

Psychopathic Rydas, There It Goes

Damn
Give it time man
I'ma be alright
It's fucked up
I'ma be alright
At least I got my rydas, tho
Yea

There it goes
Another casket dropped under
In the midst of the rain and thunder
And I wonder
About that watch on his wrist
And why I didn't take that bitch
Another funeral
My night to speak
Everybody and they mamma catchin' slugs in the street
I know the reverend by name
He's like Bullet
It's your turn to run to Burger King
Mamma told me I had three strikes in life
When I was 18 I got a job at Mike's
Car wash
The place where the bitches be
Till I got mad and slapped Mike and his homie
They called the pigs
And then called my Pop's
I pissed on the vacuum in the back of the shop
And broke on out
For the cops is on my tail
Charity only future
If a nigga only fail

I'ma Be (Alright)
I'ma Be (Alright)
I'ma Be (Alright)
I'ma Be Alright, but (There it goes)

I'ma Be (Alright)
I'ma Be (Alright)
I'ma Be (Alright)
I'ma Be Alright, but (There it goes)

I coulda been a doctor
Maybe even a president
Instead I slang dope
In a crack house resident
Raised in the strip
By pimps and O G's
Rock a girl with ADIDAS
Till the age of 13
Till I got me a refer
Slangin' bags and such
Had every last dopehead
Ridin' my nuts
Felt like I was on top of the world
What a head won't do for a bag of a white girl
I had T.V's VCR's
Stereo systems and stolen cars
More throwaways in the bottom of the river
When I was hungry
Crackheads brought me dinner
I kept Trump on my bankroll

If I met a fine bitch then I'd put her on the stroll
Everything was straight till they raided my spot
Now a nigga on the run and the fever gettin' hot

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I'ma Be (Alright)
I'ma Be Alright, but (There it goes)

Where my one good last vein at
Used to flipping' money on hoes
Now it's smack
You should be a Ryda
Heh, picture that
Now it's where the fuck my pipe
For my crack
No more Hatchet Rydas got my back
Got me a Pinto, traded in my black Cadillac (AHHH)
There I go
Or it seems
Until I woke up from my...

Dreamin' of the money and the cars
Ho's in the strip bars
Now I'm all alone
The product of a fallen star
On the bottom of the barrel
Lookin' for a hookup
And when it's all done
I watched everybody book up fast
Spendin' all my money
People hate my ass
And now I'm really out of cash
Keep your money and your friends tight
Leave dem ho's
Or you can wave it all bye nigga there it go

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I'ma Be (Alright)
I'ma Be Alright, but (There it goes)

Oh an one more thang
I'ma be alright though
I got my rydas wit me

