

# Ridin In The Streets

Bizzy Bone

Just, just, just...  
Just ridin', ridin'...  
Ridin' the city streets in a black benz lexus  
Just ridin', ridin'...  
I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me, ain't nobody jealous man

Just, just, just...  
I'm just ridin', ridin'...  
Ridin' the city streets in a black benz lexus  
Where we be feelin' the beat, tuckin' the piece  
I'm just slidin', slidin'  
Feelin' my (?), I'm feelin' you, you feelin' me

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We're nothin' but crumbs, crumbs, we're nothin' but crumbs  
We're nothin' but crumbs, crumbs, we're nothin' but crumbs  
See it's the thug, thuggish ruggish, give me some bud  
I'm out on the way to go get me some love  
Stuck in the part where I put up the cup, don't  
What about the slopes, tryin' a get dangerous  
We're nothin' but crumbs, they gave me the tomb  
And heavenly Father all over your son  
The people are part of ya, never be found  
But what was it for, tellin' my people to point to the guns  
And what did the fools finally see who really be ridin'  
Look at the war and here it come  
I'm the beginning and the ending, what are we spending  
Watch your paper, gospel gangstas walkin' in churches  
Don't search us, they tyrin' to escape though  
Monotony and a monopoly, gotta get ready to put us a chair  
Rott there, get in the car, Day's of our Lives oh well  
I'm from the best, the sick of the best  
The sicker the test, will settle finesse, so Bizzy the Kid  
The best...let me get this, that we feelin' depressed

How many times we gather our rest, so why do they cuss  
My lips are (?), Lord know's I'm not ugly

And how many times we gather our rest, so why do they cuss  
My lips are (?), the Lord know's I'm not ugly  
Heavenly father you are the best, one time...

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I'm a rise to the fullest, make 'em do it  
Make 'em pull it, fill your torso's up with bullets  
Nigga this the true shit, and it sit's with a new kid  
Who goes there, I, we used to slam them dog's  
Now we raise 'em up high, lamborghini dog's to the sky  
My nigga, I be flossin' on a dog, I ain't shy my nigga  
No wonder why nigga, I'm a hard workin' horse  
Keep my grammy on a mantle, fuck puttin' it in a source  
If rap was a bitch I'll want a divorce  
And if rap was a study, you would need you a course  
I'm a rap 'til my voice gone, probably 'til I lose it  
But y'all can't do it, duplicate my music  
Listen 'til they cruisin', haters be refusin'  
They bitches want to listen to it  
But they gotta be true with it  
Get bucked knuckler, act a foo' with it  
It's rider season, and really ain't no rules to it  
Nice and smooth gettin' through it  
I'm the ace, realest rapper since Pac want to take my place

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Nobody's just...

I'm just ridin', ridin', ridin' the city streets  
Packin' the strap in the back of my black khakis  
That's creased, windows down, system on blast  
Feelin' the breeze, smokin' and chokin' that reefer dog  
I'm needin' my trees (ha, ha--ha, ha)  
Windows down, system on blast, feelin' the breeze  
Eyes on my rearview, watch my back for the police  
The homi's say watch my back for enemies  
Touch your back, the hennesey stay (?) my remedy  
Catch me dippin' through the streets  
Givin' a fuck, runnin' them stoplights  
Swerve it to the left, and I swing it to the right  
I'm a hard switchin' lane, scrapin' bumpers and all  
All eyes on me whenever I'm rotatin' white walls  
And as soon as night falls  
I let them hundred spokes crawl  
Straight dippin' through the city  
With my rider's and dogs  
It's Mr. Criminal puttin' it down  
With the homi's from Bone Thugs  
And these hater's get flossed on  
These bitches get no love

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