T-Bone, Ride Wit Me

[T-Bone]
Who this rapper tryin to step to me
Talkin bout you ain't really bout that ministry
Child please, we's them G's on them knees
Preachin from California to the Florida Keys, we be
Slangin the WORD, while they smokin they're herb
And dippin 64's, hittin switches on the curb
Then swerve back in place, bump that bass
Wit that sanctafied sound produced by that playa Chase
Like Mase, 'Im fittin, makin ya feel so good'
When I bump this gospel music in your hood, Inglewood
West Covina, Pasadena, then take it to my gente, in Puente
I can't forget about all my patnas in the 415, 510, 916
Make them chips, we stick together like cement and bricks
Now just bounce to this playalisctic Boneybone hit

[Chorus]
Dip bounce, side to side
And come ride wit a play from that killa Cali westside
Pyscho, westcoast, rider, music
For you and all your dawgs to ride to

[T-Bone]
Shh, ain't not talkin, while I'm puttin demons in coffins
Dippin in the Cadillac bumpin Dawkins and Dawkins
Got me wrapped up, tied up
If you love Cali, playa throw the Westside up
now watch me ride like them hell's angels
In them Harleys, or them cowboys wit the blue wranglers

Swingin ther lasso, screamin wild wild west
'cause where I'm from, you need a bullet prrof vest

Smoke the what for your stress
Nah dawg, hold up, wait a minute
'cause ain't no high unless the Holy Ghost ain't rolled up in it
I get drunk in the spirit on a day to day basis
And preach the WORD, to my patnas catchin cases
Racist clicks too, piru flamed up in blue
Crips too, God wanna bless you
2, 3, 4 and 5, now close your eyes
And bump this in your ride while you glide and...

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]
I just can't stop, makin suacy gospel hip hop
Fittin do this, til the day that I drop
Like Tupac, 'who do you believe in'
I put my faith in God, blessed to be breathin
Preachin to the heathen, buckin them demons
Oh what a feelin, got the crowd screamin
Dancin on the ceilin
So hate if you wanna man, say what you say
But gospel rap wit Bone is like LA wit out a Dr. Dre
Or Sway without Tech, catchin wreck
Or these Californias streets without a ghetto vet
It ain't happenin, Bibles I'm still packin them
And jackin demons wit them 44 magnums

[Chorus]