Yukmouth

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(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 malfun
ction
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
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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!