

## Ready 2 Ryde

Snoop Dogg

Keep it shaking, Cali keep it quaking  
Cause the Ryders got me bringin home the bacon  
Show me love, and it wasn't no mistakin  
that I would dedicate this melody - fuck the hatin

I had to tell my girl to pack her shit  
cause she slipped and dipped inside  
I need a girl that's ready to ride  
to keep the heater right by her side

Aiyyo, so what the deal Dogg, tell me, keep it real Dogg  
Niggaz seem to the brain, how you feel Dogg?  
Nigga I'ma ride, set it up, let it spill Dogg  
Anything you want, I can flip, got the skill Dogg

Baby girl you so so-phisticated  
Finance related, you graduated  
to the next level in the game, wearin my name  
Bad little brickhouse, go and do that thang

Yo - niggaz surprised when they open they eyes  
Thick in the thighs wasn't part of they plan  
Not just his bitch, I'm like his main man  
Act shifty - your resistance gone swiftly  
Bitches mad at a nigga, askin why he kissed me  
Stop whinin, just to cry and get the mackin daddy  
I don't like it when the angry chick is actin crabby  
That's why he bagged me  
Ghetto jewel, never loud and trashy  
No stressin over chicks - problem? Bet I solve it fastly

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to keep the heater right by her side  
(2x)

We gangbang on these niggaz like we 'posed to do  
and I'll be damned if I let a bitch get close to you  
We posted Boo - you, my, one and only  
Quick to dump before the homies  
Remember when that phony nigga ran up on me at the club?  
You filled him up with slugs, that's what I call love  
All that pushin and shovin, kissin and huggin  
Thuggin, dig it, dug-in  
I'm lovin every minute of it Boo  
The way you stay true, and always kept your cool  
You kept the heater right by your thigh  
And when the shit got hectic you was ready to ride  
You didn't run out, when I pulled the gun out  
That's what I'm talkin bout, no doubt  
Ruff Rydin, Eastsidin, to the realest y'know  
D-O-double-Gizze, you know how we get busy

Aiyyo, how could I leave a real nigga? A real nigga's all I need  
Fake bitches try to take my place, fall to they knees  
Don't violate, see my man, he don't like no scrapes

And if I heard you was frontin I hope on the case  
Wild one? Maybe, but I'ma protect my baby  
Test me fool and by the end you gon' think I'm crazy  
That's how I do for my Dogg, keep my (?) strong  
Both sides relied on the shit, nigga sing the song

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(2x)

Yeah.. hahah, E-V-E! D-O-double-Gizze! Y'know!  
Ruff Rydin, Eastsidin! Foe life, ahh! Yeah..  
And you thought it'd never happen  
Fuck the haters, bow wow!  
Woof.. woof.. woof.. woof..  
BEOTCH!  
It's official now, yeah  
We gon' Ruff Ryde up on out of here on this one  
Eastside up Eastsidaz  
Goldie Loc in the house  
Lil' 1/2 Dead  
DJ Jam, my nigga E, Davey Dave, uhh, misbehave  
Give it to 'em Dogg  
Whattup DMX? WOOF!  
Master P? UNNNGHH!  
Dr. Dre My nephew Scott on the beat  
Illy Philly-delphia

Awwwwww, yeah babyyy!  
It's another one, funky as they come  
Evey Eve and Doggy Dogg  
Bitch please, awwww!