

# Who Ride Wit Us

Kurupt

Ride wit us, who ride wit us  
Awww yeah! do you wanna ride wit us  
Who ride wit us

When the six-tray bounce, the street scrapin the bumper  
Wit the sound for the summer that be thumpin and hummin  
Hoppin up the 'shaw on a sunday, what a fun day  
Dip skip trippin and whippin down the one-way  
Diggy daz a busta ain't had enough against  
Rough and rough but it's never too much  
Daz kurupt, kurupt and daz on that ass  
We clash blast suckers just like a head on crash  
This ain't back in the day, you get taught and sprayed  
Ak front to the back cause we hard to fade  
We enormous, we attackin it plus we swarmin  
To rumble in the jungle like ali and foreman  
We rippin it up, we be givin it up  
On the daily homeboy we be givin it up  
We be cuttin it up, scufflin to muffle it up  
Homeboy diggy daz (now with kurupt)

Livin it up -- shakin, makin the hood turn  
Boil and burn, two buckets of yearn  
Flippin stickin fools for chicken, scrapin the curbs  
Scrappin for the domes straight to the head thunderbird  
I'm on it homey, me and my homegirl diamond  
Down with a nigga damn near before a nigga was rhymin  
Daz, my closest homeboy  
California lickin switches a couple toys  
Retirin ? a couple jerseys  
Went from the sunny state to jersey, puffin hershey  
Let off, get off, or get spin off  
Spit off, set off, spun off the chest  
Off the roof -- a hundred and seventy-eight proof of boost  
Gangster daz and kurupt let loose  
This is it, short change dip wit us  
Sip wit it us, cock your heat or spit wit us

I'm tired of this (this) i'm tired of that (daz)  
I'm bout to bust, fool where's the strap  
G fo' flow for sho', bounce galo'  
Up and down stairs beats everywhere i go  
Calico excursions, different diversions  
Homicidal resurgence, swerve and see my homey  
On the corner chippin the curb and any busta  
Get close enough we servin

Homey don't get nervous  
Beware, daz kurupt fool beware  
Rippin it up fool so you better beware  
Of my crew, dre'd and blued up, get chewed up  
You and your all crap crew get bruised up  
I'm the one you love to hate so give me mine  
And pay dues and now i'm livin the life of crime  
Switched up, hit em up, blast or get em up  
Forty-five, tec nines blast or hit em up  
Aww yeah