

Psychopathic Rydas, Scrimps

(Foe Foe:)

24 wit the gold tip, scrimps and juice
all platinum wit the gold grip, about to get loose
triple black windows like who dat is?
Foe Foe and the Rydas in the big body Benz
All my friends is close, and my enemies closer
Til wind up pictured, on the have you seen me? poster
Sippin on the neach wit hoes feedin me grapes
I had to get up out the hood into a gated estate
All the haters need to back the fuck up
Before I back the truck up,
and leave your crew all shot and stuck up
In the hood, all the money in the world aint nuttin
That's why they always hate you for sumthin
Muthafuckas!

(Full Clip:)

Ryda convoy rollin' tough again
Black hummer H2 on the 42 spins
Scrimp and juice bar, restin in the console
Foldaway hatch with the strippers pole
Lil Shank comin through wit a gang of chickens
And plenty of that nose candy for them hoes that dippin
Takin bitches down, send em home wit limps
And I be sippin on my juice and double dippin my scrimps

(Chorus: x2)

You got that juice and scrimp,
Don't ride boy
You's a pimp
(Get your money right)
Can I ride wit you?
Boy let me ride wit you!
(Get your money right)

(Bullet:)

Get off my plate bitch, my scrimp
I walk wit a pimp limp, I'm no simp
Im a ryda, even when I walk im ridin
In the small of my back is a glock I'm hidin
When I pull out, muthafuckas fo'heads blow out
Im one them thugs, the reason you don't go out
Me and Lil shank, Full Clip, and Cell Block
Ride wit us, we drop you off shell shocked
Juice and scrimps, gangsta fury
Don't worry, weed man comin through in a hurry
And my name, you muthafuckas know my name
You won't forget it when I bury one deep in yo brain

(Sawed Off:)

Seven days a week, sippin juice, eatin shrimp
Bubbagump ain't got shit on me, man I be parlayin'
you would think I'd say bye to sea
cause the hood the whole hood smell fishy
Butter it up dawg!
Barbeque, sauted, pin fried,
whatever tall glass of homemade wine
Juice bitch its on! When we chillin, it's like a lunch break
Cause thuggin all the time could make a muthafucka hungry

(Chorus: x2)

You got that juice and scrimp,
Don't ride boy
You's a pimp

(Get your money right)
Can I ride wit you?
Boy let me ride wit you!
(Get your money right)

(Cell Block:)
Ballin outta control,
my money folds and bills with big faces
And every money is to livin in some suitcases
My scrimp and juice is all swole, and keeps all the rydas tow up
On some dime crystal and any luxury
Cell Block got the hood unlocked, slangin all types of rock
And kill a muthafucka runnin his spot
It's my street, it's my ground and that bump is my sound
You can hear my system pound from the other side of town

(Lil' Shank:)
Since I was knee high to a big wheel
I was always determined to role wit a crew of rydas,
keeping it real
I met Bullet, Foe Foe, Full Clip, Converse, Sawed Off,
Cell Block all this shit was unheard
But we had mad dreams of makin it big
Shrimps and juice, want butter on my lobster bib
Pimpin, thuggin, rydin, mashin,
Seven black trucks parked at the ryda mansion
and it don't stop,
so go ahead wipe that cocktail sauce off yo chin
and count that money man!
Psychopathic Rydas all up in this bitch
And we don't give a shit
Go ahead and get your shrimp!

(Chorus: x4)
You got that juice and scrimp,
Don't ride boy
You's a pimp
(Get your money right)
Can I ride wit you?
Boy let me ride wit you!
(Get your money right)