

# Wanna Ride

WC

Nigga that shit coming together like sweaty ass cheeks, nigga!

My niggaz thug out  
You getting drugged out  
These bitches getting loc'ed out  
When we smoke out, cos we chromed out  
About to bomb out

Here ye, here ye, calling all the hawgs  
Fresh outta the whole tank, bouncin up the walls  
Dub-cee! The bandana president, with the gauge on the ghetto  
Rollin through y'all residents  
Runnin the scene this is the king of the cars  
Thugged out baby in my new busta's  
Gangstas, all of them gangstas, none of them let me see up  
Ridaz throw ya heaterz up  
Ladies, OG'z, sorry that I've been gone  
But now I'm back to get my walk on!  
Swang with the game as I reach out and touch ya  
Turn the cup up and get ignorant on this motherfucker  
"Mayday, mayday!" back in charge  
calling out cars, calling out cars  
dip, skip through the lane with the bang, bang, bang, jangle  
hoppin' out the SS workin' all them angles  
Dub-shiest deep the scrilla, and I've got my homeboy

Hell yeah, the motherfucking villain  
1 to the 2 to the 3 to the (Hello)  
Look at these g'z working these fake ass sopranos

Here come the Villain with another heater  
With motherfucking Dub nigga in the two-seater  
On my nuts while I west west y'all  
Grab that microphone and I test test y'all  
Villian baritone be like all over y'all  
Who wanna ball with that Black nigga Ren?  
Like the Don Mega I'm supreme hustling  
Dub-cee! Give a fuck if these bitches don't love me  
yeah!

I wanna bang, I wanna ride  
I wanna slang, from the side, do it now  
It's do or die  
We can ball till the wheels fall off  
And let these motherfuckers know they gotta peel us off

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Upon em again and I'm er running em again, look at it  
With da-da-da-day, with da-da-da-day  
Dub rock it; let your flag hang from your back pocket  
Draw on em, on em, on em can't none of em  
Eat with me, eat my style but y'all can't get rid of me  
I heard y'all C-Walking now, yeah who taught you?  
What you could say who?  
Nigga why-I-I-I-I-I oughta smack all the spit out of you!  
Beat the shit out of you! Get at em dumping, stomping  
Dippin in the 600, saggin in my overalls blunted

Finger and thumb it, quick run  
This gangsta shit Dub-Cee runnin  
Here son, steady pumping I come through punking  
Y'all think y'all rollies, shooting them highstyles like Kobe  
So shut up and kneel to these Westside parolees  
And pass the blunt, cos none of ya'll can hold it

We got the niggaz (we got the bitches)  
We got the killaz (we got the riches)  
We got the dealers (we hit the switches)  
We got every fucking thing you want  
And we can get it punk ass nigga, if we don't

Who that nigga that you fucking with?  
When you want to hear some motherfucking nigger shit  
Call the villain and I'll bring hot lyric  
Waltonville to hit your bitch nigga ren with it  
Y'all need to quit it  
This shit legendary, fuck around with it and yo mama get buried  
Your first born and that bitch you just married!  
Who give a fuck pop that baby she just carried  
Hubbin' all black like my fucking skin tone  
How the fuck you gon talk about the villain, you a clone  
Bitin every time you bust, who gave all y'all balls to cuss?  
Weak motherfuckers better say us!  
So (If it Ain't Ruff), it ain't my shit  
Might a bit mad at the bitch that ate my dick  
Hate my clique, bitch-man cos I won't hit  
A nigga that I ain't fucking wit!

Please Believe it, please believe it, please believe it

Awww man gimme one mo' sip of that cognac!