

Too Short, Nation Riders Anthem

I touch down in Atlanta with the dangerous crew
Grab the microphone, spit this game at you
It never ends, I just keep goin'
Pimps keep pimpin', Hoez keep ho-in'
And niggaz like me, never stop hustlin'
Put yo' mind to it, makin' money ain't nothin'
I flip the script, came with this nation-wide shit
All I get is love, so thats all you gonna get
Out here, niggaz come from everywhere
Trynna relocate, trynna become playaz
Tryin' to survive the game you know it ain't easy
That's why they roll with the homeboy sheezy
I got about a quarter-million hardcore troops
We got niggaz in yo' town too
So if it ain't you I hope you gots no problem
'Cause we might have ta solve 'em

From city to city, we got your back
Ain't nothin but pimps and G'z, we ride like that
Keepin' the top drop, maintainin' that bump in yo' trunk
Affiliated with us so you know it's gon' bump
We nation riders, we lead the resident
Verbal assasinators, and dog is the president
First round draft picks from all over the world
Get ready to lock and load, and let the drama unfold

Niggaz always tryin' ta slip me demos
Backstage chillin, gettin' in the limo
But i dun' click up with these nation wide niggaz
You ain't already bumpin' and you can't ride wid us
Natural born killaz, boys in the hood can ya fil' us?
We make the noise sound good, This ain't a game
We ain't trippin' dummy, we nation wide man, we just gettin' money
Basin' A-T-L, we got tapes for sale
And if you real G'z, we got CD's
House hip hop, booty shake, west coast
We the kinda niggaz make ya loose your best hoe
Where she at? They got her on the tour bus, way in the back

F**k ya to a (???), We nation riders, stand beside us
We big niggaz and you don't wanna fight us

We nation riders, to the galaxy and beyond
We makin music fo' yo' ass, from dusk to dawn
Call up me the for realist so umm if you were real niggaz
Then we gon' beelwitchyas, smoke out and make a meal whitchyas
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Record all your raps and beats at the studio
Cause if you ain't really got a cool flow
Try ta get on stage and can't do a show
I'mma be laughin at ya talkin' bout 'there you go'
But if ya rap tight you still might not be right
If we get into some shit and you scared to fight
Some sucker talkin' bout what you wanna do?
From the head, from the hips, ain't no punks in my crew
We used to free-style, at M-C Breeze' house
Same niggaz on the mic that make ya bleed now
What? Motherf**ker can you hear this shit?
He only got one fear, don't be near his bitch

He never be rich, you ain't ready for the show biz
You need to marry that girl and have four kids
Theres no way you can hang with us
Cause niggaz like us are too dangerous

We nation riders, we've been blessed with this game
We practice what we preach when it comes to breakin' hoez, man
We do whatever we want to, you talk about what you wish
You ain't a f**kin' (???), You be hated for that bitch
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