

# When We Ride

Deuce

Hey yo, Deuce,  
You hear about this fuck boy Danny,  
Fuckin' American Idol reject...

Fuckin' Faggots!

That's when we, that's when we, that's when we ride!  
That's when we, that's when we ride on these bitches!  
(2x)

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot snitches  
So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in ditches  
(2x)

Yo, Hollywood Who? Without my dawg Deuce,  
Don't make me have to ride, Men the boy got juice  
In or outside, this ain't only in the booth  
Somebody gonna die, they gonna wish they called truce

Kinda Major on a track got Truth, Gadget get the facts  
If you faggots wants prove, might as well hang it up now  
No noose,  
I'm fuckin' everybody, leave your pussies out loose

Tie em' up and I throw em' in the trunk  
Fuckers want a war  
And Imma give em' what they want  
Bend they ass over  
Imma treat them like a punk  
Prison break that ass off.  
Going til I bust a nut

I don't give a fuck, never have never will  
Go try find a better rapper with some better skill  
I murder mother fuckers, I massacre for the thrill  
Itching for some fucking killing and blood is my Benadryl

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot snitches  
So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in ditches  
(2x)

Look now, you got to admit  
No one likes your pussy music  
You say you sold out, but didn't sell shit  
Fucking idiots, lip sync fags milli vanili bitch  
How the fuck do you call yourself a band?  
You can barely rap its on now  
What comes up must come must come down

When this shit flies, I won't be around

Saying I couldn't spit was your biggest mistake  
Now UNDEAD sucks, they're a bunch of fakes  
Johnnys' getting overweight he's to fat to be callin' names

Let's play a game  
Everyone's listening

When I say fuck, sing along and say "Fuck HU"  
Fuck HU!

When I say "What's my name?"  
You call me Big Deuce  
What's my name?  
BIG DEUCE!

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot snitches  
So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in ditches  
(2x)

It's what it is, I'm the best in the Biz  
Black ski mask and the cig, 2 clips  
2 sips off of that Rosay  
With my man Jose with the coke  
Wait

OC, and the bumb of the cree cree  
HU be softer then the sea breeze  
Fuck You  
We be nuttier than a reeses  
And we see more dough  
Move more blow

Deuce go solo, drop yall homos  
So fly out come the parachute  
I'm always first to bail  
Never scared to shoot

The Truth, ya know I'm out for the loot  
Heading to the top  
We movin' through the roof  
Shorty got her top down  
Just like the coupe

Fuck you, this is 9Lives  
Real like, my ties  
One slip and you all die

That's when we ride on bitches, you fuckin' faggot snitches  
So don't you try, we packin' 9's, we leave you dead in ditches

What!  
Say what the fuck!  
Six shooters up!  
Now, what the fuck!  
Point them up!

Imma snatch your mask off  
And tell it like it is  
No more talent, no more show biz  
Deuce left the band  
Now yall a bunch of jokes

Hollywood IS Dead  
And thats all she fucken wrote  
Leave you dead in the ditches  
Heard you were snitches

9Lives that's how  
We ride on you bitches, yeah  
I said it, it's the boy from GML

If you got hurt feelings, oh well

Do something you couldn't  
Face me on your best day  
The Wiz Kid is gone  
That's why you get less pay

Still remember when your  
First album dropped  
Skipped it to the chorus  
The rest of yall flopped

Whack ass lyrics  
I mean garbage  
Leaky like a faucet  
Your whole entourage

Wish on a star bitch  
You'll never make a million  
Ninelives and GML  
In the buildin'

That's when we, that's when we, that's when we ride!  
That's when we, that's when we ride on these bitches!  
(2x)