

# Horses

Playa Fly

Got me some horses  
To ride on to ride on  
Got me some horses  
To ride on to ride on

How many gon ride with me  
Got me some horses to ride

Got me some horses  
To ride on to ride on  
How many gon ride with me (got me some horses to ride)  
Got me some horses  
To ride on to ride on

Got me some horses  
To ride on to ride on  
How many gon ride with me (got me some horses to ride)  
Got me some horses

To ride on to ride on  
Got me some horses  
To ride on to ride on  
How many gon ride with me (got me some horses to ride)  
Got me some horses  
To ride on to ride on

I got myself a stable  
Ready, willing and able  
To do whatever it takes  
To keep some food upon my table  
Natural born hustlers, hustlers  
Mafia motherf\*\*kers  
Down ass niggas  
Ready to ride on you bustas  
Tax us, yuko sax, pistol grips  
We boom boom that  
We ain't playin  
You know what we got  
And yo, you know where we at  
And we ain't running from jack, shit  
This ones I gotta in the sound and ya dead  
So I'm a hold em by the reins  
To the end of my reign  
And teach my son  
How to ride these thangs  
By the moves of the game  
Which ain't never gon change  
And raise me a full grown mafia ass man  
Or get stuck in  
Were coming round the bend  
And how many ridin with when I be in  
I W I inna Gizza O double G  
Tryna teach  
Shoulda put us left two dollars on me  
Cause I

Don't grab mac 10s 11 9s and ks

And 4'5s revolvers from the cowboy days  
Look here buddy  
It's gonna get ugly on this one  
So don't weigh up the gun  
If you're ain't ready to ride son  
See, I mean this lead is gonna burn  
And wounds gonna bleed  
So don't mount up  
Once you straddle this steed  
Cause it's all out warfare  
And I don't care  
About busting fly's pistol  
To take life from here  
Cause once the smoke is clear  
I'll be still standing here  
With my blunt on my lip  
And my gun on my hip  
And if you wanna go on?  
Then I'll bust your lip  
Your nose is swollen, your eyes  
And then I empty the clip  
And were gone saddle up  
Hit em up, move'em out  
Me and my minnie mae members  
Hit it back to dirty south  
And this battle is one  
But the war has just begun  
Last time I'm came gunned  
And this time I'm dropping bombs  
Hiroshima...

Ain't it a perfect picture  
But it was far from pretty  
It mostly exposed  
The underground of my city  
You the known d pimps and G's  
Prostitutes and thieves  
All of the cut throats  
And very few was unt-es  
Got me a couple of horses  
But not just any horse  
This bitch yo won d derby  
So triple crowned it early  
Living up to expectation  
Help put this mob on the nation  
A couple of lemons gon knock it  
But this fat full profit  
So stop your idol gossip  
I'll beat your f\*\*kin ass  
Y'all just some damn losers  
Don't want to cross ma path  
My dues been overpaid  
I'm fallin in the rage  
Stepped on this front page  
Shining on similar stage  
Progress is step by step  
And making a name for myself  
Thaistik gon do it solid  
Cuttin d loss on my breath  
Wanna know what Thaistik do  
When am feeling sad and blue  
Got a couple of horses to ride on  
How bout you?

No matter how many situations  
Rise against me  
I got my mafia posse ridin with me  
We cause mass destruction  
Like Osama binny  
Cause alls on d line  
O mafia minnie  
I'm like parker lose, yo  
And I can't lose  
I got to much at stake  
Fly got a job to do  
And the truth is out  
I feel obliged to know  
That I got strong stallions  
To ride on young buck  
And wild full blooded thoroughbreds  
And this time I'm racin  
For the bacon and the bread  
The head and the ass  
The cap and the gown  
And the most coveted prize  
The triplin m-crown  
I found me some ground  
And I'm staking fly claim  
Everything that I got  
Was earned on fly's name  
I'll take the fortune  
Fly motherf\*\*k the fame  
As long as I keep studs  
Males and castles to ride mane  
Yo I

[Chorus x3: fade out]