

# 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 playalistic 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]