

Yeah Nigga  
Yeah we can ride to this  
Just lay back, crew

Here's a taste of my life Nigga, its bitter and sweet  
I put my heart out to the sounds of the drums and the beat  
I put my life on the line when I'm out on the street  
Put my teflon on and roll with my heat  
I keep my circle nice and small, I don't fuck with these clown niggas  
In a race for the cheese, I run laps around niggas  
Soon as I step on stage, the crowd applauds nigga  
Soon as my sneaker wear in stores, Reebok stock soar  
I ain't gotta say I'm a boss, niggas can tell  
The east coast crib, the size of a small hotel  
The shit journalist write about me, get me confused  
Have me feelin' like the heavy weight champ when he lose  
I read somewhere, I'm homophobic shiiit  
Go through the hood, there's mad niggas on my dick  
Now we can get hostile or we can do this smooth  
T&T around, I can still make blow move

(2x):

This is what you call ryder music nigga  
All the gangstas are ridin' to it  
Let's roll, I can show ya how we do it  
When we ride to that ryder music (let's go)  
[Let's go]

Last year, I woke up, a good look, damn it feels good nigga  
On the low, I done fucked half of Hollywood  
Had your favorite actress from your favorite shows  
In my favorite position, you know how it goes  
In my Bentley bumpin' Prince shit "This is When Thugs Cry"  
This is what it sounds like when hollow tip slugs fly  
Homie, this is somethin' you can ride and smoke to  
Stay on point, cause niggas will ride and smoke you  
Jealousy's for women, but some niggas is bitch made  
They make you wanna run across they're head with a switch blade  
They point their finger at me, sayin' I'm bug  
My flows crack you listen, your fuckin' brains on drugs  
Look, ice drippin' on my neck, hands grippin' on the tec  
Fool trippin' through the set, you can get ya ass whipped  
Cards missin' out my deck, screws loose show respect  
You try to come at me kid, your ass better come correct

(2x):

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All the gangstas are ridin' to it  
Let's roll, I can show ya how we do it  
When we ride to that ryder music (let's go)  
(Let's go)

My mama gave birth to a winner, I gotta win  
Pray to Lord, forgive me for my sins  
Still thuggin', cruisin', rims gleamin'  
Like the stones on my wrist  
Zonin', guess this is how it feels to be rich

Homie, you hustlin' backwards if you chasin' a bitch  
Stupid, chase the paper, they come with the shit  
I'm fallin', in love with success  
Entrepreneure, connoisseur, I maneuver the best  
Rowin', ruger on my lap, rubber grip on the handle  
Stunt I'll have ya homies burn a rest in peace candle  
As wise men speak, I listen and learn  
A man dies, a baby's born, my niggas the world turns  
Rappers, I make 'em sick when I say I'm the shit  
They mistake my confidance for arrogance, they hate on the kid  
In '99, I had a vision and made a decision  
Bein' broke is against my religion, now picked up

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(Let's go)