

# T.I., Ride Wit Me

[Intro]

Let's get it homeboy!

Y'all already know what is man, this ain't nuttin new to y'all man!

T.I.P., Pimp \$quad Click ya understand that?

King of the South! Hey!

Westside of the A-Town, nigga you don't know no better nigga

BANKHEAD!!

[T.I. over Intro]

Aye... Aye... Grand Hustle c'mon and kick it wit' me for a minute

Y'know what I'm sayin', come and ride wit' ya boy man, Hey!

Y'all ready know what it is, aye..

We gone swing by some sororities y'know what I'm sayin'

We gone ride down Bankhead my nigga

C'mon and ride wit' me right quick aight?

[Chorus]

Come and ride wit' me nigga, lemme show you where we kick it at

Where them suckers get it at and hustlas keep the chickens at

Ride wit' me nigga, lemme show you where we kick it at

Where hoe niggaz be snitchin' at and often come up missin' at

Ride wit' me nigga, lemme show you where we kick it at

Where them killers livin' at and T.I.P. be trillin' at

Ride wit' a G, come and ride wit' a G

All through the A.T.L., come and ride wit' a G

[T.I.]

See me ridin' through Atlanta in a Phantom wit' the double door

Make these bitches wonder what he be in so much trouble for

I'm touching folk, anytime they trying Grand Hustle folk

I'm busting folk, what the fuck we arguing, fussin, cussin' for?

You lucky hoe, couple of years ago I prolly cut your throat

But fuck it though, what I'm spending somethin' on a nothing fo'

Well-known flow, man I got this shit from Simpson Road

Adamsville, Born Holmes, Center Hill, Zone 4.

A drop top, flip flop, shine as the chrome glow

When T.I.P. pop out the roof "What he up in Herndon Homes fo'?"

Along though, shit he jus' doin' what he known for

Blowin' 'dro, 24, livin' how the song go

Rubber burnt, turn the corners, beatin' like a Congo

You try to jack I pull the strap, it's +ASAP+ pronto

King of the South, every hood's head honcho

I'm Westside certified, go run a fuckin' hood yo

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

I done told y'all I'ma O.G., never had cold feet

You end up with no teeth, nigga +U Don't Know Me+

I'll knock ya off ya feet, put holes in ya until ya clothes leak

Tossed it in the river like I threw away my old heat

You chose to oppose me? Who the fuck you s'posed to be?

Mechanicsville and Summer Hill, Zone 3 that roll wit' me

No hoes wit' me, you know all that blow before they sold me?

I'm everything you s'posed to be, boy ain't no runnin' over me

Kick it wit' the +King+ and lemme show you what I mean man

Most these niggaz rappin' about a block, ain't never seen Nan

Real niggaz recognize, real niggaz and you ain't nan

You don't know how to stab a nigga dead, keep a clean hand

Sell a block for 24, you got's to 17 gram

From Eastside niggaz and Kirkwood and Little Vietnam

These 26's keep the attention of bitches

Come and ride wit' me pimpin', lemme show you how we get it

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

Alabama, Mississippi, come and ride wit' a G  
Dallas ride wit' a G, Houston ride wit' a G  
Carolinas, Virginia, Philly come and ride wit' a G  
Memphis ride wit' a G, Chicago ride wit' a G  
California, Florida, Detroit they all gon' ride wit' a G  
Phoenix ride wit' a G, St. Louis ride wit' a G  
Seattle ride wit' a G, Jersey ride wit' a G  
Vegas, New York, and D.C. they all ride wit' a G

[Chorus]