

# Ride

## Haystak

Everybody wants to ride  
Everybody gonna die

I ain't gonna slow rhymes to the top in no time  
Stay show time, I showshine, running like I'm on the goal line  
Grabbed the chrome nine, proceed with caution  
Around here shit's rougher than Stone Cold Steve Austin

Floss, ridin' dirty with strikes against me  
Say what's on my mind and the critics can give me  
Some empty ink pens like clips, fuck a mind game  
Welcome to my fully automatic mind frame

They say, "Fuck Haystak"  
They don't say that when they see me  
No 'cause in reality I'm bigger than on TV  
Rolexes don't tick they glide, you can run, you just can't hide

My shit's hotter than pepper spray, bitch ain't barring me  
I'm roundin' everyday, you weaker than R&B  
My life between [Incomprehensible] enough to make me psychotic  
I was born up around the projects that's why I speak Ebonics

Everybody wants to ride, no one want to die  
(Come on, now)  
Why be afraid of one place on the other side  
(You ready?)

Why live life in fear, death is guaranteed  
(Come on, now)  
Take it why you're here, money, hoes and weed  
(Let's ride)

Motherfuckers think I'm rappin' for no reason for rhymin'  
I'm motivated about the paper, the pussy and the diamond  
But in the back of my mind, a part of me still exists  
And still writes rhymes for the thrill of killin' lyricists

I'm serious with this like a massive heart attack  
Talk that shit but you don't know part of Stak  
Drop bombs like quarterbacks, B-52's  
Went from interrogation to magazine interviews

Most of my life the situation was win or lose  
You died on the drugs, money or your tennis shoes  
This shit is deep, wolves dressed up as sheep  
The enemy has got you thinkin' their your motherfuckin' peeps

I learned one thing comin' up in Tennessee  
It's that people like you, you need people like me  
To point your fuckin' finger and say that's the bad guy  
Turn green with envy when my posse pass by

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Nobody on your side, speakin' in the phone rapidly  
You're thinkin' this motherfucker just blasted me  
Hopin' it was a bad dream, the sad thing is, this is reality  
And three seconds and you gonna be a fatality, like  
Three, two, one, we're losing him people

Don't resist me, it will do you no good, if you try to fight  
Just walk with me into this light, even though your heart is full of fright  
Don't be afraid, relax, your tension is makin' it worse  
There's no point in callin' an ambulance  
Somebody get this man a hearse

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