

# Psychopathic Rydas, Ghetto Fantasies

Seem like...seem like you're always tryin' to get to a certain point, know what I'm sayin'? Once you get there, it ain't what you thought it was. So even the realest mothafucka...mufuckas that seem like they got it made, they got fantasies. There's no end to a fantasy. Once you reach your fantasy, you got five more fantasies. That's real. Come on with it, Foe Foe.

It's all about the money, hoes, and gats  
And hangin' with my Rydas smokin' bag after bag after bag, whut!?  
Cadillac  
Bitch, we full-fledgin'  
Raised up in the hood like a legend  
Always contendin'  
'Cause the top is where I'm headin'  
Top of the world, I got the Rydas in diamonds, it's all imbedded  
I'm smokin' an ounce another mission, keepin' you hoes On your toes  
Foe Foe's about to blow, plow!!!  
Give it to me, I want it all for me I'm greedy  
Fulfillin' my ghetto fantasy, so fuck the needy

I was born in the ghetto where all my folks stay  
Dreams of black trucks with bumps and pushin' weight  
Livin' like a superstar  
Hookin' up with mail fraud  
Gettin' em' high and runnin' it for new cars  
When I grew up, I wasn't worth a dime  
Cribbs with no lights, where I spent my time  
Wasn't 'nough time  
Steady high  
Out for one time  
Writin' rhymes  
Blowin' mine  
Pullin' nines  
On a sucka  
'Cause I was a broke mothafucka  
Till I got with the Rydas, started sportin' black trucks...

Ghetto fantasies, love don't live here anymore  
Rydas are for real, Rydas are for life  
Rydas doin' wrong, I'm tryin' to do what's right, y'all  
Ghetto fantasies, love don't live here anymore  
Rydas are for real, Rydas are for life  
Rydas doin' wrong, I'm tryin' to do what's right, y'all

I make my ghetto fantasies into realities  
Paid ass Rydas with ghetto mentalities  
Growin' up without shit, no skrilla  
&From crack houses to mansions in the hills  
And a big black truck with the bump in my driveway  
Back in the days when Clip didn't have it that way  
Turn around on my shit, I'ma have to see a wig and pull it  
All my fantasies came true now, holler at Bullet

Ryder trucks, I wanna buy one of them  
Just 'cause it says Ryder on the side of em'

I want a fleet of trucks  
To carry all my bucks  
And fuck mudducks  
I'm wearin' tux  
Like Chucks  
'Cause this sucks  
I eat so much Ramen pride, I'm startin' to think it's  
my name  
"Waddup Ramen!!" Hi!  
I'm gettin' by on powdered milk and a can of cheese  
But the best thing in my life is free  
My fantasies

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y'all

Well basically  
My ghetto fantasy  
Has gotta be a way to get me and my people out of this  
society  
I'm tryin' G  
But you ain't helpin' me  
By battling me  
And askin' me  
How tough me and the Rydas be  
We need to get it together before we fall apart  
So gimme all yo' shit, my gat is aimed straight at  
your heart  
But I'm ruthless and I gotta get what's mine  
And I'm breakin' fools off in the drive-thru line,  
whut?

My ghetto fantasy's to roll with a million Gs  
Rydas like me  
Ready to die like me  
Blazin' pounds of weed  
Till my fuckin' eyes bleed  
Monage a 'tois like a mufuckas what we need  
And we be them thugs rydin'  
Prepared to bust, Psychopathic Rydas  
Have the pigs scared of us  
And if they ever kills us  
Then our souls will remain  
Dwellin' in they brain  
Till they feel my fuckin' pain  
And that's real y'all

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y'all  
Ghetto fantasies, love don't live here anymore  
Rydas are for real, Rydas are for life  
Rydas doin' wrong, I'm tryin' to do what's right,  
y'all  
Ghetto fantasies, love don't live here anymore  
No, no, noooo....no, no, noooo....