

# Coo Coo Cal, Still Ride Till We Die

Chorus: 2x ride till we die,  
ball till we fall, all of jeans  
disagree intenseafee with me and infinite fuck up ma  
with the laws mother fucker better catchmy hit a motherfucker tech 9  
keep the gun on safety while we drive

and we figurin' we ride on all of ya'll  
Don't even stallin' ya'll  
Givin' the people hall-to-hall  
Even bustas can't get it on but playa wit all my dawgs

[Verse 1: Coo Coo Cal]

From the Mil to the Chi I ain't gon' lie dawg we holdin' it down  
We rollin' now  
Defeated the streets, on lyrics and beats and they owe us now  
The rest of the world is slowin' down,  
Tryin' to hold us back,  
They pissed  
Cuz we don' got on all these damn discs,  
and holdin' stacks  
Act like ya'll suppose (?) stop hatin'  
Nigga the world is tired of waitin',  
on a nigga like Coo Coo Cal and Twista spittin' on your station  
Ya'll facin' drama that I'm gonna kick up  
Strapped in the back of a pickup  
Workin and jerkin that faulty five like I had {quick pause} hiccups  
I'm gonna rip this shit up  
From limb-to-limb,  
Nigga twenty-four hours  
Ten-to-ten,  
when you tired of hearin' my song it's gonna get spinned again  
I fuck wit Infine and them, and we stay strapped  
From way back in the days, slippin', can't even pay nobody to say that  
Ha, this is the payback from the dawn helped the Mid West  
And West say I'm (?) how bout the East say that kid's fresh  
Yes nigga, the Midwest is takin' over  
And Candy Coupes and (?) 600 Benz and some Range Rover

[Chorus: 2x]

Still ride till we die,  
still ball till we fall  
See me and Twista up in this bitch,  
and we figurin' we ride on all of ya'll  
Don't even stallin' ya'll  
Givin' the people hall-to-hall  
Midwest is takin' over playa wit all my dawgs

[Verse 2: Twista]

C'mon then, safe the bud for my(?)  
Kill a nigga (?)  
street creature  
Swisher Sweet cheafa  
the reafar wit the heat seeka  
on my street sweeper  
bloody body leaka  
ki keepa, 20-pound holda  
high rolla  
white rhino wit some doisha  
I'ma mighty ol' soulja  
(?)  
Can you find any licks that'll match my mixture  
For the scripture  
Bet a nigga spent cha  
When my crew mob up thicka-n-thicka

Whoever don't show love I can shower you wit slugs like rain drops  
Bullets if you use your brain box  
No saftey on the automatic gun, I can't stop  
Coo Coo Cal and Twista bitch  
Smokin stuff stankin like pissin shit  
Disappear like (?) cliques  
After we don' mask up and hit some licks  
Rollin' up too thick (?) janks  
And we got them thangs  
Don't block the Midwest, time to lock this game  
Without the G-House ya'll lames  
Cuz we got  
(Every lil thang you want)  
Thug niggaz'll still,  
pound the pills,  
bricks 'n bitches on fifty, thirsty for mills  
We got  
(Every lil thang you need)  
Lay down on the table  
Connects like cabel  
Where the pen and label  
So fuck a record deal

[Chorus:2x]  
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still ball till we fall  
See me and Twista up in this bitch,  
and we figurin' we ride on all of ya'll  
Don't even stallin' ya'll  
Givin' the people hall-to-hall  
Midwest is takin' over playa wit all my dawgs

[Verse 3: Twista]  
Is it all an illusion  
Or does Coo Coo and Twista cause confusion  
We ballin' and bruisin'  
Drop the shit that get you all in the mood and you stall and loosin'  
Well I chop Carache like karate  
Steady on a lick like Gotti  
Bustin' off a shottie  
From a black (?)  
It's gonna bruise your body  
Move your body  
Lodi-to the-dodi  
Bring the hottie, to the party  
But if you come wit lights on then it might be a robbery  
Crisis for the prices, ices  
Get up when you see chrome devices  
I'm righteous and I like this  
But if you get outta line I'ma leave you lifeless nigga

[Coo Coo Cal]  
And I'm gonna do you righteous  
Might just, buy your wife that black dress  
A lesson learned wit a soft turn,  
niggaz get burned fuckin wit the Midwest  
Wit the smell of flesh, on Highway 94 from Milwaukee to Chicago  
See anything in our path it's down to get bobbed hoe  
Cuz we like to mob roll, wit them .50 cal  
See me and Twista,  
get this mutha fucka crackin' and shut your city down  
Really now, ain't no mutha fucka stoppin' this  
Why you waitin' and hatin',  
Keep skatin' on them daytons nigga droppin' hits

[Chorus:4x]  
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still ball till we fall  
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and we figurin' we ride on all of ya'll  
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Midwest is takin' over playa wit all my dawgs