

## Ride With That

B.G.

Wasup nigga?

This the H.N.I.C. of Choppa City Records  
3 time loser but I still ride with it, ya heard me?

Well it's Geezy, the hottest of the hot  
You can catch me posted in the middle of the block  
Suited and booted, I'm bout it, ain't gotta prove it  
I see it then I'ma do it, I up it then I'ma use it  
And it's like that, don't think you gon' steal  
a nigga off my team and my team ain't gon' strike back  
We'll be right back, fuck you done it nigga  
We treat beef like coke, we 2-for-1 a nigga  
Them soldiers coming nigga, you hear 'em stumpin nigga  
Your clips loaded about 100, it ain't no runnin nigga  
You gon' get punished nigga, and your partners too  
You in beef, so that mean they got it too  
Now is they nuttin up, or they skettin out  
You gon' see when that pressure come, they gon' rat you out  
And once we find out, where ya layin at  
That's when we come in 50 deep and scam that

I keep peeps that will always, ride with me  
I got beef so I always, ride with that  
When I creep I always, ride with that  
When we meet then ya know I'ma be, poppin that

You know I sleep and I eat it  
I'm in the streets it ain't easy  
All year round, where I'm from it's murder season  
I keep mine close, always in grabbing reach  
I heard they got a few niggaz talkin bout snatchin me, nabbin me  
I ain't going for that, come with it, come get it  
Last nigga tried, you know how it ended  
Wig splitted, dun-diggidy, I'm bout this, I bang back  
You ain't gotta wonder where them things at, they right here  
I walk with em, ride with em, sleep with 'em  
Fuck with me, I'ma show you I'm a fool when I creep with 'em  
I'ma beast with em, Gizzle don't play, I'm a dog  
AK's, Mack 11's, Tech 9's, got 'em all  
Put your face on the wall, I'm lookin at that  
Sayin how ya gon' let a nigga hit me from the back  
You gotta think in the streets, don't trust nobody  
If you ever caught hustlin, don't bust nobody

Don't start no shit, won't be no shit  
When death come close your eyes, you won't see that shit  
Fuckin with Choppa City, nigga it's gon' be that shit  
We bout that trigger play, partner you could leave that shit  
I'm a uptown nigga, I'ma be that there  
Bitch made type nigga, can't be that there  
When there's money coming in, I'ma be right there  
C-Vannis, Magnolia, I'ma be right there  
With the 40 on my hip, the chopper 'cross the street  
The sniper on the roof, keepin a eye on me  
I'm a product of the street, I get it how I live  
It is what it is so I get it how I live  
I'm bout that guerilla warfare, I cock the nine back

I told her round, I'm bout the dime bags  
Whatever you're thinking, don't try that  
Cause where ya hide at, I'ma find that

[Chorus]