

Ride On

Chris Webby

See now my cup is full, my vibe is boosted
My fate is undecided, but it's going down the way that I choose it
Living life up on the stage and it's like I'm on display
And the fans coming through when they know every word to the songs that I fu
cking play
Bang the speakers out plus tears are leaking out
Girls in the crowd are freaking out, labels reaching out
Buzz is peaking out, when I'm doing everything I dreamed about
Man, I think I'm on one, saw the easy route, took the long one
And now they ain't ready for this crazy white boy
Running through the rap game like Donkey Kong
Cause I be super smashing them I'm back with a rap attack
I'm homegrown and I grew the roots and it's about damn time that I flew the
coop
So mother fucker let me show you what this dude could do
Going through the roof and I'm gonna hold my own
CT down to the bones, so anywhere I'm going you know I'm coming back
Because as they say, ain't no place like home so then I'm gone

Ride on...yeah
Baby, where you wanna go
Got my foot up on the pedal till the sun goes down
I just hop up in the driver's seat and
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We be riding, we be riding
We be riding, yeah we be riding on

I'm here to do my thang, so what you really know about that shit
Good kid in a fucked up game, suitcase still packed from the last trip
Like this and I feel alright, turned around my life
Started from the bottom, now I'm in the middle
Sitting first class on a flight and I still got fight
As long as I got a mic I'll recite the type of hype shit that'll spark ignit
e
And set the world on fire when I give it a light
You never heard of one like this in your life because I go so hard
Got these bars on me, baby, I'm a super star and the bass go roar
Like I got Simba trapped in the trunk of my car
R-R-Roger that the rhyme is back, stepping on the gas pedal when I write a t
rack
Real shit, anybody that deny the facts, fuck you, ain't nobody got time for
that
Ain't nobody got time for that shit, the same kid crashing Datpiff
Is back to the smack the world off it's axis
I'm in the game now, you better go home and practice
Firework in the sky bitch, get so high, fuck around and hit a pilot
I'm just feeling like it really is my time, this rhyme shit ain't for the we
ak
Don't try this, at home if you ain't ready for the life, this game ranks whe
ther or not you like it
So I'm telling you all the ups and downs so you can see the world I'm in, lo
oking through my eyelids

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I came close to being on and as a got I could of made it
Frustrated with the industry, how can I motivate it
Feeling like the only loser that my parents pro-created
Watching homies that associated with me goin wait it
So it's my turn for the mic
But I saw my nigga so elated
I was jaded, when I made it, it was hard to believe
Even harder for me not to wear my heart on my sleeve
But, people judging me in the public
And I started to read, the comments underneath my video, my skin is thick en
ough
It's hard to describe the feeling when somebody telling me that my music got
them through when they were feeling like giving up
He standing right in front of me tearing up
Cause he enough with his girlfriend and they breaking up
He breaking up, playing my music it helps to lighten the blow
Player wishing to sleeping like 20 times in a row
Mouthing the lyrics when they hear it getting hype at the show, I love it
Ain't got no money, but I'm getting through
Gotta remind myself, time to time when I get in a depressing mood
I'm getting papers
Light in piece of hell I deserve and I serve
Thinking they crude, they look at my dressing room
1,000 miles away they want an autograph
He said he like my deep records and my party tracks
I scribble things across the bottom half
It's Rittz and Chris Webby, you ready, let's hit the launching pad, let's fl
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