

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!