

When We Ride

Deuce

Hey yo, Deuce,
You hear about this fuck boy Danny,
Fuckin' American Idol reject...

Fuckin' Faggots!

That's when we, that's when we, that's when we ride!
That's when we, that's when we ride on these bitches!
(2x)

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot snitches
So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in ditches
(2x)

Yo, Hollywood Who? Without my dawg Deuce,
Don't make me have to ride, Men the boy got juice
In or outside, this ain't only in the booth
Somebody gonna die, they gonna wish they called truce

Kinda Major on a track got Truth, Gadget get the facts
If you faggots wants prove, might as well hang it up now
No noose,
I'm fuckin' everybody, leave your pussies out loose

Tie em' up and I throw em' in the trunk
Fuckers want a war
And Imma give em' what they want
Bend they ass over
Imma treat them like a punk
Prison break that ass off.
Going til I bust a nut

I don't give a fuck, never have never will
Go try find a better rapper with some better skill
I murder mother fuckers, I massacre for the thrill
Itching for some fucking killing and blood is my Benadryl

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot snitches
So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in ditches
(2x)

Look now, you got to admit
No one likes your pussy music
You say you sold out, but didn't sell shit
Fucking idiots, lip sync fags milli vanili bitch
How the fuck do you call yourself a band?
You can barely rap its on now
What comes up must come must come down

When this shit flies, I won't be around

Saying I couldn't spit was your biggest mistake
Now UNDEAD sucks, they're a bunch of fakes
Johnnys' getting overweight he's too fat to be callin' names

Let's play a game
Everyone's listening

When I say fuck,sing along and say "Fuck HU"
Fuck HU!

When I say "What's my name?"
You call me Big Deuce
What's my name?
BIG DEUCE!

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot snitches
So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in ditches
(2x)

It's what it is, I'm the best in the Biz
Black ski mask and the cig, 2 clips
2 sips off of that Rosay
With my man Jose with the coke
Wait

OC, and the bumb of the cree cree
HU be softer then the sea breeze
Fuck You
We be nuttier than a reeses
And we see more dough
Move more blow

Deuce go solo, drop yall homos
So fly out come the parachute
I'm always first to bail
Never scared to shoot

The Truth, ya know I'm out for the loot
Heading to the top
We movin' through the roof
Shorty got her top down
Just like the coupe

Fuck you, this is 9Lives
Real like, my ties
One slip and you all die

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot snitches
So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in ditches

What!
Say what the fuck!
Six shooters up!
Now, what the fuck!
Point them up!

Imma snatch your mask off
And tell it like it is
No more talent, no more show biz
Deuce left the band
Now yall a bunch of jokes

Hollywood IS Dead
And thats all she fucken wrote
Leave you dead in the ditches
Heard you were snitches

9Lives that's how
We ride on you bitches, yeah
I said it, it's the boy from GML

If you got hurt feelings, oh well

Do something you couldn't
Face me on your best day
The Wiz Kid is gone
That's why you get less pay

Still remember when your
First album dropped
Skipped it to the chorus
The rest of yall flopped

Whack ass lyrics
I mean garbage
Leaky like a faucet
Your whole entourage

Wish on a star bitch
You'll never make a million
Ninelives and GML
In the buildin'

That's when we, that's when we, that's when we ride!
That's when we, that's when we ride on these bitches!
(2x)