

Ride Out

E.S.G.

(*talking*)

Uh what, two triple
Getting it how we live, Wreckshop
Chevis, independent labels uh
(the Hardest Pit is off the chain
The Freestyle King is in the god damn game
And it's going down, E.S.G. and Po-Yo
Tyte Eyez what's up, let's make 'em ride out ha

[Big Pokey]

On tracks I break backs, so come on with it
Here go sixteen bars of poison, getting spitted
Go out and go get it, that's the way I was trained
I'm here on wax baby, with no pro fame
Switch four lanes, in a big old fo' do'
Chevis bread winner, bout to rep the logo
Tours in Tokyo, and Amsterdam
If I'm featured on a song, then it have to jam
Eat niggaz up, like a rack of lamb
For power I spit bars, like battle ram
Call the ambulance, tell 'em stitch this track
If my verse ain't hot, tell 'em hit me back
As a matter of fact, we go dolla for dolla
Independent got our pockets, bout the size of Kamala
Getting big of shotter, balling with your honey
Gambling this shit, fucking off the show money

[Hook]

Wreckshop and Chevis, and we go hard in the paint
Gotta hitting the town, overseas and swiss banks
No blank checks, or who next to plex with the best
Suggest your wearing a vest, or get a hole in your chest
You better ride out (ride out), ride out (ride out)
Ride out (ride out), ride out (ride out)

[Tyte Eyez]

Excuse a young nigga, for taking up too much space
A lyrical drop out, it's Tyte Eyez
Releasing rhymes from my vocals, making 'em hit the deck
E.S.G. and Po-Yo, got's to give us respect
Chin check is what they catch, for fucking around with some veterans
Relieving pain from your pain, like a bottle of Excedrin
Dirty 3rd's the section, we filling all prescriptions
From pills to codeine, to ecstasy we granting wishes
Eat steak on platinum dishes, going fishing in the Gulf
North pull out the boat, and let the jet skis float
Dirty 3rd's the coast, and we some superstars
Wearing ten around our neck, investing fifty in a car
And if you ever see me rolling, blowing weed into traffic
Ain't no high side with me, you need to postally autograph it
Ain't no calling you fishes or bitches, or even scrubs

Cause we get it how we live it, and that's ghetto love

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

I'm leaving stains in they brains, sixteen bars of pain
Like a four year old kid, putting her'on in they vein
They addicted when it's spitted, well kid I'm working
Trunk on wave, just like a white boy serving
20's be hurting, when I hit the curb slow
Make sure next year, y'all reserve the front row
At the Grammy's, haters can't stand me
Condo in Texas, beach house in Miami
What you dream about I done it, rap game I run it
Bank account on swoll, like Big Moe's stomach
Last year was a good one, reached my quota
Forbes Top 50, came right on over
Sammy Sosa taking over, mashing Rutgers
Riding candy Winebagos, Compact computers
Wreckshop and Chevis, worth a bill each now
Sitting on 22's, shutting the whole piece down

[Hook - 2x]