

# Bye Bye

Psychopathic Rydas

Jumpsteady

Tom Dub

Patrick

Jason

Av Curt

Billy

Jeremy

Pickles

Steve

Barry

Mike E

Jesse

Mike C

Nathan

Stephen (Hooha hooha)

Eric

J Dirty

Nathan

Don Corleone

I blow ya throat piece off (hey)

And you gone spray blood everytime you cough

Cuz I'ma murderer (Like That)

And it's time your learned

If you dance with tha devil

Then yo ass get burned

Affiliation

Gang bang professional

Me and yo murda was intentional

Your momma gonna need therapy when you die

Cuz I'ma sever your head

And send yo momma yo eyieaaa

Who wanna test a mutha fucka

Bitch I'm the hardest

Nigga in the hood

Your rap part is my targets

I'm scopin' ya out

Red beam on yo forehead

Bodies don't play

I'm quick to leave ya dead

Bitch we ain't broke

We all about our cash

And that's an ole mutha fucka

Still talkin' trash

I pull tha gat out

And stick it in yo mouth

And why you niggas cryin'

The Rydas goin' all out

Bye Bye

These Rydas don't die

Bye Byie

C'mon killa come try

Bye Bye

Buckshot go boom

Bye Byie

Rydas in the room

Betta watch yo back  
I got my gat cocked  
Right between yo ass and let it fly  
And watch your whole program drop  
I give a f\*\*k I'm like a hit man  
Rydin' in trucks  
And I be bustin' mutha fuckas  
With these hot ass slugs  
I sold drugs fo to long  
Now I'm inta killin' shit  
Into bustin' hollow into bitches  
Who pop the helly lip  
Ryda Clique  
Fo Fo murdered the whole block  
Burn that bitch down  
Bitch ass niggas can eat a glock  
I spark one to yo chest  
Launch on the floor  
Forty poured out in your memory  
Whud you die for?  
Tryin' ta score  
Outta Full Clip's pocket  
That's why your heart is pullin'  
From the place of riot  
Any side-runner tryin' to undercut a Ryda  
Get blasted up and wild  
Than Tracy Lorde's vagina  
Cuz we wiser  
Than yo average gang bang hustla  
Kickin' up dust  
When I bust  
Ryde sumthin' ya

Pucker up and kiss your ass goodbye  
All you none Rydin' mutha fuckas  
You can eat a dick and die  
What you know about a thug?  
What you know about a G?  
You ain't a Ryda mutha fucka  
You ain't shit to me  
No matter what those otha niggas try to tell ya tho  
Fuck you and yo skills  
And yo jaw gettin' broke  
If you ain't Fo Fo  
Bullet or Cell Block  
Full Clip or L'il Shank  
You can eat a cock

Look at me  
Gangsta, Khakis and last  
Shotgun barrel to your mouth hole  
Blast  
Blow yo Adam's apple  
Into apple sauce  
Call yo momma  
And tell her bout her horrible loss  
But I guess...no...f\*\*k  
Fuck yo lud  
Cuz I ran out  
And I bail out in a black truck  
I don't even wanna see yo face no more

I'ma rip it off and then punch your skull

Dumb mutha fucka  
Bring an eight ball for Sherm  
When you gonna learn  
That a Ryda let his pistol burn  
Contact a lawyer firm  
And get your wig broke  
Straps are flying  
To yo head, legs, chest, and throat  
Let it be known  
To the rest of your bitch crew  
Ain't no limitations  
Shit...who we run through  
You mutha fucka you  
Kiss yo momma with two from my ride (BUCK BUCK BUCK)  
Boom baby bye bye

I see you bitches still don't know  
I let the gat do that talkin'  
When I'm balkin' at these punk ass hos  
Catch ya slippin' in my gunzone (Yayaaa)  
All alone  
Wit my beam on the tip of yo nose  
And there it goes blaugh  
Shootin' bitches  
For some back in the day  
Try ta rat a nigga out  
Now they buried away  
Niggas gettin' carried away (bye bye)  
On the strips  
With the white sheet  
Bitch ass nigga  
Now ya bug me  
797 797  
We are high in the sky  
We've located 5 suspects  
They are heading east bound on 7 mile  
They just crossed woodward  
Please respond

797, this is coral police responding  
We have units in pursuit at this time  
Once the suspects are apprehended  
We are going to suck their units  
Over

Coral, this is 797  
Be advised  
If the suspects ejactulate  
Save some for me  
Over