

# Yukmouth, We Gone Ride

f/ Outlawz

\* send corrections to the typist

Intro (Hussien Fatal):

\*\*\*gun loaded and cocked\*\*\*\*

Y'all niggas throwin' ice cream, I'm throwin' hot shit  
(Hussein Fatal)

Hussein, run a gank on ya, shank ya, buck  
then slit ya throat and drip blood on my ankle ???  
we gone ride for this, my niggas die for this  
see I'm hurtin' my dogs got twenty-five for this  
seizure done, I run wit' Outlaw Warriorz  
tryin' ta B-I-G, just not Notorious  
frost the brick to get you niggas off the dick  
gotta chain out cha range and my cross is sick  
murda incorporated, of course ya hate it  
Outlawz inforce the hate, you get cross created  
from the Clair to North Bricks, that's why I talk slick  
when Im hungry, I try ta chop a half and get off quick  
shut down Junior MAF, Mobb Deep, Insane  
you got beef with thiza, muthafuckas speak my name  
keep the burnas, muthafuckas sleep wit burnas  
when I catch you nigga course you gone eat the burna  
(Napoleon)

I've been bruised, battered and burned, lost in turf  
and I've been ridin since the cemetary claimed they dirt  
I love that they hurt, these mark niggas, Outlawz rush niggas  
turn him to the side before they ass'll get crunk nigga  
head rush that fag ass nigga clinked Napolean  
send a kite to Puffy tell 'em Pac said it's on again  
shoot ?????? ?????? in the dark in Jerz with the blood and sharks  
fuck the mark, there's only one Napolean, It's me  
standing here strong, in a dressing room wit a tech on me  
ride on whoever next to me, Outlaw War, layin' 'em on the floor  
like the after party '99 Source Awards, I swear to the law  
they jealous that we mash for more, I'm tryin to ride snakes hand  
shake, smile and move, fuck the law, they jealous that Moonie  
bought a eight-fitty, a million'll send some hot shit thru they panties  
we ride nigga, it's hard cause they hide nigga  
and matter fact we gone suprise some niggas...Outlawz  
(Yukmouth)

Fake ass, soldier niggas wannabe Yuk

Y'all niggas scared severly

Hook 1 (Yukmouth):

Bitch!

If you fuck with Tha Outlawz:

(Nigga we gone ride)

If you fuck with the Regime:

(Nigga we gone ride)

Bitch!

Because... (You gone die)

And then... (He gone die)

But what... (It's a suicide)

Because... (Bitch we gone ride)

(Young Noble)

From Jersey City to Cali we startin the ruff  
representin both sides wearin camoflauge cloth  
I'm in a line up like what ??????, Outlawin' up  
hog tiein' 'em up, Yuk what the fuck these niggas is weak  
Nobility in the winter niggas feelin' the heat  
I got this Outlawz across my belly, never surrender  
if you cross Tha Don Makaveli we gone kill you  
or some lil nigga that ain't never met Pac  
who wanted revenge, he felt like Pac was his pops  
a thug father, the lil nigga was young

Outlawz representin' ain't huggin' a slump  
hold my gun tight aim it at my enemy nigga  
say goodbye to your kin, you ain't feelin' me nigga  
its gone be done quick, see that you in Jepordy nigga  
two shots to the head you can run if yo figure  
(E.D.I.)

Young Noble, we still gone ride...  
I still sit and pray y'all, yeah ya'll when we hustle  
can't a muthafucka touch you when the law love you  
and we praise 'em waitin' for our chance to burn  
muthafuckas greedy bankin' but here's yo' chance to learn  
stuck in a can of worms, bad terms and all  
fuck it, we smash burn the ball, you heard the call nigga  
Outlawz echo deep muthafuckas cant sleep  
comin outta every jeep bitch peep this  
your man wasn't shit and neither is you  
and if you think I'm actin' tough we pumpin' three into you  
newborn thugs (\*\*humf\*\*) can't hold weight but still  
lallygaggin in the game made room for the real  
I see ya crew in the field, I pick 'em off easy  
have ya momma at the funeral queezy believe me  
half of you fag niggas is part time ridahs  
some of the time killas, wit all of the time squealaz

Repeat Hook 1

Hook 2 (Yukmouth):

If you fuckin' wit Rap-A-Lot:

(Nigga we gone ride)

If you fuckin' wit \*scratch overlapping lyrics\*

(Nigga we gone ride)

Because... (You gone die)

And then... (He gone die)

But what... (It's suicide)

My nigga... (We gone ride)

(Yukmouth)

Bitch we gone ride

Thug Lord in this bitch

Regime shit nigga...

Yuk plays and they call the fuckin fire marshal  
supply the arsenal with thug shit, ice sparkle (bling)  
the Phantom Menace take a slaughterer like Darth Maul  
burn 'em like charcoal, call me Draco, untouchable  
remarkable, drink a whole bottle of Remy and wobble  
my clique follow, ain't no fair squabble (Regime Life!)  
these skinny niggas don't fight light 'em up with hollows  
desperado got blood on the bottles make a nigga swallow  
a bitch don't like Benny Blanco, for the crotch yo  
let my cock go, I let the glock blow for chedda like nachos  
recognize the Mob like HBO Sopranos  
niggas get played like pianos, dirty rotten scandal  
inner city plan'll scramble, wit a hundred ki-s and ammo  
get niggas handled, light 'em up, blow 'em out like candles  
the Thug Lord has arrived wit disciples in sandals  
ridin' camels way across the land, supplyin' the vandals  
my rhymes dismantle, click at foes, niggas say I act like Pac  
bitch nigga I don't rap like Pac, I just get dat like Pac  
bring the west back like Pac, make a nigga gack a glock  
ride strapped like Pac, but the raps I rock is all original  
Y'all pitiful, niggas makin millions on bitein shit  
I get in it yo, break 'em off critical, the criminal  
lyrical, miracle, make niggas lose rap and turn spiritual  
Repeat Hook 1 and 2 x2 until fade