

# Psychopathic Rydas, Scrimps N Juice

(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)