

Gone Ride With Me

Juvenile

I'm charging 600 for some big hoe
You do business with me, you coming back to get more
My shit is fire, cause it's jogging back to twenty-nine
So when niggas shouldn't have no problem 'bout me getting mine
If you come at me with a shot I must say shop closed
Motherfuckers try to get smart you gon' get popped hoe
I buck with niggas out the Jake like Will and Paco
Have conversations for bitches until they got drove
Picture me gently getting twisted off the indo
Baby, Lil Wayne, B.G., and me committing sins though
Better beware because we 'bout to spend a billion though
Don't get caught out without the shit cause you will end though
Me and my people got to hustle just to pay the rent
Some of us not in the position that we say we in
Can't have no bill collectors through my residence
That's why everyday I be running for the president
All in I ain't another nigga, shits irrelevant
You get your head busted for playing with my intelligence
Yeah

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Pick up the supply with me
Be up in the ride with me
Do a homicide with me, who, me
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You making shit more complicated than it should be
You feel your death is coming soon only it could be
Nigga got killed because they never understood me
I know your block is similar to how my hood be
This nigga with all of this playing getting on my nerves
He calling me up on the phone saying he want a Burb
I told his daddy that's not how I handle business, man
How I know you not turning, say that you be with me saying
Doing business with you I'm not even considering
How to be in the safe get around that you niggas in
I move to fast, remember Payton is a virtue
And keep your eyes open cause niggas gon' observe you
They waiting for the perfect time that they can hurt you
And if they catch you off your basis they gon' serve you
I wonder if my people locked up still remember me
I'm talking 'bout you laying in rotten penitentiaries
All my niggas

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I already got you listening to what I said
You better straighten up, there, soldier 'fore I bust your head
Hoe if you got something you better not even show your face
Cause a nigga been doing bad and might explore your place
Look, you know you not a body cause they know you fake
If you want to go to war I know what it take
Come with a team of choppers, not no thirty-eight
And we gon' turn this 211 into a murder case
And me a Russell gon' get dizzy out the Thunderbird
And start a nuclear revolution right up on your curb
Niggas keep fucking with me cause they know I'm hitting laws
My truck is sitting on twenties, and I'm hitting broads
If you get beside yourself, then you got to go
You creeping on the C-M-P's that's not possible
I hit a fifty out my chopper and I got some more
You say you ready for me Woo-dey I don't really know
Know

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