

# 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

My nine is gonna die with me  
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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