

# How Should I Ride

Big Tymers

Everything on me, my skills pay the bills  
Buy my momma a house and buy my daddy some hot wheels  
I'm the number one pepper star, look at y'all  
Hat to the back, make my way to the bar  
When I'm in your town, bling, I'm gon' shine  
Gimme the best bottle of your best (glub, glub, glub) wine  
Can I have your attention, couple of things I'd like to mention  
I stay in a big ass house wit' a big gold fence and  
Wit' the Beemer, Benz, and a Trooper  
Living room Supa-Dupa  
Size, Suprose  
This a big ass diamond, y'all go ahead and cover y'all eyes  
Look out here I come, stunt man number one  
I'm makin' airplanes outta fifties just for fun  
The boat, the plane, the Viper man  
The 4 TV's in the black Range  
A black boy havin' all these thangs  
Now how should I ride man

Captin stunter, I ride with a Mack 11  
Cause I'm a Uptown hunter, a big dope fronter  
And 10 a ki still a number  
I ride Rolls Royce Canisus  
I took my main hoe out a Yukon and put her in a drop top Benzie  
I got these bitches trailin' me nigga, cause I got a little money  
Got these hoes wanna give me pussy cause I got a little money  
But I got 10 hoes, all with golds  
Wiot' my name tatooed on the back of they assholes  
Wit' 20 inch rims, that's how I ride nigga  
If you ridin' 16's don't ride beside me nigga  
I'll give to my niggaz, before I give to these broads  
My block on fire, my niggaz in heat  
We clockin' a hundred G's a week  
I boat the yacht, and a screen TV  
And put my face on the hood of the muthafuckin' Humvee  
So you niggaz could see me  
I'm bout to do somethin' dangerous  
I took the steerin' wheel from the left to right so I could look famous  
I wear 2 pair of drawers, wit' 2 Rolex watches  
Wit' 22 bitches on my log nigga  
I guess that's the thug in me  
I lie to these bitches 7 days a week  
I put that on my lil brother LD restin' in peace

They wan' know how I ride  
Still get high  
Wan' know how I cross and front the feds, still floss  
I'm the B.G., in ya car, shit rangin'  
I'm playin' cheddar cheese, Hot Boy\$ ain't fakin'  
Wanna hang wit' B and Slim gotta have 10 G's  
Cause them niggaz spend money like it grow on trees  
We ballin' got cars from every company  
Expedition, Rams, even a Humvee  
Ain't that somethin' none of us over 25  
Daog you think they really rapped and got Q thangs for 5  
Now lil daddy you got a nigga fucked up  
You could live for 'Burbs but nothin' but speakers on that truck

Ah hah, we floss all week man  
Every night I got a different bitch under my sheet man  
They see me in the drop Jag and get out the way  
They know who it is when they see me in the Rover the next day

Call it ghetto wrist nigga, wear filled with bagettes  
Crushed out on my neck with the matchin' bracelet  
Uh, cocked to the side in my 98 bubble eye  
Put on your shades cause you can't stand it with the naked eye  
Why, cause I'm a shinda  
I got diamonds and golds that'll blind ya, blind ya  
Get out my way cause I'm comin' through  
Man that ' 'lac in the Jag, yeah and I'm sittin' on 20's too  
Livin' my life like I'm a millionaire  
How many young black niggaz you know wit' Rollies and Carliare  
Wrist wear, niggafilled with jew-els  
Now everybody wanna shine like CMR Cartel  
Uh, Wodie, Put on your 'boks and your 'bauds  
Uh, and put some 20's on your Benz so you can shine when you roll  
We got the finest cars and the finest broads  
Buyin' mansions on Washingtoners we take our garage  
Uh, now you see now we ride, how we ride  
Wit' VCR's and Playstations, wit' the wood inside  
For sheezy boy  
How you luv that  
Done it again BGeezy off the heezy