

Ride With Us

M.O.P.

Firing Squad nigga
Firing Squad!
Uh, First Family
Top notch nigga
BD, uh

I used to have so much confidence in myself
But now my game is changed and my pain's been felt
My hand's been dealt, but it was a missed deal
And words won't express the way a man William feel
I came up with them thugs, I grew up in that mud
Got my hands covered in blood, to stay above
The world (to see a better day)
Please my children need, and I can't find a fuckin way
What can I say, I'ma stressed ghetto soldier
I'm shell shocked from a back block off Saratoga
Remember what I told ya, I'm thirsty now
In fact I feel like everybody's out to hurt me now
Roll wit me now, am I the only cat that never see the
M slash O dash P on your TV and the
Industry keep fucking wit me
So I brought my cousins wit me
>From now on they gon be thuggin wit me
Eyes and ears nigga, blunts and beers nigga
For months and years it been Blood, Sweat and Tears
Nigga, raise your metal for Firing Squad royalty
First Family, royalty, holla!

[CHORUS x2: Fame and Bill Danze]
How many niggas plan to ride wit us (ride wit us)
How many niggas came to die wit us (die wit us)
Pop shots nigga, we don't give a fuck
Buck, buck, buck, buck, buck !! Ha Ha!

[Lil Fame]
This is only the beginning, you aint know one was comin
Stand face to me, no more runnin
Back from hell, the dramatic, automatic
Rap track flippin acrobatic
Yo we been in this game for damn near a whole decade
To the death, til the Firng Squad, cop the next tape
Brownsville slugger, knucka up in the house
Had a rumble with the Grim Reaper, knuckled it out
This aint for you big willies, this is for my small paws
Thuggin, wit guns in they draws
Go against the grain, break all laws
And keep a bitch wit him, wit drugs in her bra
Brooklyn, brainiest, blast
Aint nothing changed since that nigga been past
Sound, pound, make you wanna bark
Specialized by Firing Squad, the underdogs, c'mon!

[CHORUS x2]

[Billy Danze]
(It's the Firing Squad assassins)
Ghetto blastin

Operation ran by your man toucan dance for thug fashion
(Criminal passion) Top of the line
It's unnecessary, buries, but we still manage to shine
(Take a life son) Fuck that!
You know the verdict your only a soldier duke but don't get murdered
You heard I was, raised with the elements
It's William, and if you feel him then don't fuck with my intelligence
I'm from the Ville, (that's home)
I holds my own being that my father's reflection have connected and roam

[Lil Fame]

Blow 'em and check 'em wit chrome, have ya heard of me
I heard you wanna hit me, split me, murder me
So I, regulate, designate, demonstrate
Blow back you fools wit tools, set 'em straight
What you want nigga, hah, what it's gon be
I'ma be leavin you leakin with clip in the palmy
I'ma son of a gun, a automatic 4 5th
Gun shots let off for my dogs, leave your boy stiff
Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare
Play a part 'fore you fuck around and start a war here
(We bust back) Collapse, I'm rated R
Bringin it real strong cuz you niggas still gon hit me pa
Y'all want me, come find me motherfucker

[CHORUS x2]

heh heh, how many niggas
Ride wit us
Can you ride
Firing Squad nigga
Yeah! Wit us!
First Family, murder
Top notch nigga
You know the rules of the motherfucking game
C'mon!