

# 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  
Ride on...yeah  
Baby, where you wanna go  
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

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  
Ride on...yeah  
Baby, where you wanna go  
We be riding, we be riding  
We be riding, yeah we be riding on

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 enough  
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 fly

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  
Ride on...yeah  
Baby, where you wanna go  
We be riding, we be riding  
We be riding, yeah we be riding on

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  
Ride on...yeah  
Baby, where you wanna go  
We be riding, we be riding  
We be riding, yeah we be riding on