

Just Ride

Kevin Gates

One, two, three, four, five, six
Bay hold on, you push a button for that to come up, baby

You know I really get it, go ask around the city
Hook up all them chickens girl don't ask me 'bout no tickets
Just ride, just ride, just ride just ride
Grindin' tryin' to get it, I be outchea every day
Just ride, just ride, just ride just ride
Grindin' tryin' to get it, I mean each and every day
If on the corner stores we chillin', pour liquor for we sippin'
This foreign car's expensive girl don't ask me 'bout the ticket
Just ride, just ride, just ride just ride
Grindin' tryin' to get it, I be outchea every day
Just ride, just ride, just ride just ride
Grindin' tryin' to get it, I mean each and every day

Seen shorty in at the corner store
Sixty on pump three and a white tee
Two mountain dews for these double cups
We pourin' up this Texas tea
No dark denim, these light seats
Put a towel down 'fore your jeans bleed
Hit the cellphone, look while you in there
Don't forget to grab a pack of swisher sweets
My money made, that's obsolete
I know police is watchin' me
Been a long time comin', sold drugs on the corner
You could smell aroma when the doors swing open
Base so good every dope fiend know it
Get a free car wash, could be 4 in the morning
Maybe 5 in the morning on the highway twistin'
We rollin' up sticky, she rollin' down windows
Bout the business in a different way of livin' every day
Showing interest in the difference, in the pen I don't play
Buddah club, we pullin' up
This whip could parallel park itself
Heat chain protector, motion detectors
New car alarm, the car guard itself
My partner text me HTD
Which to lame people means hard to death

Highed up, low key, push button start, no key
Ho roll up, na on second thought break them trees up
Cause I'm not sure that you gon' roll one as cold as me
I was shown by G's, Forgiatos on my auto it's a car show on my street
It's a car show on my lawn and all them cars belong to me
I'mma a don, I'mma dog, I'm like drugs on these beats
She get high from my rhymes then she chase it with some E
Or, she be chasin' me cause I be chasin' cheese
Had the drive to buy, all the shit I seen in magazines
I was 5, pictures of Ferraris and Lamborghinis on my wall
Now if I wanna see one I just step in my garage

For my niggas in the pen I go hard sometime
White and red whip like a Marlboro sign
Put my arm on the line, 'nother out of state trip
God blessed me in and out of 8 whips

4 or 5 am and my eyes stay bent
I do not do sleep, but I do blow lamps
Alloy rim with the bulletproof tints
Say they don't like me, see me ain't do shit
I could think on them, no time for it
? around me, he dyin' for it
Flood the game, new truck comin'
Move a lot of work, don't touch nothin'
Bred when the Mafia fly
Most likely to try, run the opposite side
What that mean, just bought me a graveyard
I ain't gotta pay y'all when somebody die
Pourin' out liquor for my kids, me I miss 'em
Never had a destination, ridin' 'round the city
Adrenaline'll build up while I'm listenin' to Twista
Aim on your brain, blow your feelin's on the fender
Think under your chin if I really pull the trigger
Everything you thinkin' 'bout to end up on the ceilin'
Ridin' with a bitch I DM'd off twitter
Hook up on chickens, bitch is you silly?
I am ridiculous