

# Solomon Childs, Let's Ride

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

East coast, west coast, east coast (yeah, man)  
East coast, west coast  
East coast, west coast, east coast (uh)  
East coast, west coast  
West coast (all the ladies)  
East coast, west coast (get 'em)  
West coast, east coast  
East coast (uh-huh), west coast, east coast (yeah)  
East coast, west coast

(Solomon Childs)

From Junior's to Roscoe's  
From Venice Beach to crates of Corona's from Kosko's  
Maryland and VA late nights, these freak bitches got lasso's  
Type of bitches take it more in they assholes  
From Detroit to Texas, frontin' in St. Louis  
Playin' Nelly in your Lexus  
But it's all good, cuz the money got your groove vibrating  
On the track, Mardi Gras, like we out in New Orleans  
ATL, the bitches blowin' out, when they be balling  
San Diego to Sacramento, we jingling baby  
Two shots of Henny got us mingling, baby  
We kill a nigga, for platinum bound  
Front, so ya baby momma can watch ya faggot ass swallow the pound  
And ain't it something, how these motherfuckers never bite nothing  
But stay hollering, how they bloodhounds, another nigga done bit  
You want the Theodore Unit to act up, whoodie  
Get yourself all shot up, whoodie

(Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs)

Another nigga done bit, another nigga done bit  
Running his mouth...  
Another nigga done bit, walking the wrong route  
I told you about that fronting on niggaz