

We Gone Ride

Yukmouth

Intro (Hussien Fatal):

gun loaded and cocked
Y'all niggas throwin' ice cream, I'm throwin' hot shit

(Hussein Fatal)
Hussein, run a gank on ya, shank ya, buck
Then slit ya throat and drip blood on my ankle ???
We gone ride for this, my niggas die for this
See I'm hurtin' my dogs got twenty-five for this
Seizure done, I run wit' Outlaw Warriorz
Tryin' ta B-I-G, just not Notorious
Frost the brick to get you niggas off the dick
Gotta chain out cha range and my cross is sick
Murda incorporated, of course ya hate it
Outlawz inforce the hate, you get cross created
From the Clair to North Bricks, that's why I talk slick
When Im hungry, I try ta chop a half and get off quick
Shut down Junior MAF, Mobb Deep, Insane
You got beef with thiza, muthafuckas speak my name
Keep the burnas, muthafuckas sleep wit burnas
When I catch you nigga course you gone eat the burna

(Napoleon)
I've been bruised, battered and burned, lost in turf
And I've been ridin since the cemetary claimed they dirt
I love that they hurt, these mark niggas, Outlawz rush niggas
Turn him to the side before they ass'll get crunk nigga
Head rush that fag ass nigga clinked Napoleon
Send a kite to Puffy tell 'em Pac said it's on again
Shoot ?????? in the dark in Jerz with the blood and sharks
Fuck the mark, there's only one Napoleon, It's me
Standing here strong, in a dressing room wit a tech on me
Ride on whoever next to me, Outlaw War, layin' 'em on the floor
Like the after party '99 Source Awards, I swear to the law
They jealous that we mash for more, I'm tryin to ride snakes hand
Shake, smile and move, fuck the law, they jealous that Moonie
Bought a eight-fitty, a million'll send some hot shit thru they panties
We ride nigga, it's hard cause they hide nigga
And matter fact we gone suprise some niggas...Outlawz

(Yukmouth)
Fake ass, soldier niggas wannabe Yuk
Y'all niggas scared severly

Hook 1 (Yukmouth):

Bitch!
If you fuck with Tha Outlawz:
(Nigga we gone ride)
If you fuck with the Regime:
(Nigga we gone ride)

Bitch!
Because... (You gone die)
And then... (He gone die)
But what... (It's a suicide)

Because... (Bitch we gone ride)

(Young Noble)

From Jersey City to Cali we startin the ruff
Representin both sides wearin camoflaug cloth
I'm in a line up like what ?????, Outlawin' up
Hog tiein' 'em up, Yuk what the fuck these niggas is weak
Nobility in the winter niggas feelin' the heat
I got this Outlawz across my belly, never surrender
If you cross Tha Don Makaveli we gone kill you
Or some lil nigga that ain't never met Pac
Who wanted revenge, he felt like Pac was his pops
A thug father, the lil nigga was young
Outlawz representin' ain't huggin' a slump
Hold my gun tight aim it at my enemy nigga
Say goodbye to your kin, you ain't feelin' me nigga
Its gone be done quick, see that you in Jepordy nigga
Two shots to the head you can run if yo figure

(E.D.I.)

Young Noble, we still gone ride...

I still sit and pray y'all, yeah ya'll when we hustle
Can't a muthafucka touch you when the law love you
And we praise 'em waitin' for our chance to burn
Muthafuckas greedy bankin' but here's yo' chance to learn
Stuck in a can of worms, bad terms and all
Fuck it, we smash burn the ball, you heard the call nigga
Outlawz echo deep muthafuckas can't sleep
Comin outta every jeep bitch peep this
Your man wasn't shit and neither is you
And if you think I'm actin' tough we pumpin' three into you
Newborn thugs (**humf**) can't hold weight but still
Lallygaggin in the game made room for the real
I see ya crew in the field, I pick 'em off easy
Have ya momma at the funeral queezy believe me
Half of you fag niggas is part time ridahs
Some of the time killas, wit all of the time squealaz

Repeat Hook 1

Hook 2 (Yukmouth):

If you fuckin' wit Rap-A-Lot:

(Nigga we gone ride)

If you fuckin' wit *scratch overlapping lyrics*

(Nigga we gone ride)

Because... (You gone die)

And then... (He gone die)

But what... (It's suicide)

My nigga... (We gone ride)

(Yukmouth)

Bitch we gone ride

Thug Lord in this bitch

Regime shit nigga...

Yuk plays and they call the fuckin fire marshal
Supply the arsenal with thug shit, ice sparkle (bling)
The Phantom Menace take a slaughterer like Darth Maul
Burn 'em like charcoal, call me Draco, untouchable
Remarkable, drink a whole bottle of Remy and wobble
My clique follow, ain't no fair squabble (Regime Life!)

These skinny niggas don't fight light 'em up with hollows
Desperado got blood on the bottles make a nigga swallow
A bitch don't like Benny Blanco, for the crotch yo
Let my cock go, I let the glock blow for chedda like nachos
Recognize the Mob like HBO Sopranos
Niggas get played like pianos, dirty rotten scandal
Inner city plan'll scramble, wit a hundred ki-s and ammo
Get niggas handled, light 'em up, blow 'em out like candles
The Thug Lord has arrived wit disciples in sandals
Ridin' camels way across the land, supplyin' the vandals
My rhymes dismantle, click at foes, niggas say I act like Pac
Bitch nigga I don't rap like Pac, I just get dat like Pac
Bring the west back like Pac, make a nigga gack a glock
Ride strapped like Pac, but the raps I rock is all original
Y'all pitiful, niggas makin millions on bitein shit
I get in it yo, break 'em off critical, the criminal
Lyrical, miracle, make niggas lose rap and turn spiritual

Repeat Hook 1 and 2 x2 until fade