

When We Ride

Lil' Keke

Dirty South, Houston Texas
4 million strong, CMG, 2003 man
The young Don man, representing
This how we ride man, Southside
Northside, sing it..

When we ride, it's for the Southside
(it's for the Southside), it's for the Southside
It's for the Southside, yeah

The party over here, the party up over there
Southside lighting up, Saturday night I swear
Take a trip to Richmond, down to Westtown
When your chick driving, I pull up behind her
Look at the scene, look at the hoes
Look at the Dubs look at the 3's, look at the 4's
We gon wild out, till we fall out
Catch a freak get on, nigga that's no doubt
I'm the Dirty South lover, undercover brother
Getting my chips, don't change for nan nother
Bumping and talking, but that's okay
Have your weapon loaded up, cause we coming your way, hey

When we ride, it's for the Southside
(it's for the Southside), it's for the Southside
It's for the Southside, yeah
And we get high, with the Northside
(with the Northside), with the Northside yeah
With the Northside, yeah

When we ride, it's for the South and for the Northside
Boppers bopping when they see us, they open they mouth wide
We them goodfellas, running the city block to block
Herschelwood to Havistock, Vetapen to Scot
It don't stop, we get blowed all day long
Brothers got two or three Nextels, steady using a pay phone
Cause them people, be tapping into our conversations
If they catch us with that herb, we facing incarceration
If it's on the low, I love the sound of that
Plus if it's headbanger, I'ma sco' a pound of that
Z-Ro the phenomenon, and Lil' Keke the Don
S.U.C. smoking on cabbage, from dusk till dawn
That's for the sets my friend, it's no plex again
We all united in my city, like we all Mexicans
We all about our bread, candy blue or the red
Forever dangerous we bust heads, our city is FED ha

Glock 9, y'all niggaz gon make me pop mine
Back up lil' daddy, ain't no way you could stop mine
Drop mine, at the drop of a dime
Open up your ear, I'ma drop another line
It's bout time, now the road is clear
Got the tinted up Range, rolling up in the rear
We bout six or seven deep, when we pull from the mansion
Here come big 2, crawling up Avalanching
Big T, watching out no slipping
Cock the hammer back, if they breathe start tripping

CMG fall off, nigga it's no never
Call your boys call your click, we down for whatever
Suit yourself mayn, but we roll leather
Air Force 1's, throwbacks in this weather
H-Town, and it ain't nothing but love
I get high with the North, say what's up Slim Thug

Southside yeah, Northside
This how we ride man, this how we roll man
Yeah what, CMG nigga, 2000 and 3
I'ma try and look at you, a little bit out here
You understand, check it what