

# Psychopathic Rydas, Gangsta Shit

Psychopathic Rydas up in that bitch ass, mutha fucka  
Trigga deep  
When you see us coming, turn the fuck around  
And get the fuck on  
Lil Shank  
Speak on these fools

I drop gangsta shit  
With my gangsta click  
And everybody on the otherside  
Suck my dick  
Now with my gangsta ways  
And gangsta walk  
I spit gangsta shit  
Everytime I talk  
Now what you mutha fuckas know bout a Ryda in black?  
Who be invested all his chedda on these trees and gats  
I got ammunition to bring the fuckin' drama whenever  
Who wanna talk shit, where it's at, bitch whatever  
Who wanna test me, simply get your wig pushed back  
Me and my four Ryda homies ready for the attack  
And if ya think we coming full  
You better grab your grip  
Cause Lil Shank and the Rydas  
On some gangsta shit (mutha fucka!)

Rydas (Whut!)  
Ryda (Whut!)  
Where you at y'all?  
We be dumpin out the cut  
It's all  
Gangsta Shit  
It's all  
Gangsta shit, (and we) married to the game and we hates to quit  
Y'all bitch ass niggas actin' like you know a mu-fucka  
Rydin' n fuckin' my shit  
Bitch I'ma thug  
Bitch, this shit 4 life mutha fucka  
Bullet, let these mutha fuckas know summ

Look at my crawl  
It's like bump bump bumpin'  
Psychopathic Ryda  
Dump dump dumpin'  
Jump jumpin up, everybody's runnin'  
King Kong Ryda Daddy  
Bullet-Zilla's comin  
Strompin on crabs  
Crushin' on hogs  
Can I be at one from a Ryda, dogg? (heey)  
I don't respect your set  
Fuck your hood  
Fuck your baby mamma  
And ya know I could, bitch  
I leave you missin like Twin Gats (ugh)  
Lost deep in a cave wit dem rats and bats  
My name is Bullet  
Soul gonna pierce your brain  
Sever your spine and leave your limbs dinglin'  
Dis is gangsta shit, this is all I know  
So when I show up, open the safe and hit the floor (Yayeah!)

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Man, for all you bitch ass niggas out there talkin loud  
Friendly and sayin' shit  
Y'all need to do us all a mutha fuckin' favor  
Shut the fuck up!  
Full Clip, fuck these niggas

Dump (dump)  
Blaugh (blaugh)  
Whistle (whistle)  
Pop (pop)  
That be the Psychopathic Rydas at the Moma Cop  
And it don't stop, fizzle cleazay  
Sprung legs get popped with a swizzle greasy  
Fo Sheezy  
We represents tha D  
East to the West Side  
And everything in between  
We never seen  
Unless we in a dress code  
Hoods and black trunks  
Foot thick bank rolls

We the hardest clique  
Kickin' gangsta shit  
Any bitches that oppose can eat a fat dick  
I'm out fo the money  
So bitches better freeze  
And when we on yo block go and call the police  
Fool, I get out the corner, pull the heat from my waist  
Cock the hammer back and let one go in yo face  
And leave yo mutha fuckin body lyin on the floor  
And wait with the Rydas to end with the law (Psychopatchic!)

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From Chicago's south side  
To Houston's Fifth Ward  
Watts, South Central  
All of that shit, on and on  
We want it all  
The underground  
The overground  
Foe Foe, come wit it man.

Bitch, you ain't learnt?  
Rydas don't die  
Foe Foe representin'  
Smokin' choke and stayin' high  
All you ho's get your hands up

Put your petty cash up  
The Rydas want the safe  
And all the shit under the mattress  
Drop, get on the floor  
Don't make me have to get yo ho's  
Cause if I do they'll find your body in another time zone  
Mind blown with this gangsta shit (gangsta)  
Have your whole block blown ta bits  
Then fuck your bitch  
I'm on some thug shit  
On the corner, hustle sell drug shit  
Rydin' with my homies  
Bustin' shots at punk ass kids (blah!!!)  
Ain't nobody game like us  
We love to bust  
We love da rust  
And watch you blood gush

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Yea bitch, married to the motha fucking game!  
That's some real gangsta shit, mutha faacko  
That's Bullet, Foe Foe, Full Clip, Lil' Shank, and I'm Cell Block  
Psychopathic mutha fucka (Ye-ah!)

Detroit's, infamous, Psychopatchic Rydas  
Back...10 feet deep up in that bitch ass  
Foe Foe, Cell Block, Lil' Shank, Full Clip, and Bullet  
Ryden Dirty, mutha fuckaaa!  
Like dis