

Uncrownd Royalty, Ride For You

(chorus Prem)

Im asked to fight asked to die for who? (my niggas)
im gon fight to stay alive for you (my niggas)
No matter what my people, ima fight back,
endin up alive or in a body bag.

(Verse 1 Prem)

Im bout to spit verse, verbally blessed and yet Im cursed,
got my lips pursed waitin on that mofuckin kiss of death.
Seen it before and I aint been scared yet,
soldier born soldier bred, ima soldier till I rest.
In piece, or in pieces I dont give a damn,
Ima do what I gotta, Im the illest man.
Im spittin lines, till Im breathless,
got money in the bank homie betta check this.
Im chillin, listenin to State Property,
thinkin yeah man damn Im state property.
Want me over seas, wanna be Iraq'in me,
lets my roll my nigga, lets get it on and poppin B.
Ay, I aint ever gon quit,
nigga please Im as real as you gon get.
Bad move fuckin wit Derty and Don Carlito,
forever I will be un soldado latino.

(chorus Prem)

Im asked to fight asked to die for who? (my niggas)
im gon fight to stay alive for you (my niggas)
No matter what my people, ima fight back,
endin up alive or in a body bag.
When im stressed out whos there (my niggas)
When im set to flex out whos there (my niggas)
When im goin toe to toe whos there(my niggas)
When im hittin the floor whos there (my niggas)

(Verse 2 Derty)

Yea.. yo
Ya boy Derty and Don C we ridin high,
mothafucka aint no question who survivin the shots.
You ride or not, you betta cry to god or buy a glock,
n hide wit Bin Laden, when our styles collidin, that means the fires hot.
UC aint goin nowhere but the highest spot,
so you hoes know, you cant annihilate our plot.
Say im loco, good, well fuck the popo,
this uppercut'll put you in the mothafuckin ozone.
Poof, you gone bitch, every song sick,
just a reminder that you fuckin wit the wrong click.
If you dont like what the verse is...thas cool,
youll get touched on the remix, like Papoose.
So when you ask who we ride for and die for,
homies...but enemies on the floor with their eyes closed.
Its a lifestyle of fine bitches, and nice clothes,
hoarse throats, spittin all day...now here the chorus go..

(chorus Prem)

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(Prem)

All my niggas, hear me, I know yall hear me. This tha mothafuckin rally point.
All the way fromthe fuckin 603 to 617. Mofuckin Ohio, Cali, all the way the fuck across the country.
Yall know who wit us and we know who wit us.

(chorus) x2 and continuous talking...

This UC baby, for life yall heard. I dont give a fuck where you come from.
You wit us you wit us, but if you against us you against us
Remember that shit. You best bounce tha fuck out, all yall fuckin hatas.
If you dont bounce out, we gon toss you out, Simple as that, plain and simple.
WHAT

(chorus Prem)
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