

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
Cribs 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
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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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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 battlin' 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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No, no, noooo....no, no, noooo....