

Ryden Dirtay

Psychopathic Rydas

These rydas to cool to ryde dirty
They Ryde Dirtay
See basically, uhh, everyday when you wake up in hood
You gotta look at yourself in the mirror
And make that decision
Either you gonn ride like a square
Or you gonna ride dirty like a Ryda
But Rydas are too cool for that shit
They Ryde Dirtay
You see
You might have 6, 7 bags heroin up in the mutha f**k glove box
Or maybe a brick of weed taped to the engine
I don't know what your preference is
Mutha fucka but ya better have your heat
And if the pig pull you over
You can't hesitate to pull off on his ass

15 black trucks baby
Rydin' in the roll
From the 7 Mile East to the southwest side
Slow
Final destination
Clark Park summertime
Where them bitches flaunt ass in the sunshine
I grip my wheel
I'm like the 4th truck back
L'il punch of perkasetts
And a Kool-Aid pack
Diggin'
I'm tryin' not to spill the Rock and Rye
With the freekshow bump face twitch in my eye
Blowin' cane dust all up off the dash
Bullet quick out the yag for that night of cash
Ryden Dirtay
Till I flip this Birtay
But hey it's like
Everydaaay
Summer breeze
After I deliver these
I'ma take it eaz
In the Florida Keys
We'z gonna take time
Sippin' Carribean wine
With a twist of lime
In the sunshine

In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J
I be makin' all them pay (Heeey)
In the hood, I be tryin' to slang that J
I be out ryden dirtay (Heeey)

We ryden deep and dirty
On the streets of the D
Duck ya head low
When you see me pull the heat
I'm comin' for your jewels
And all your fuckin' cash

So when you see us pull up
You better hit the gas
And mash all out of this district, bitch
Stay and become my next victim bitch
Cuz we rydin' down the street
Dumpin' out windows
And we don't give a f**k who we really hit tho

I'm rydin' dirty like a dirty low
I'm down with Bullet, Cell Block, Full Clip and that nigga Fo Fo
Mo money no problems
Mo mutha fuckin' weight
Mo Ryda tagga reppin' with a can of black spray paint
I cross the line and put a K, you know
How we do when it come to them outside ho's
I'ma Ryda rydin' dirty
And that's how I do
And every nigga in my crew be the same way to

Eight o'clock on the dot
Rydas at my door
Grab a bag of weed and a chrome pistol
Fo Fo wanna ryde and smoke till the day comes
And we ain't lookin' fo beef unless ya make some
Taste them ho's
And let the 20 inch rim roll
I'm out of control
Rydin' Dirty in my low low
We just lookin' for that Barbeque
With a l'il drank, a l'il weed
And that bitch with you

WHOOOP WHOOOP
Look up in the rear view
Shit, man
It's the pigs in blue
Start to get laid up str8 tho
It's officer Ham fucker cop on the payroll
As he approaches
I roll down the window
Here we go
Two grams of heroin and some indo
Get the f**k on
Filthy pig
That's the beneficiaries
Of Ryden Dirty

There ain't no sunshine
When ya dirty rydin'
Always creepin'
Slidin' Hidin'
Make Ya drops
Shake a Cop
Give a dap to the Devil
And ya take your dop
The feelin' is good when the deed is done
Home free and ya didn't have to kill no one
Lucky you ain't dead
You played the game
Rydin' Dirtay boy I tell ya
Ain't nothin' the same

You see I'm an old school dirty ryda

I used to have a mutha fuckin' ice cream truck
That I'd slang my bags from
Yea you might get a mold, and bag of chips and nice pop from me mutha fucka
And all the mutha fuckas in the hood knew it
When they see the mutha fucka come jinglin' up the block
They knew it was comin'
Sweet time (heeeey)