

How We Ride

Mannie Fresh

Yeah
Ya drive a Chevy now
Yeah, I'm ready now
The car's stolen baby
But I'm rollin baby

Cadillacs to Cutlass
Regals, Pontiacs and Chevrolets
We ride, we ride Chevrolets ('let's)
Chevrolets ('let's), Chevrolets ('let's)
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I got a big '67 'Lac Coupe DeVille
Mississippi on the tag, man that wood on the wheel
That motherfucka change colors like a lizard and shit
55 ridin south, gettin head from a bitch
Matter fact, yo bitch, nigga love it and check it
She like leather to the ass, so I love to ride naked
Right, bang her in the pussy, baby how that feel?
Left hand, swangin free, grippin wood on the wheel
Then I smack her on the ass man, and jump in the Regal
I got some hoes 'cross the river, all up in west, wiggle
Ready to twurk, pop it sick somethin, do it for daddy
I get back, later on ya bitch is washin my Caddy
Spit-shine, waxed up, Armor-All on the tire
Ran the hoes down the throat, cause that mouth so fire
That's where a nigga ride, in the south
You taste a nigga dick, every time you shove ya tongue in her mouth
Ya weak bitch!

Say man, I'm in the deuce, in the quarter
Fuck with juice, smoke, and water
Actin bad with'cha daughter
Like a real nigga ought'a
What her-what her momma taught her
Keep ya boys toes curled up
But man she be-man she be fuckin ya boy world up
I'm thowed in the streets
I'm thow-thowed in the game
I rock-rock bizintine
Stay blow-blown in the brain
I'm grippin-grippin on the grain
Like a real south-sider
I bounce and swang-bounce and swang down on them spiders
Partna you think you know, but playa you mistakin
You knew ya seen-knew ya seen the candy paint cakin
Bump back-bump back and recline, trunk-trunk open wide
Woof-woof beat'cha dome, it's a-it's about to go
Chrys'a-Chrys' about to po'
You know we-know we got the g's
Real-real "Big Tymers", all a-all about the cheese
So gon-gon' show ya tattoos, and ya gold tooth
We screamin-screamin "Free Pimp C", and flaggin out the roof baby

Four-fifty-four (Big-block, red stripes-stripes)
Comin through this bitch with them loud ass pipes-pipes
(Any nigga wanna come and get it) Please-please
Breeze by yo ass, with the motherfuckin ease
In the middle of the dark and Interstate sparkin
Call-induction opened up, carbuerator barkin
Pass by the crowd, music real loud
(Every-every thang in my cd-changer for the sound)
Then I do it real good, diamonds on the wood
Oh pissy-ass, sissy-ass lame wish he could
Ride like that, "Diamond in the Back"
Moon-roof top, Brougham Cadillac
Then I pass in my Cut' dawg, screamin out (Fuck y'all)
Roll down the window, hey! Let a pimp pluck off
Acious Clacious Clay has returned
In a Super-Sport Chevy with' a ultra-perm, woo!

[Hook]