

Yung Bleu, Do Or Die

Would you ride, would you ride for me?
Would you die for me?
Would you die for me, do or die for me?

Would ride, would you lie, would you die for me?
Would you steal, would you kill, do or die for me?
Keep it real, is you real?
Don't you lie to me
I know you loyal baby, but tell me is you down
And I need a rider baby, so tell me is you down
I know you gon' doubt us baby, but tell me is you down
If you gon' be my bitch, then hold me down
If you gon' be my bitch, then hold me down

She don't like it when I call her bitch, but that's my bitch though
I just let her cop the money, she with the shits though
We don't do no conversations, we just like to fuck
We don't really need no privacy, she fuck me in the truck
I say huh?
She say yea
Ooh I love that freaky shit
She let me cum anywhere I want
I swear I love a freaky bitch
She get her hair and nails did, but she got plenty money
Plus she ain't on that Becky shit, she give a nigga money
This love shit, I'm new to it
Got me feeling funny
The way she moan so innocent, feel like I'm killing something
Got me calling late night, I think I'm sprung
And make me wait a whole week to get her number
I like to chase, I like to race her in a foreign car
We double date, we set them out, we fucking foreign broads
My baby girl, she motivate me
Got me going hard
My baby girl, she motivate me
Got me going hard
Yeah yeah yeah

Would ride, would you lie, would you die for me?
Would you steal, would you kill, do or die for me?
Keep it real, is you real?
Don't you lie to me
I know you loyal baby, but tell me is you down
And I need a rider baby, so tell me is you down
I know you gon' doubt us baby, but tell me is you down
If you gon' be my bitch, then hold me down
If you gon' be my bitch, then hold me down

Switching lanes, switch 'em
Iced out rain, glitter
All of my chains glitter
All of my rings glitter
But I'm still the same nigga
I'm in the range, she want the fame
She know my name
All my Gucci and my bitch my rider
Red bottoms dripping in designer
You a bad yellow Pocahontas
I should probably let you meet my mamma
Say fuck the drama, let's get commas
Take you to Bahamas
Big timmer
Lets get freaky, fuck you on recliner
Tables turn

You wait your turn to be my side piece
You dripping sauce, they can't mistake you for no side piece
I went and copped a Bentley Coupe for you to drive in
Don't wet no rubber
When we fuck, she'll let me cop it
I know your ex be suicidal when you shining
I know your ex be suicidal when you shining
Let me know girl

Would ride, would you lie, would you die for me?
Would you steal, would you kill, do or die for me?
Keep it real, is you real?
Don't you lie to me
I know you loyal baby, but tell me is you down
And I need a rider baby, so tell me is you down
I know you gon' doubt us baby, but tell me is you down
If you gon' be my bitch, then hold me down
If you gon' be my bitch, then hold me down