

(Yukmouth)

Yes!

(Uh!)

Yes!

Welcome!

(Thug niggas throw yo turf in the air!)

Smoke-A-Lot up in this bitch!

(Throw yo hood in the air!)

A-G-2 the Ke, DMG, yes!

Let's kick this anthem shit.

Chorus *(Yukmouth)*

All of my niggas Ridaz

Small time grindas, pimps and big timers

Whether it's heron or hemp wit China

I'm not a bitch on the strip sellin' vagina.

(Come on, come on)

Verse 1 *(Yukmouth)*

Nigga I'm always into somethin'

If I can't beat yo ass then I'm dumpin'

Give a nigga the pumpkin head deluxe

Then come back an shoot up they whole fuckin' function

We funkin' rootin'-tootin', smokin' on blunts wit skunk until a nigga malfunction

Get in the coupe and punch it

Niggas be funkin' for nothin'

Fuckin' the game, another nigga done lost his name for side bustin'

Fire somethin' puffin

I put it up in the air

You niggas live to die hustlin', I'm fuckin' wit playas from every where

From Las Vegas to Delaware on down to there

I'm a thousandaire

Mackin' bitches, draggin' em down the strip juss' by they hair

Like "Oh dear!"

Where the fuck is money? Don't go there

I leave yo ass stuck, hungry starvin' in the middle of no fuckin' where

I swear

Cut off your privilege like welfare

Section 8, Smoke-A-Lot'll stay placed in Berlin

By the end of 9-8, hell yeah

Then I'll be straight

Fuck off a hundred G's and still got money up in the safe

Ridaz nigga!

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 2 *(G-Mone of A-G-2-A-Ke)*

Go inside the twitchin', missin', my mission I vision the hit

Suckas keep watchin' yo mental mix is gettin' twisted

Who is this? In the kitchen wit fixings for the come up

Servin' rocks on the block till it get hot snitch we ridin' on ya

Bitch we Ridaz

Remind ya that niggas high

If I introduce you to the ditch, you don't want to die

Is the hit

Smoke, drank already lit

Caulkin' my shit

Who you think you fuckin' wit?
I said recognize the mutha fuckin' Mobb hoe
I don't know nothin', juss' heard poppin' by the door
Who flipped you in the river did you see G Mone in the "O"
By the ???
Flippin' this A-G-2-A mutha fuckin Ki'
You best believe we rob yo spot
Why not? We Rap-A fuckin' Lot
Owe us some paper
There's no reason for us to not glock
Posted wit yo mouth open hopin' that I don't squeeze
Wit a swift chopped up to his knees
Say where the cheese?
We Ridaz!

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 3 *(Yukmouth)*

I'm juss' a Y.G.

Who snuck in the gamblin' shacks
Scramblin' crack wit niggas who did more years than Geronimo Pratt
Killas wit hands on they gats, mutha fuckin' murder fo' hire
Mobb attire, pupils dialated, nigga hog tied in barb wire
Torture, squeeze a niggas nuts wit plyers
Put his place on fire
Then escape juss' like McGuyver wit the get-away driver
Live and direct from the projects that be gated
On some made shit
Outlaw affiliated!
He chose to spray wit gages
Barricaded the scene, yellow tape and white chalk
Niggas who like doe, I get paid off
Fuck a write-off
It's tax free money
Deliver 'em a China up inside a Taxi honey
Task be lookin' at me funny
Know I'm a trigga happy, gats be hungry
Barkin' on niggas like DMX
Beat bitches like PMS
And flee ridin' a BMX, flippin' GA checks at yo set
Grab the promoter by his mutha fuckin' neck
Don't be fooled by the Rolex!

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 4 *(DMG)*

Who in the mutha fuckin' hell
Nothin' but Regime Ridaz
South side affiliated wit big timers
Ballers
Killers, who live in mansions off the water
Lunitiks, shippin' in bricks after brick
200 percent, pure snow white Coca-Cola
Straight Yola all the way from the Bay to Minnesota
What you know bout, this Face Mob rida
Dumpin off on yo shit 4 and 5 timer
Yuk, I think it's time we fuck these mutha fuckas up
Show these mutha fuckas up, straight up drama uncut
Fuck they mamas
They fuckin' wit killas wit seven figgas
Psychos, drinkin' the bottles of nitro
Now it was Yukmouth
That told me that
He got "5 On It"
And I believed that

And now you
Better believe it too
Nigga I will shoot
Murder up you and you we Ridaz!