

U Down To Ride

Lil Boosie

Man I was raised round thugs nigga
Man its Lil Boosie the 2005 juvi in the hemi with the tooly
I got them yellow eyes like my daddy eyes
With a look up on my face that say homicide
Come take a ride to Baton Rouge where I'm running loose
With a gun in hand eh day, like Tupac in Juice
Got my lil nigga in the back seat with a black hood
With a doja of the back wood
Rubberband on his fingers you know my nigga stack good
Its wheel of fortune my nigga still bustin them triggas
And I might stuck lil daddy but I'll touch one of you niggas
Let me run it by my Big Boi, big curb and hemlock
Big jock and kenyoock and teedo gone straight knock yo head off
South side levy dog til I'm gone with a heater for you people who gone disre
spect me wrong
That iron, that iron, nigga know I got mine
Nigga know that I'll blind any nigga who want my shine oh
Don't get me started
Don't make me gt so retarded I have to shut down the party
With a 40 on my waste
You niggas gone hate
Hollerin we riding choppa, you better stack up ya K

Yea you bout yo mind nigga? Me too, shit, me too, me too
Yea you slangin iron nigga? Me too, slangin iron, me too, me too
Yo click of niggas down to ride nigga? Me too, we down to ride, me too, me t
oo
Yea you on yo grind nigga? Me too, grind grind grind, me too, me too

Back to the facts, my niggas got stacks
That shit you tryna do, we been did that
My nigga Bleak up in the street, with a 44 revolver
Hollin boy play with Hatch and I'm going straight deadly departure
I-V-Y, and thats my nigga
And we ride or die, chasing these figures
Got me fucked up with your last mate, I ain't ya fuckin classmate
You talk shit get duct tape, now look at you fuck face
I been the best, gone be the best, cause I live what I'm talking
Been hustlin fo I remember, I really be ballin
I got a 320 benz, a 45 on the hip
22 inches on a hemi, and my records they sellin
For the convicted felon I cant get ballin dvd
Wish they could see me, right now I'm 3 deep
I gotta send a CD to the pen for my niggas who got 10 feelin like they just
cant win
For my nigga headbusta Headbusta, these niggas scared of us
We thug love lil daddy you could call us blood brothers
Don't make me get that choppa for ya sista and yo mutha fuckin mamma talkin
bout you bout that drama

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Man this last one for people who be asking

How you get that shit and yaint even went platinum
I would say but the Feds in the hood today
Packin us up like its judgement day
But my thugs, don't say a thang
You run yo mouth you get knocked off thats the fuckin game
They say they watchin us man, shit, me too
You think that I ain't been watchin you in my fuckin rearview
I would get a nigga to steal you but my city small
And if we drop one of you bitches we gone really ball
This for my niggas in the club with that liqour in them
Finna get that 4 nickle in them, that 4 nickle in them,