to get cha, cause you done struck a nerve  
Who gone ride with me (my niggas)  
Who gone die with me (my niggas)  
Who gone bust at these cowards with me  
Who gone ride with me (my niggas), I'm a

Chorus (2x)

(Mr. Serv On)

Now Ke'Noe religious ass lay this fire ass motherfucking track  
oughta spare ride on you motherfuckers (ride)  
But I got a little something to take to these motherfuckers  
you them niggas them bullet suckers (bitch ass)  
You know them niggas that say they ain't scared to die  
but they'll take a bullet? (Come On, You Scared)  
Well C and Magic, give me a pistol with a happy trigger  
I got ready to get home and sound some loot  
I'ma pull it, just to think  
I got this motherfucking tank by signing a contract (Hell No)  
Bitch you better get your motherfucking mind right  
Ask Me how the fuck I act!  
I was riding on niggas block  
when you niggas was still running from the cops (bitch ass)  
I done made a little motherfucking money  
so you think that shit gonna really make me stop  
(shit, never nigga never)  
I got a tatoos on my stomach that made me motherfucking bleed  
(Come on T.R.U.!)  
So every drop that hit the ground nigga,  
for every round in the tank nigga you know I believe (believe)  
I done got bad on this motherfucking microphone (Hell Yeah!)  
But if C call me nigga and take one of you niggas home  
fuck, ride nigga, ha what (Lets Roll!)  
We some

Chorus (4x)

Fuck all them motherfucking bitch ass,  
punk ass, playa hating pussy (Fuckin Right Nigga Ya Heard Me!)  
motherfuckers out there talking shit  
Cause when I run up on you motherfuckers,  
you bound to get your motherfucking wig split (bloom, bloom)  
Ol' soft ass, cheesy, funky, dirty,  
ol' shoe wearing dirty motherfucking poot  
stain draws bitch ass, yellow belly motherFUCKERS, BIATCH!  
(Ride On Dem Bustaz)  
That means you bitch  
(Screamin Fuck Dem Motherfuckers)  
3rd ward, 9th ward nigga  
No Limit, cause I'm in it  
Nigga Ke'Noe, again on the motherfucking beat-o!  
Deadly sounds nigga incognito!  
Bitch!