

Ride It

Meg Mac

You're having hard times
You're having rough days
I bet those tall minds
Are having better days

Oh, the thing about me
The thing about me

Seen people throw change
Run back to old flames
But I wash my cold hands
'Cause I've seen better days

I got seven ways to fight it
I got a uniform to hide it
I'm gonna skip some gears and ride it
Ride it (ride it) ride it

And while you sit by
Well they gonna fly higher
Moving right to find them better days

Oh, the thing about me
Is when I grow up
And get my shit packed up
(Ride it, ride it)

I got seven ways to fight it
I got a uniform to hide it
I'm gonna skip some gears and ride it

I'm gonna ride it til the sun go down
It ain't so bad if you can dream about it now
I'm gonna ride it til the sun go down
It ain't so bad if you can dream about it now

I got seven ways to fight it
I got a uniform to hide it
I'm gonna skip some gears and ride it
Ride it, ride it, ride it, ride it

Well I'm gonna move it
I'm gonna take it
I'm gonna ride it (ride it)
I'm gonna ride it
I'm gonna ride it (ride it)
Ride it, ride it, ride it, ride it
Ride it, ride it, ride it, ride it