

## Rydin' 4 Life

### Psychopathic Rydas

Psychopathic Rydas....ryde on  
these bitches....forever  
and a day....y'all know how we do...it's Westside till  
we d-izz-ie...Eastside till we d-izz-ie....worldwide..

Rydin'!! Rydin'!! Rydin'!!  
Hatchet rydin'!!  
Rydin'!! Rydin'!!  
Straight up rydin'!!  
Rydin'!! Rydin'!!  
Hatchet rydin'!!  
Rydin'!! Rydin'!!  
That's for life!!

Now we rydin' on these bitches, ain't no mercy in my eyes  
With the Rydas by my side  
Screamin', "Die, mufucka, die!!"  
Never hesitate  
All up in the Escalade  
Bumpin' sounds from the Rydas, straight dumpin'  
Always into somethin'  
Gats on my hip, hangin' out the window  
Blazin' indo  
Lookin' for a narc or a nympho  
Breathin' this pollution always dancin' with the  
streets  
With my heat  
Can't be beat  
Get in mind  
And we rydin'

I'ma ryde  
I got a hatchet on my side  
Long time ago, I was born to ryde  
Straight up Detroit Psychopathic Ryda  
Only real mission here is takin' you higher  
But we gets fucked up and that's a fact  
We roll down your streets, pumpin', shootin' off gats  
So what the f\*\*k bitch, why you wanna get shot?  
You in the midst of the Rydas and Cell Block

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I was 10-years-old, a lil' scruffy  
Already rydin', grippin' a black Huffy  
So  
Buffy my picky-lo  
Bitchy-ho  
I'm the last jiggi-lo  
Fo' rilly tho

On the dealio  
About this crew  
You don't join this shit...we come to you  
Only a chosen few  
That know the pros and cons  
Fuck the Mafia, we froze the Dons  
Stakes in bonds  
I'm in a cashmere sweater  
The better your cheddar  
The wetter you get her  
And never let her ass what she don't need to know  
'Cause the flossin' will kill ya for sho'  
I know  
I had to kill a deputy  
Tryin' to question me  
About equity  
I coulda let it be  
But my skrilla comes first  
Till you see this Ryda rydin' a hearse

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Rydin'? Rydin' bitch, no time for hidin'  
Rydin' is for a perfect balance in time  
Rydin' A, grippin' oversized black trucks  
Rydin' B, grip a hatchet in your hand, whut?! whut!?  
Rydin' C, fellow Rydas always got your back  
Rydin' D, And phones, me, and my bumps, and my  
Cadillac  
Holdin' heaters to Ryda haters heads  
Ryda E, I'm a Ryda and then some, 'nuff said

You wanna ryde  
Well bitch, tell me why  
You wanna be hard, think I'm Mr. Nice Guy  
But I ain't, I'm the one they call Cell Block  
Carry two Colt .45's and a Glock  
Ready to pull out, so bitch squeeze that  
Itchy trigger finger on the side of my gat  
Five seconds later he was on the ground  
I got in my truck and peeled off with his pound

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